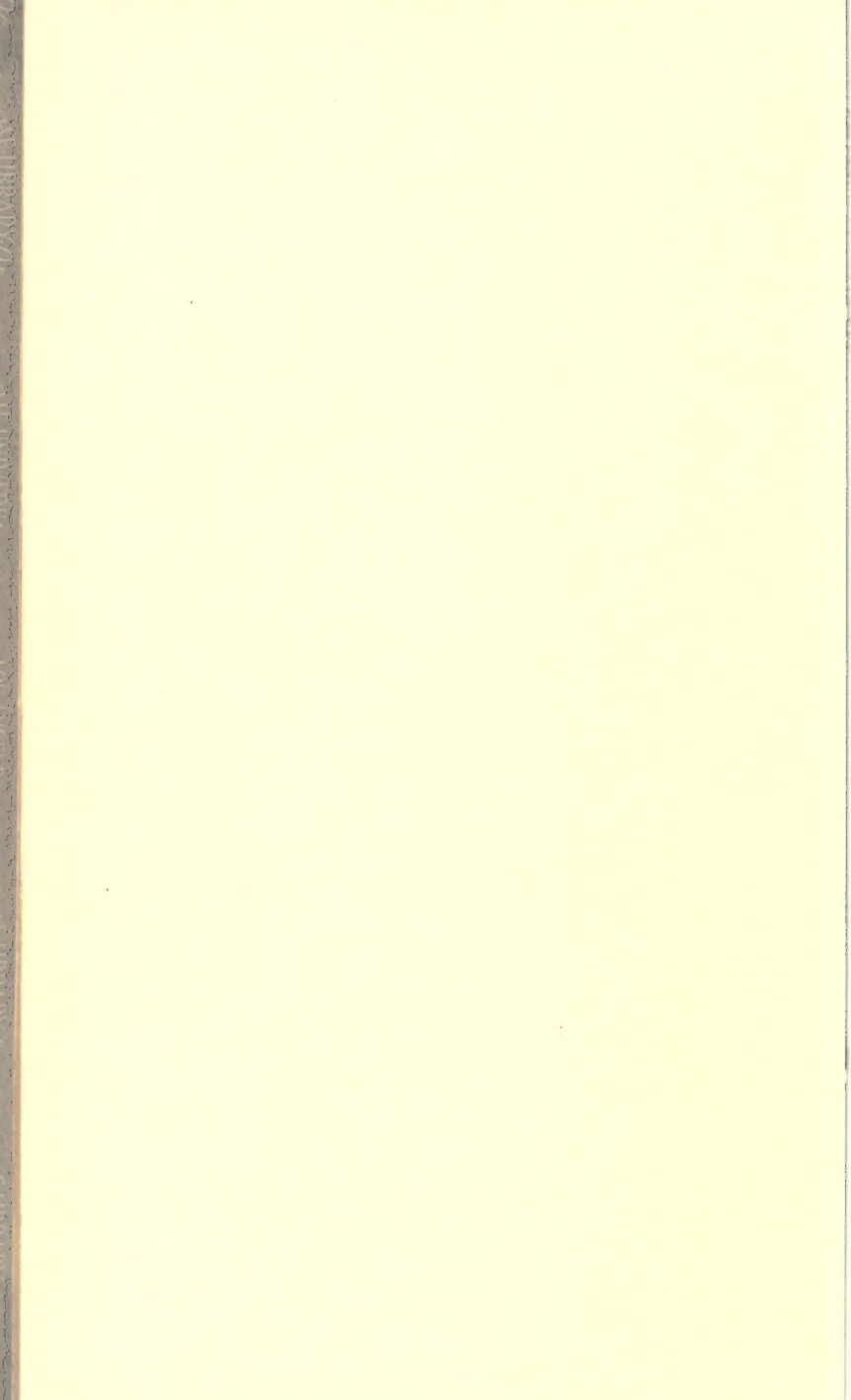
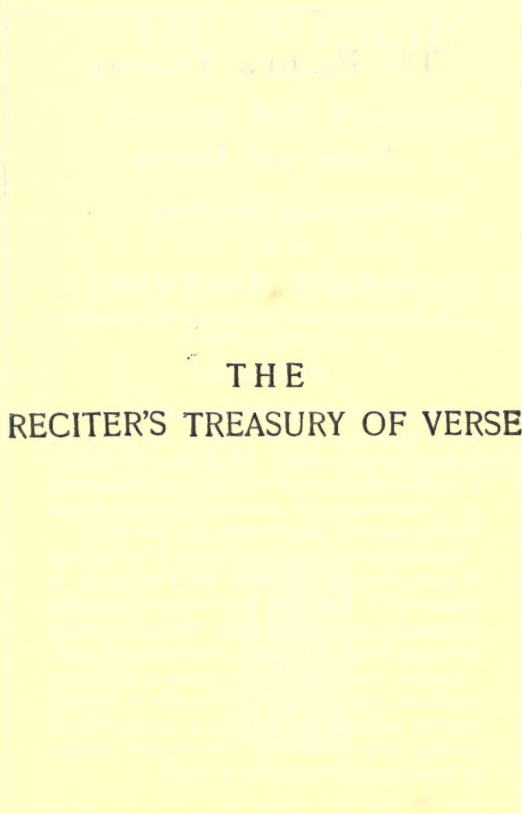




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THE
RECITER'S TREASURY
OF VERSE

Serious and Humorous

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

ERNEST PERTWEE

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION, CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL, ETC

WITH AN INTRODUCTION ON

THE ART OF SPEAKING



LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED, AND

SWAN SONNENSCHN & CO., LIMITED

NEW YORK : E. P. DUTTON & CO.

1907

THE
RECITER'S TREASURY
OF VERSE

Selections and Annotations

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

ERNEST FERTWE

LECTURER ON ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

THE ART OF SPEAKING

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NEW YORK: 15 NASSAU ST.

PREFACE

EXCEPT for the courtesy and kindness of Authors and Publishers it would have been impossible to present the following pages to the public. This collection, comprising as it does so much that is new, and so large a proportion of copyright matter, will, I hope, justify its title, and prove of real value to the many reciters in search of fresh material. I also venture to express the belief that this book will prove of use to Teachers and to Students.

While seeking to maintain a standard of excellence in the choice of the various items of the Treasury, I have also endeavoured to provide for the tastes of those who prefer to recite what are called "popular pieces." With this purpose in view, I have included many well-known selections. Some of the longer poems are intended primarily for reading exercises rather than for recitation.

Large as is the number of the pages of this work, I have of necessity been obliged to omit many admirable poems which I should have liked to reprint. In some few instances permission has been refused, whilst in others it has been found impossible to communicate with the respective Authors. For this latter reason, I much regret that no example of Mr. Algernon C. Swinburne's genius is included.

My thanks and those of the Publishers are due to all those many Authors and Publishers who have so generously accorded the necessary consents: whilst our apologies are here tendered if inadvertently there happens to be any infringement of copyright, despite the earnest efforts made to avoid such a possibility in every single instance of the many items comprising the Reciter's Treasury

ERNEST PERTWEE.

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THE ART OF SPEAKING

BY ERNEST PERTWEE

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY CONSIDERATION OF SUBJECT

MY object in writing these pages upon the use of the speaking voice is to place in the hands of students a few notes which shall aid them in the study of a difficult subject.

Speech at its best is an art: it need never be less than a science. Just as a painter must go through a course of drawing, no matter what his capacity, so the speaker should study both by precept and example the right use of the vocal organs and the science of inflection, modulation, pitch, articulation and all else that forms clear, intelligible and expressive utterance. In fact, the discipline of the voice in reference to speech, is as necessary as it is in reference to song.

To sound every word and every part of every word in such way that it shall be audible and easily so; to read and speak intelligibly with correct emphasis, so that words may represent ideas; to vary the tone and modulate the voice acceptably; these are possibilities which with study, observation, and practice are generally attainable.

Children's Imitation of Speech.—English people ignore the important fact that children naturally imitate the speech of those about them. Even presuming that parents are correct speakers, the time they devote to the child is small, compared with the many hours in each day in which it is entrusted to the care of servants. Unconscious imitation is going on and the nurse's accent

is too often the origin of many of the child's faults of pronunciation.

The Greeks realised this far better than we do, and selected such as had the ability to speak properly to take care of their little ones. So also the English savant, Roger Ascham, says: "All languages are begotten and gotten solely by imitation. For as ye use to hear so ye learn to speak."

Necessity for Speech Study in Schools and Colleges.—At school and college the subject is more frequently taught than was the case twenty-five years ago, but as a rule a very small percentage of pupils take it;—it being either voluntary or an extra—practically in both cases at the discretion of the parents, who too generally attach no importance to it whatever.

If the speaking of our grand English language is to improve, I am convinced that that desirable result will only be arrived at by the Principals of our schools and colleges insisting upon all students making a study of the subject until they can show by examination that their voices are produced and their words pronounced far better than is ordinarily the case.

What can be definitely taught.—I do not think it will be denied that here, as elsewhere, much can be taught. Take, for instance, respiration in reference to speech—the management and control of the breath—and the phrasing of sentences in relation to respiration. The same is the case with the production and development of the actual voice, and the means to be adopted to ensure a clear enunciation and a right pronunciation. Then, too, upon inflection and modulation the teacher can speak definitely; and his advice as to pitch, rate, flexibility, pause, emphasis, gesture and expression should prove of great assistance.

It is true that Oratory, at its best, embraces much that is unteachable, but it is equally true that it implies a right use of the voice, a clear and acceptable utterance, and the avoidance of exaggeration; and I maintain that a knowledge of vocal technique need never detract from the individuality which is dependent upon the taste, sensibility, and heart of the speaker.

In the following pages it will be my aim to indicate those points which are of real importance for the student to remember, and I shall endeavour to express my meaning

as simply and concisely as possible ; for I feel sure that many able and admirable treatises upon the subject err from their too evident erudition and their inclusion of so much that concerns the physician rather than the speaker.

CHAPTER II

RESPIRATION

NO vocalist, singer or speaker, can afford to ignore the subject of respiration.

The effective use of the voice and its durability are greatly dependent upon a right supply and control of the breath.

What are the physical facts in connection with the production of voice-sound ?

*The Lungs, Trachea, and Larynx.*¹—The bellows of the instrument are the lungs ; the air is conducted to and from these bellows by means of the trachea or windpipe, and at the top of the windpipe is a cartilaginous chamber, very complex in construction, called the larynx. All the sound of which the voice is capable is produced in the larynx.

We have, therefore, the inhaled air forced upwards through the windpipe to the larynx, where it brings into play its delicate and complex machinery, producing vocal sound in whatever key and at whatever intensity the brain directs ; which sound is moulded either well or badly, as the case may be, upon its way through the variable cavity of the mouth, by the relative positions of tongue, palates, uvula, teeth and lips.

Thorax.—The chest or thorax containing the lungs and heart may be described as an osseo-muscular cone, the summit of which is between the shoulders, and its base the midriff or diaphragm which separates the thorax from the abdomen.

Rib Muscles.—The ribs, a series of arcs, form the framework of the cone, and join the vertebral column behind and the sternum or breast-bone in front. The spaces between the ribs are occupied by external and internal muscles. The muscles which connect the ribs with the spine and

¹ See Diagrams, Appendix, Section I.

with the shoulders enable the capacity of the chest to be increased by pulling up and fixing the first two ribs, and so allowing each external inter-rib or inter-costal muscle to raise the rib below: these are the muscles that are used in inspiration.

In expiration the internal inter-costal muscles, aided by abdominal muscles, reverse the action described above, pulling the ribs downwards and compelling the diaphragm (the base of the cone) upwards.

Now, just as a stone, to which has been exactly applied a piece of wet leather, follows the leather when raised, so do the lungs adhere to and follow the movements of the chest wall, which by its muscular contraction compels the dilatation or expansion of the lungs.

Regulation of Breath Dependent on Control of Rib Muscles.—By gaining a proper control over the muscles described above, the ingress and egress of the air can be regulated at will, without in any way interfering with the free action of the throat, and without raising the shoulders, as is too frequently the case with both singers and speakers. It has been well said that the respiration of a vocalist should be the same as a swimmer's: that is to say, one that leaves the shoulders perfectly free. This is of equal importance to the speaker, seeing that unless he can regulate his breath by the proper use of the inter-costal muscles, he will be constricting his throat and tongue, and so will interfere with the quality of the sound which is the vocal element of his speech.

Necessity of Frequent Inspiration.—Sentences must be phrased in such a way that the lungs are never entirely emptied of air; there must be no speaking with the fag end of breath. A fresh inspiration must be taken before the necessity to take it arises. Then, too, there must be no waste of air—no escape of breath between word and word.

The aerial stream is to be used in such a way that none of it passes the larynx unvocalised. The too rapid dissipation or expenditure of the breath is the cause of the inefficiency and breakdown of many public speakers.

Clavicular Breathing.—There are three methods of breathing. The first is that described as the *clavicular*, because the shoulder-blades are raised in this sort of

inspiration. Clavicular breathing has been universally condemned as leading to rigidity of the throat, imperfect control of the expiratory movement, and insufficient expansion of the lungs. In clavicular breathing the abdomen is drawn in during inspiration.

Costal Breathing.—The second is called the *costal* method: here there is considerable increase in the middle and lower diameters of the chest. In costal breathing the abdomen is slightly concave.

Abdominal Breathing.—The third method is named the *Abdominal* or *Diaphragmatic*: here the enlargement of the chest capacity is effected principally by the protrusion of the abdomen and the descent of the diaphragm.

Abdominal inspiration has been largely advocated by many vocal scientists and teachers, but anyone who carefully reads Wolfenden's treatise "On Respiration in Singing," and Mackenzie's "Hygiene of the Vocal Organs" (edition, 1890), will, I think, arrive at a different conclusion.

In passing, I may acknowledge my own indebtedness to those authorities, and to the well-known throat specialist, Mr. Mayo Collier.

Superiority of Costal Breathing.—The superiority of costal breathing is accurately shown by means of the spirometer (an instrument for gauging the amount of inspired air), whilst the fact that in costal breathing a far greater control of the outgoing air is possible than in the abdominal method is in itself a convincing reason for its adoption by the vocalist as the best form of respiration.

Mr. Mayo Collier has mathematically proved that "the greatest amount of bellows power is obtained when the abdominal muscles are slightly drawn inwards, and that when, on the other hand, they are allowed to bulge outwards, there is a loss of wind-power." And he goes on to state: "Taking the whole chest cavity as a cone (the space occupied by the heart and lungs may be ignored), of which the diaphragm will be the base, let h = height of cone, r the radius of the base, and π the relation between the diameter of a circle and its circumference, then $\frac{1}{3} \pi r^2 h$ represents the volume of a cone, whatever number of inches h and r may happen to represent.

"Now if h be increased by marked descent of the diaphragm, h is always divided by 3, so that in any case the increase of h will have to be very large to sensibly increase the volume of the cone, when the area of the base πr^2 is constant.

"If r be increased (that is to say if the diameter of the base of the cone be enlarged) to ever so small an extent, r^2 becomes a large factor of the total $h_3 \pi r^2$."

Putting aside for the moment the necessity for an extraordinary supply of air being required by singer and speaker, and coming to the breath requirements of the body in ordinary life, the student will do well to remember that the costal and abdominal methods frequently occur together, assisting and completing one another.

My own observation leads me to state that where no special effort is required, as when speaking in a small room, or still more so in conversation, abdominal inspiration is natural; but as in costal breathing the expiratory act is exactly controllable, anyone wishing to attain a perfect command of the voice must master this particular method.

Anything in the shape of tight clothing which at all impedes the expansion of the lungs by hampering the increase of the diameters of the chest, will result in a corresponding diminution of the volume of inspired air and a loss of vitality in the proper oxygenation of the blood.

Advantages of Inhalation of Air through Nostrils.—It is necessary to insist upon the wisdom of inspiring as much as possible through the nostrils; Nature intended this for many reasons. By inhaling through the nose the air is purified, moistened to saturation, and warmed to the temperature of the body, whilst the mouth and throat remain moist—a very important consideration, as every speaker will admit.

The bronchial tubes, so susceptible to derangement from cold and wet, are, by nasal respiration, preserved in a healthy state.

The Nose.—"The nose," says Mr. Mayo Collier, "is the upper part of the respiratory tract. It is as much an essential part of it as the larynx or trachea. . . . It is the great laboratory for the preparation of the food for the lungs, in the same way as the mouth is the laboratory for the preparation of the food for the stomach."

Mouth Breathing.—And he goes on to say that “ Mouth breathing by day or night is evidence that the physiological functions of the nose—the process of warming, moistening and filtering, so admirably performed by the nose—are more or less in abeyance, and so lost to the respiratory function.”

The inhalation of the air must be absolutely silent ; there must be no moving of the nostrils as in the act of smelling, as such movement stays the ingress of the air and becomes audible. Unfortunately, this noisy habit of breath-taking is a very common fault.

It is well then, as far as possible, to breathe through the nostrils ; there are, however, times when the rate at which a speech, or part of a speech, has to be taken necessitates both mouth and nose breathing. But when in the open air—especially at night and in damp or foggy weather—and when sleeping, “ nostril-breathing ” is most essential to our physical and vocal well-being.

CHAPTER II

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SPEAKING VOICE

IN the preceding chapter I explained the natural means at our disposal for providing and controlling the breath—that is to say, the motive-power of the voice. I will now proceed to the consideration of the actual sound heard in words, which may be termed the vocal element of speech ; and in this examination it must not be forgotten how great a part the brain and nervous system play in the complex adjustment of muscles that, acting aright, result in good vocal quality and intelligible utterance. In his consideration of this subject the student should remember that the properties of Musical Sound are (1) Pitch, (2) Intensity, (3) Duration, (4) Quality or Timbre,

Laryngeal Sound.—The air leaving the lungs and traversing the windpipe comes into contact with the free edges of the projecting folds of membrane commonly called the vocal cords. These vocal cords are situated within the larynx, and it is their vibration by the out-going stream of air which constitutes vocal sound.

The *intensity* of this sound is governed by the strength of the air-blast, and the *pitch* varies according to the length of the cords exposed to that air-blast. The pitch is primarily dependent upon the will.

This laryngeal sound has, however, to be developed ; that is to say, it has to receive the addition of *resonance* before it can be called voice. It therefore becomes of the utmost importance to the speaker to understand how to build up the fundamental laryngeal sound into voice and ultimately into speech.

Laryngoscope.—By the use of the laryngoscope, observation of the larynx at rest and at work can be made, but though such observations are of immense service to physicians, in their diagnosis of disease, they are unfortunately of very little assistance in voice culture. "There is no necessity," says Professor Willis, "for seeking any power of altering the quality of the notes in the larynx itself."

The late Sir Morell Mackenzie stated : "The old Italian masters trained their pupils' voices with a success certainly not inferior to that of our modern professors armed with their laryngoscopes, spirometers, stethometers, and other vocicultural implements."

Quality or Timbre.—Quality or Timbre is the most important property of the voice ; and fortunately its correction, alteration, and cultivation depend upon the relative positions of those organs which constitute the variable cavity *above the larynx*, and are for the most part visible.

Use of Ordinary Mirror.—I therefore maintain that an ordinary mirror is of far greater use to the speech student than is the laryngoscope.

We may with advantage be content to judge the action of the larynx by the ear. By singing the same note at the same intensity ; first, with the lips together, then with half open mouth, then with open mouth, or again, with the tongue in different positions, raised or flat, forward or backward, anyone may observe the vocal alterations in quality which follow upon the relative positions of the tongue and lips at a given moment.

Careful observation of the variable cavity of the mouth should lead to the correction of muffled, nasal and throaty qualities of voice, besides faults of pronunciation.

Necessity of Observation of Mouth in Reference to Vowels and Consonants.—The importance of the preceding paragraph will be evident when it is remembered that the actual laryngeal sound is the same for all vowels, and that each vowel requires a different position of the mouth. As there are eighteen different vowel sounds in the English language, it follows that in vocalising them there must be eighteen different shapes of the variable cavity of the mouth. Under no circumstances must there be any rigidity of the throat or mouth or of any of their component parts, or the quality of the utterance will be spoilt.

The Soft Palate.—Upon the action of the soft palate and of the tongue greatly depends the quality of the vocal sound.

The soft palate is attached to the under part of the hard palate, which is itself the roof of the mouth and the floor of the nose, and acts as a vocal sounding board. The soft palate hangs like a curtain over the root of the tongue; it is muscular and can be lengthened or shortened at will. In inhaling through the nostrils, the tongue heaps up and the soft palate descends, thus shutting off the mouth from the nose and the pharynx (the space above the larynx).

This action can be reversed, and the nose shut off from the mouth and pharynx.

In the formation of vowels the soft palate in conjunction with the tongue, lips, etc., performs a most important part. Some of the vowels require that the nasal cavities shall be more or less tightly closed, and under these circumstances the soft palate is raised.

The Tongue.—The tongue, too, has much to do in the modification of vocal sound, and indeed in actual utterance. It is clear, therefore, that anyone desiring to speak well must have the tongue under control.

Nasal Resonance.—One of the commonest difficulties that a teacher has to contend against is the absence of nasal resonance—the primary difficulty being nasal obstruction, preventing the setting up in the nasal cavities of the co-vibrations and overtones which should be simultaneous with those taking place in the throat and mouth, if the voice is to be of good and carrying quality.

Physical Defects.—There are many cases where the physician's aid must first be sought before any special

training of the voice can be undertaken, as for instance, where the tonsils are enlarged, or the uvula too long, interfering with the functions of the soft palate; where there is a congested condition of the throat; or nasal obstruction, or other physical disablement requiring surgical treatment.

In the development of laryngeal sound the most careful attention should be directed to the production of open tone, forward in position and pure in quality.

A speaker can, after a time, gauge almost instinctively the quantity or intensity of voice necessary to insure his being properly heard in every part of the place in which he is speaking.

CHAPTER IV

INFLECTION, MODULATION, PITCH AND CHANGE OF KEY

JUST as a musical instrument may never be heard to its fullest capacity through the inability of the performer, so the human voice may be only partially used through want of skill upon the part of the speaker.

Vocal Expression.—A voice that is cultivated—that is to say, under control throughout its compass, one that can be modulated and inflected at will—is in itself a music, an indefinable melody, in no way interfering with the significance of the utterance, but enhancing its value and its force.

This power of vocal expression especially distinguishes all fine speaking, and is far removed from song, defying as it does all ordinary musical notation.

It is the offspring of sensibility and of ear, and where there is the vocal skill to obey the inspiration, the speech is endued with a charm that the words alone could never possess.

To attain to anything like completeness of vocal skill is rarely possible, but any earnest student can do much to acquire a larger range and a more varied inflection.

Study of Singing an Aid to Speech, and Vice Versa—The study of singing is a considerable aid to the mastery of the speaking voice. The vocalising of scales, up

and down the compass, using the open vowels AH, OH, OO, and after a time gradating and shading the tone diminuendo to fortissimo and back to diminuendo—paying marked attention to the respiration in all practice—is an excellent discipline for “forming” the speaking voice.

Again, the vowels should be attacked suddenly, and ended abruptly at varying degrees of intensity.

Such practice should not be confined to middle notes, but should combine the entire gamut or range of the student's voice.

Vary the practice by striking a note, and after a deep breath, starting with open vowel AH or OH, speak very slowly, clearly, and evenly, a short sentence, returning to the vowel before the necessity to take a fresh breath arises. This should be repeated throughout the vocal compass, both on tones and semitones, and at varying degrees of power. Great care must be taken to observe that the quality of the tone is good and pure, remembering that this cannot be the case if there is any rigidity of jaw, tongue, or throat.

I have said that practice should extend to the entire voice—at its lowest note equally with its highest. This is most essential if the student wishes to possess flexibility and the power to vary the pitch.

The Pitch of the Voice.—As the middle notes of a speaker's compass are chest notes, and as such receive more assistance in resonance from the chest, which can be felt to vibrate at the moment the sound quits the larynx, thereby adding to the sonority of the tone, it follows that this is the part of the voice which is most valuable in speech, although use should also be made of the head notes (the second register), as adding variety to the utterance.

It is quite certain that we can pitch our voices too high. It is equally certain that we can pitch them too low. In the first instance harshness and shrillness will result, whilst in the latter we shall become inaudible and dull.

This question of pitch is a very difficult one, but I think it safe to advise the student to take the four notes in the middle of his compass, and the lowest of these four, or the semitone between the fourth and the third, or the third itself, will probably be the note upon which he can start his speech with the greatest advantage. The command of

the voice largely depends upon this matter of pitch, as, rightly chosen, it will be the point from which the voice can be most readily and easily inflected.

It must be clearly understood that circumstances, such as the size, shape, and acoustic properties of the building in which we are speaking, may require, and frequently do require, an alteration of pitch, rate, and intensity, but it is always wisest to start the voice as near the natural key as possible, remembering that the desideratum of initial pitch lies somewhere within the mean of the voice, as near the natural key as possible, as this insures resonance and a wider range of inflection.

The Differences of Speech and Song.—In song the distance between sound and sound is marked and can be defined; but in speech sound glides into sound, and that in so subtle and indistinguishable a manner as to defy exact notation.

Speech sounds are concrete, as distinct from song sounds, which are discrete; that is to say, speech sounds are made up of fractional parts of the notes which the voice uses in song. If these fractions of notes are each one of them purely produced—if the intonation is good—then the speech will be melodious, and yet quite distinct from song.

These fractions of notes are duly and accurately traversed by the voice, which takes no sudden leaps from sound to sound, but rather glides upwards or downwards, or combines both movements, as it were, upon curved lines, undulatory in character.

Power to intensify or diminish the sound at will at any point or series of points in the inflection; ease in changing the key and the tone; facility in inflection; and varying attack, rate, and intensity constitute the modulation of the voice.

Modulation and expression do much to add variety to delivery, but the speaker should be able to change his key and so avoid monotony, even as a composer from time to time changes the key in music, and achieves variety.

Change of Key.—At first sight this may seem difficult, but with practice the student should be able to realise it if he remembers that the key should be changed wherever there is a new division of subject or the commencement of new matter; where different characters are supposed to

be speaking, as when reading a play, or where one introduces metaphors or similes or parenthetical sentences; or, again, where different emotions are portrayed.

Literary beauty and excellence are wasted unless the reader reproduces, as it were, the spontaneity of the author, and speaks the written matter with those changes of voice and manner which best interpret its inner life and spirit.

The reader, having grasped his author's meaning, and familiarised himself with the text, rather speaks than reads, or, at any rate, adopts so natural, direct, and animated a delivery that it seems the book is no longer there, but the author himself.

Some voices may be described as melody, quite apart from the words spoken: would that the reverse were not too frequently the record of our hearing!

Vocal Quantity.—Just as the right pitch of the voice will depend upon the acoustic properties and other characteristics of an auditorium, so will the vocal quantity.

An experienced speaker can after a time gauge almost instinctively the amount of articulate sound necessary to ensure his voice being well heard in any particular building.

Good articulation and a stream of well-produced vocal sound will do more to realise this end than any amount of shouting and physical exertion.

Value of a gentle Commencement.—It has, with reason, been the practice of the best orators to commence gently and softly, with marked distinctness of utterance, rather than with loud voice. By this method the speaker has a reserve of sound of immense value to him later on, when some passage requires powerful delivery.

To commence fortissimo, continue fortissimo, and end fortissimo, has a monotony of assertion prejudicial to all true effect. There should be vocal proportion, voice balance, and this result can best be attained by a gentle commencement.

Travelling Quality of a Voice.—The travelling quality of a voice is often very misleading, and speakers not infrequently fancy because they fail to hear themselves loudly that they are unheard. But this fact often goes far to prove that there has been very little voice-waste, and that our utterance has reached its destination.

Each voice has its limit in the matter of power, beyond which it must never be forced.

The Tones of a Voice.—"The tones of the voice," said the late Mr. Samuel Brandram, "form in fact a distinct language, the language of emotion, which, while greatly assisting and strengthening the language of the words, is yet almost as intelligible without it: the language of emotion is the language of Nature, and is understood by all the world alike."

The actual tone heard in the spoken word must possess a pure, open, and unforced quality. To attain this there must be those complex adjustments of the vocal organs required in the utterance of each syllable, and this without any stiffening or rigidity of the throat or any part of the vocal mechanism; whilst the management of the breath in attacking, producing, developing, gradating or sustaining the tone must be completely under control.

Voice to rest upon Breath.—The voice throughout its production must rest upon and be supported by the breath; the words seeming to float upon the ærial stream, no atom of which but finds its way into articulate speech. The breath must not pass through the words or between the words in its outward course: this is too frequently the case, and produces a proportionate weakening of the utterance and physical exhaustion.

The right pitch of the voice, the control of tongue and soft palate, the opening of the mouth, the command of the overtones which reinforce the voice by the sympathetic vibration of the air in the nostrils and other cavities; and the healthy condition of throat, mouth, nose, etc., all enter largely into the building up of good resonant tone.

Where there is nasal obstruction, or where the throat itself is congested, or the tonsils chronically enlarged, or the uvula is always elongated, the vocal timbre or quality will be poor and unsatisfactory.

Resonance.—Whilst it is true that in the production of good vocal tone the soft palate is raised, it is certain that it should never be so tightly adjusted as to preclude the setting up of those co-vibrations of the air in the nostrils which strengthen the tone without destroying or minimising its purity by the addition of any twangy character.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance and value

of resonance in the right use of the speaking voice, and the student should diligently strive to master its difficulties and subtleties.

CHAPTER V

ARTICULATION

LET me suppose that the student has attained two things, namely,—control over the respiratory organs, and some skill in the management of the voice, considered as a musical instrument. His attention must now be directed to enunciation, so that each syllable of his utterance can be heard without troublesome effort.

The Use of the Mouth and Lips in Enunciation.—It is a national fault that we neither open our mouths sufficiently nor use our lips adequately, with the result that our lapses in articulation amount to downright mumbling. Unless the mouth is well opened the sound is muffled and indifferent in quality, and unless the lips perform their office of modelling the vocal element with flexibility and facility our utterance must be imperfect.

The weight of all good speaking is primarily borne by the lips, and it is extraordinary how little extra work need be sustained by the lungs and larynx, even when speaking in a large hall, if the resonance chambers of the voice are properly used, and the syllables are finely and freely moulded.

Anyone who would save himself physical fatigue from continuous speaking should remember to breathe frequently, to pitch the voice aright, to open the mouth well, and to be perfectly clear in enunciation.

The way in which we open or do not open our mouths leads to all sorts of vocal trouble and to faults of pronunciation. It is essential therefore to clearly realise what shape the variable cavity of the mouth is to take in reference to each individual syllable in the utterance of words. Experience, practice, and the observation of others who speak well, can alone give assurance with regard to this important matter.

If the teeth be kept together, due openness of sound

remains an impossibility. The speaker is alarmed to find how little voice he is possessed of; whereas in reality the voice is a prisoner, and unable to pass the barriers imposed upon it.

Equally with the mouth, the lips are the cause of indistinctness and inaudibleness; where through ineffective or insufficient use they become stiff and unmanageable, indistinctness and bluntness of diction must result.

Eighteen Vowel Sounds.—In the creation of a perfect language each sound would possess its sign; with ours this is far from being the case. It is calculated that there are eighteen vowel sounds in the English language, and yet we have only five letters for indicating these eighteen positions of the mouth. To a foreigner our consonants must be equally bewildering, seeing that they perplex even ourselves. These multitudinous sounds, insufficiently indicated, result in much provinciality and even vulgarity of pronunciation.

Vowels are the continuous sounds, and as such the music of a language—the consonants commencing, distributing or ending, or in some way interrupting that music. The student should be most careful to ensure a right production and pronunciation of each of these eighteen sounds.

Use of Mirror in practice.—In all articulation practice, a mirror should be used, and observation taken of the positions of tongue, soft palate, teeth and lips: pronunciation should be formed by the eye as well as by the ear.

To correct a thick and imperfect articulation, read or speak at first very slowly, only accelerating the pace when certain that you can do so and yet remain clear. In each case the correct sound must be given, and this without allowing the speech to become too formal or too precise.

Such practice should be made with good, loud and sustained voice, marked attention being paid to the commencement and the end of words.

Difficult Sentences.—When special difficulty in a word or phrase occurs, as is often the case, increase the difficulty in practice by at first whispering it in a forcible, audible whisper: by thus giving the articulating organs additional work, the student will soonest attain the required facility of utterance.

Indistinctness.—Pass the tongue from time to time over

the surfaces of the lips, as by keeping them moist they will remain flexible. Indistinctness will result if the consonants are imperfectly or inadequately formed—that is to say, if the right positions of tongue and lips in relation to them are ignored, if there is an absence of strong muscular movement in forming them, and if the impact of the lips is weak and poor.

Take such words as—

Mend	Bend	Falter	Very	Vast
Ferry	Ponder	Yonder	Tend	Vague etc.

and carefully note with the eye what happens when speaking them correctly and forcibly.

The final consonants are equally important, and must receive due enunciation; the T's, D's, B's, L's, etc.

In all these matters the value of good example and skilled criticism will be of great assistance to the student.

Nasal Intonation.—The letters N and M frequently lead to nasal intonation in the entire word in which they occur, and in adjacent words; for wherever nasal intonation commences, it is rarely confined to its immediate cause.

I suppose no speaker is ever infallibly correct in his pronunciation. It is well, therefore, for all of us to examine, to be on the watch, to compare—lest faults of pronunciation and errors of articulation, closely allied to voice production, creep into our speech.

It is certain that vocal tuition, study, and practice tend to a better use of the voice in public, and the enhancement of what we have to speak by a better method in saying it; and it is equally true that a gentle and refined speech in private life is a possession of such value that we may well seek to attain it.

There are hundreds of men whose vocation calls for considerable and constant use of the speaking voice, who damage themselves physically, and their hearers mentally, by crude vocal efforts—indistinct articulation and blind indifference to and ignorance of the principles of elocutionary science.

CHAPTER VI

THE DELIVERY OF PROSE AND OF VERSE

Phrasing.—The necessity of frequent inspiration demands great care in the phrasing of sentences. In conversation a fresh breath is taken after speaking every few words, whereas in reading too often the reverse is the case, with the result that the delivery is dull, and the voice loses both power and quality.

By a good and skilful habit of dividing up the sentence, which gains in force rather than suffers from such method, the speaker is saved much unnecessary and trying exertion, his words being always launched upon a full aërial stream.

Necessity of Sufficient Breath to support Voice.—We have seen that a rich, even, smooth voice is impossible where the amount of inhaled air is insufficient, or where it is supplied too impetuously or too freely from the lungs, and that where there is no recognised economy in the expenditure of the breath, a personal sense of fatigue, in addition to vocal ineffectiveness, follows.

Varied Rate of Delivery.—The vitality of a speech is greatly enhanced by a variety in the rate of its delivery. However rapid the rate may be, the phrasing of sentences and the allowance of due time for breath must not be neglected, nor must the articulation suffer.

The speaker's thoughts may be quick and winged, and his speech proportionately impetuous, but audiences frequently lack so immediate a grasp as this rapid delivery demands.

On the other hand, a drawling, crawling, lethargic pace is equally to be avoided, as both spiritless and wearisome in the extreme.

Speak or read thereof at a rate which admits of clear enunciation, and gives your listeners time to comprehend the full meaning of one phrase before the next is upon them.

Emphasis.—Some words, sometimes entire sentences, require the force, emphasis, and insistence which comes from a slackened pace and a more deliberate diction; other words, other sentences, may be spoken with advantage as rapidly as clear articulation will permit.

The elucidation of a sentence requires the use of emphasis to bring out its point, force, and meaning. You can emphasise in many ways: by laying stress upon a word or group of words; by pausing before or after the emphatic word or clause; by becoming louder in tone, or by speaking more softly and slowly; by the use of the rhetorical pause, and by the inflections of the voice.

It will be very necessary to guard against falling into the fault of overcharging your sentences with emphasis. If you emphasise everything, it amounts to very little. Another undesirable result of over-emphasis is that the delivery sounds didactic, and is at the same time physically exhausting to the speaker.

Parenthesis.—Parenthetical sentences and interpolated explanations often cause obscurity.

The student should pause before and after the parenthesis, which should be spoken in a lower key and more quickly than the main sentence; the parenthesis spoken, the voice resumes the exact pitch in continuing or completing the main sentence at which it had previously arrived.

Rhythm.—All languages at their best have at almost regular intervals a recurrence of stress, very closely allied to musical accent. This is easily recognisable in rhymed or blank verse, whatever the metre may be; but a good delivery of prose equally requires the inclusion of this rhythmic movement maintained throughout the sentence, without which it would be dull and inharmonious.

However rapid the speech, however passionate the expression, there must be no omission of this quality of rhythm, except in dealing with sentences which are purposely rugged in style.

Take as an example of harmonious prose—indeed, almost blank verse—the following passage from Dickens' "Christmas Carol":—"In easy state upon this couch there sat a jolly giant, glorious to see, who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door."

Punctuation.—It will be well to bear in mind that punctuation may be and frequently is incorrect, and consequently misleading as a guide to the right phrasing of sentences. A false position of comma or semicolon by the compositor may destroy the whole intention.

To read intelligibly, it is necessary to grasp the true meaning; then, if the punctuation be incorrect, our own knowledge will show us where to pause, and how to phrase the sentence to the best advantage.

Delivery of Blank Verse.—It is most important, when reading or declaiming blank verse, to introduce those pauses which show that we are delivering verse and not prose.

End of Line Pauses.—The suspension of the voice (no fresh breath being taken) at the end of lines, even where there is no pause in the sense, and a due recognition of the *cæsura*, proclaim the fact that we are speaking verse.

As an example, take the first twenty-six lines of Milton's "Paradise Lost," in sixteen of which the sense runs on into the next line; unless the value of the verse is to be destroyed, the delivery of these lines must include these slight final pauses, and this can be done without sacrificing the continuity of the phrase.

Rhetorical Pause.—Closely allied to the above, but wholly unindicated, is the Rhetorical Pause, in which again the voice is suspended, no new breath being taken during the silence, in order that what we are about to say may be heard with enhanced attention.

It depends for its introduction upon the judgment and taste of the speaker.

Such pauses must not be too frequent, or too long, or the delivery will be weakened instead of strengthened. Signor Talma observed: "The actor must have the art of thinking before he speaks. By introducing pauses, he appears to meditate upon what he is about to say. But his physiognomy must correspond to the suspensions of his voice. His attitude and features must indicate that during these moments of silence his soul is deeply engaged: without this, his pauses will seem rather to be the result of defective memory than a secret of his art."

"It will be found," says Sir Henry Irving, "that the most seemingly accidental effects are obtained when the working of the mind is visible before the tongue gives it words."

Such principles are equally applicable to the speaker or reader, as well as to the actor.

Self-consciousness often woefully mars delivery.

great gain for a speaker to lose himself in his subject. If uttering words originally spoken by another, one should bear in mind Coquelin's dictum and "re-cast one's individuality." Under such circumstances, the Reader, Reciter, or Actor places himself mentally in the position of the original speaker, and accordingly his delivery gains in force, expression, and directness.

It takes a speaker time before he can attain the power so far to lose himself in what he is saying as to be natural and allow his sympathy and sensibility full sway, and his powers of expression full scope.

The fear to be thought affected or hyper-sentimental is the cause of much of the ineffective, inexpressive, unconvincing, and wearisome speaking and reading so frequently heard; but whilst exaggerations of any sort, whether of pathos or humour, must be shunned, the possession of a luminous and expressive style is of incalculable value.

As a means of enchaining the attention of the young, and for awaking in them a love for what is best in literature, good reading, which embraces the natural expression of honest sentiment, must always be of immense utility and power.

Necessity of Practice.—There must be continued practice if the speaker is to attain and retain control over vocal technique. Then, too, the complex mechanism of speech requires the health of each particular organ and the physical well-being of the entire body.

Vocal Hygiene.—Vocal hygiene does not require excessive care for its realisation, but only a reasonable application of common sense.

Fresh air in the house and out, by night as well as by day, is a necessity for all voice-users, who should avoid all atmospheric conditions of dust, smoke, and closeness, which irritate the throat and lungs.

When suffering from cold or fatigue it is well to avoid all public speaking, as rest has a special value in accelerating vocal recovery.

It is certain that the voice is vastly improved by building up the bodily strength; for this reason, a good nourishing diet and judicious exercise are both of importance. Whenever a speaker has some big vocal effort to make, he will do well to seek quiet, if not rest, as much as possible, for some hours beforehand.

CHAPTER VII

GESTURE

ALL effective speaking is accompanied by some amount of gesture, from which it gains both force and expression.

Gesture may be compared to the accompaniment of a song, by which the singing is enhanced ; even so is delivery by well-chosen and significant action. There must be complete accord—the accent of the voice corresponding to that of the gesture, except when the gesture purposely precedes the voice, with proportionate heightening of effect. In fact, the *entente cordiale* existing between vocalist and accompanist is imitated by the speaker in his use of voice and action.

How to Stand when Speaking.—It is a great advantage when speaking to stand well : the feet should be somewhat apart, and the weight of the body rather upon one foot than upon both. By this method the speaker can more easily turn from side to side without attention being attracted to the movement. The head should be erect, the chest free and expanded, the shoulders well back, whilst the arms should not be allowed to touch the sides, as doing so, they would impede the respiratory movements of the chest.

The entire figure—head, body, arms, hands and feet—must be observed and regulated in order to realise a graceful, easy, varied and expressive bearing.

Calm Bearing with Deliberate Movements.—Avoid any emphasis of word or sentence by head movements, and indeed, doing anything in the use of voice or action which may strike your audience as unnatural, exaggerated, eccentric or peculiar. A calm bearing with deliberate movements is what a speaker should strive to attain ; mere restlessness of attitude and redundancy of meaningless gesticulation being most undesirable and inappropriate.

Head erect, Eyes towards Audience.—In addressing an audience, the eyes should not wander from individual to individual, or rest upon anyone in particular. Neither look downwards or upwards, but rather ahead of you, so that your hearers may be able to read the expressions—the emotions of mind and soul, which should declare themselves in your eyes and countenance.

In reading, cultivate the habit of phrasing^o shortly, gathering the words in a phrase at a glance, then speak them with the head erect, and the eyes on the audience, and not on the book. This method ensures the voice being heard, instead of being half smothered in the book, as is certain to be the case if the eyes are kept upon the page and the head bent.

Avoidance of Cramped Gesture.—Any action which appears cramped, rigid, stiff or ungainly, must be discovered and avoided; hence the value of, at first, practising all gesture before a mirror, and severely criticising one's movements. After a time, familiarity with what is good, and also with that which is evidently bad, will enable us to move with tolerable certainty of effect.

Changes of Positions to be effected unobtrusively.—All change of position and of gesture must be effected unobtrusively. By the observation of good examples, and the study of renowned statues and pictures, the student may greatly extend, vary, and improve his action, reproducing those positions of head, arms, hands, and the rest which convince us of their excellence, and as such are worthy of imitation.

The action should be graceful and appropriate, and must be in time with the words spoken, whilst, with rare exceptions, the eyes of the speaker should follow the direction of the gesture.

Use of Arms and Hands.—To be graceful, the action must be built upon curved lines, and should start from the shoulder. The elbow should be bent, and thus contribute to the curve of the arm. The fingers should generally be slightly separated, and the hand should rarely be shut. Finish in gesture greatly depends upon the management of the hands, and the lines taken by every part of the hands, from wrist to finger-tips. Suppleness of wrist is a great gain, and this flexibility is not too easily acquired.

A too much deflected elbow (it should often be breast high and level with the wrist) is the cause of much amateurishness in action.

In moving the hands forward, they should start their course slightly downwards, and then upwards into position: the reverse way is too often the practice, with the result that the elbow is driven in towards the side, and the whole action appears angular and awkward.

With English people good gesture is exceedingly rare, but, with the aid of example and criticism, much can be done, till after a time, action will seem natural to the student, who will be no longer content to express his meaning with his voice alone, but will harmonise his entire form and countenance with the words he is speaking.

"The whole business of delivery should be *one*; everything should harmonise; the thought, the spirit, the language, the tone and the action, should all be of a piece."

In his lectures to students, Mr. Spurgeon once said, "Gesture should not be excessive: it should be appropriate and never grotesque. You ought to be so true, so real, so deeply in earnest, that mere mechanical movements will be impossible to you, and everything about you will betoken life, energy, concentrated faculty, and intense zeal. . . . We would have our students think of Action while they are with us at College, that they may never have need to think of it in after days. . . . Our object is to remove excrescences of uncouth Nature, not to produce artificiality and affectation: we would prune the tree, and by no means clip it into a set form."

To enumerate the many gestures we should have at our command would be a long and fruitless task, but some few may be mentioned, remembering that all gesture requires the aid of the countenance and the expression of the eyes to give it its due significance.

With the hands we plead, summon, dismiss, threaten, display grief or joy, act the penitent, ask, deny, or defy. By their aid we can express love, hatred, or fear. With them we can indicate places, persons, or things.

Sometimes gesture even takes the place of the voice, and in its stead expresses the thought, thus becoming a universal language—a mute volapuk common to all. By realistic action the narrator can portray abstract ideas, making the audience see what he mentally sees, as if that tree, that mountain, river, or plain of which he speaks were actually before him. And just as clearly as the speaker sees that which he describes, and by apt and significant gesture refers to it, so proportionately will the audience realise the scene.

The thought illumines the face, the voice is in harmony, and the action is in agreement with both.

The panoply of the true speaker is well set forth in the following description of a great orator :

"As soon as he commences to speak, tones of perfect melody are heard. A voice, full, sweet and musical falls on every ear, and awakens agreeable echoes in every soul which has sympathy with sounds. That wonderful voice is under perfect control, and can whisper or thunder at its possessor's will. The countenance speaks too; the entire form harmonises. To the influence of this powerful organ he adds a manner characterised by freedom and fearlessness, intensely earnest and strikingly natural."

In conclusion, I would say that to treat things as by instinct, with force and with virility, and never to exaggerate; to be able to convey that mystery which underlies the beautiful in life, be it glad or be it sad; above all, never to allow our delivery to become turgid, and never to permit facial expression to degenerate into grimace; or gesture to become meaningless or redundant, —are matters which the speaker should ever keep clearly before him.

Study, practice, observation and experience will alone render art mature and ensure that appearance of spontaneity, that absence of deliberate and too obvious intention so necessary in an appeal to the intelligence, the imagination and the sympathy of an audience.

CHAPTER VIII

RECITATION

It may very possibly be wondered why, in a book which is professedly for the reciter's use, this chapter upon recitation is placed last. The reason is that no attempt to recite should be made until considerable knowledge of vocal technique, gesture and expression, and indeed of all those matters treated at length in the foregoing pages, has been attained.

For recitation is an exceedingly difficult art, and demands the control of voice, hands, head, body, and of all those means whereby ideas and emotions are suggested expressed and conveyed.

It will not be denied that however excellent a poem may be, it receives an added beauty from the inherent sympathy of the voice, in itself the most wonderful of all created things. There are many people who would read a selection to themselves, and remain unmoved and irresponsible, who are swayed and deeply stirred when they hear the same lines spoken by one who has heart, intellect and the graces of oratory at command.

In recent years there has been a large increase in the number of reciters, but in how few instances is there any evidence of preparedness and educated power compelling and ensuring the sustained interest of hearers.

So many appear to think that all that is necessary is to make a selection—in itself a most difficult matter—memorise the same, and straightway find a platform. If the crown of applause be not immediately awarded, the fault is deemed to be that of the cold and apathetic audience; such, at least, is too often the reciter's view. If only he will realise that there is much else to learn besides the words, he will have taken an important step upon the road leading to ultimate success.

In Chapter VI. I have stated how necessary it is to follow Coquelin's admirable advice and "recast one's individuality" when uttering words originally spoken by another. How specially applicable this is to recitation is obvious. Take, for instance, Austin Dobson's duologue in verse, "Tu Quoque"; the success of the recitation will depend upon the completeness with which the reciter suggests by altered voice, mien and manner the two speakers, the girl and the young man.

In Adelaide Anne Procter's dramatic poem, "The Story of the Faithful Soul," three distinct voices (narrator, spirit, and archangel) are required. There must be the strong and vivid portrayal of the agony of the faithful spirit, and so reverent, fine, and acceptable a delineation of Saint Michael that the imagination of listeners is both stirred and satisfied.

To illustrate my meaning by scenes from Shakespeare, take the duologue between Cardinal Wolsey and his secretary, Cromwell.

In my opinion it is not necessary or advisable to state the name of the speaker before each utterance. The reciter's most resonant voice will naturally be used in the

delivery of Wolsey's lines, whilst the words attributed to Cromwell will be spoken in a somewhat higher voice, with an altered and less powerful manner, so that the contrast may be well sustained, and the respective characters clearly and proportionately drawn.

Again, in the conversation between Launcelot Gobbo and his father, from "The Merchant of Venice," the value of the recital will depend upon the vitality, truth, and completeness with which the speaker endues his assumption of the genial, loud-voiced, merry Launcelot, and the utter senility and decrepitude of old Gobbo and his affectionate solicitude for his son.

True delineation of character can only be attained by the reciter who sees clearly that which he would portray, and brings to that portrayal the abandonment of self and the complete assumption in voice, look, movement, bearing, and all else which appertains to the supposititious speaker to make him or her move and live in the mind, eye, and ear of the audience.

In this characterisation there must be no exaggeration, and facial expression particularly should never be allowed to descend to grimace.

A certain amount of grotesque gesture may, with advantage, be used in depicting comic characters of the rougher sort, as in the gravediggers from Hamlet, in the groom's story, by Sir A. Conan Doyle, and in many other instances.

After committing a selection to memory, and, indeed, after studying it assiduously and practising its delivery aloud, it is well to let some considerable time elapse before reciting it to others, for the reason that familiarity will lead to more certainty in delineation.

The choice of a recitation should trend towards the discovery of new material rather than the resuscitation of selections which, however intrinsically excellent, the march of years has made, through overmuch reiteration, hackneyed and consequently tiresome. The daily repetition for a month of the most excellent saying would induce other results than admiration; and it is even so with many fine recitations whose sun set, so far as to-day is concerned, a decade or more ago.

Particularly is this the case with most humorous selections. Each form of humour quickly has its day, and that

which convulsed people in the past will, in many cases, be thought dull, vapid, and even unnatural now.

There is always a large field in current literature from which the reciter who has the energy to search may select his material. The monthly magazines and journals, and the many volumes of verse and prose each year brings forth, should provide an infinite variety, while the American press alone is in itself a mine of just that most natural drama, pathos, and humour which an audience loves, understands, and at once accepts.

To harrow or to convulse his hearers should not be, as I fear it too frequently is, the reciter's only aim, but by his choice of subject and its delivery to unveil the mystery and the poetry of existence, this is an ideal which may well demand his attention; and all efforts in this direction will serve the useful purpose of plumbing his knowledge to its depths, and convincing him maybe of its present inadequacy, and so urge him to further study and practice.

In the choice of material for recitation, the reciter cannot afford to ignore personality. Even as the individuality of the actor or actress makes it easier to portray this or that part—to play this or that character with more facility and more convincingly—so the reciter's personality will prove of very material assistance.

In expressing this opinion I do not suggest or advise any marked limitation in the reciter's repertoire, which indeed requires to be as varied as possible, and should include selections both grave and gay; but rather to recognise the fact that personality tells both in serious and in humorous work, and consequently should be taken advantage of.

This chapter would be incomplete without a reference to the frequent custom of adding music to speech. There can be little doubt that the ideal conditions of a musically accompanied recitation are only attained when the reciter is both composer and executant, with the result that there is perfect accord between voice and instrument. The charm which exists under such circumstances has for its most notable example and exponent Mr. Clifford Harrison. Knowing well how to evoke the utmost beauty and meaning from any poem he elects to render, Mr. Harrison, by his improvisation—which never asserts itself at the

expense of the recital—awakens in his hearers an immediate and deep sympathy, whereby the delivery is heightened and intensified. How great is the charm and the spell thus laid upon an audience will be testified to by all who have heard this supreme artist render—only to mention one out of many equally beautiful of his musically accompanied recitations—"The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," wherein the music harmonises with and becomes the perfect complement of both voice and story.

But where the reciter is dependent upon others for the musical accompaniment, a very different result too frequently follows. Perhaps there are long musical introductions and interludes, during which the reciter is doing nothing in particular, or trying to look unutterable things, whilst the music pursues its explanatory way, and the attention of the audience is more or less diverted from the recitation with speculations as to when the narrative will proceed. Even after strenuous rehearsal there is often a something lacking, a fractional non-accord of voice and accompaniment, disturbing to both the reciter and his auditors.

The composition itself may err in a too evident endeavour to tell the story itself quite apart from the words, and becoming aggressively narrative suggests a sort of war between the speaker and the piano, in which the first has little or no chance.

It has always appeared to me that unless the composer and the accompanist will be content merely to supplement the narrative with that sort of indefinable melody which suits scene and subject, which never sets out to challenge attention or to become an artistic entity, the music will be of no value to, but will certainly hamper and mar the recital.

The accompaniment to a recitation requires to imitate Nature's undercurrent of sound; and even as the rippling brook, the rustling leaves, the distant song of birds, the noise of falling waters, and the myriad other sounds of summer never interrupted the lover from uttering his vows, but has ever inspired both him and the object of his adoration; so the music should build up just that faëry atmosphere of sound which assists the speaker to render the words with an added meaning and intensity, and the hearer to receive them with a deeper sympathy and a fuller understanding.

RESPIRATION EXERCISES

All exercise which tends to the development of the lungs will be of value in respiration—walking, swimming, fencing, rowing in moderation, the movement of the arms backwards and forwards, the use of dumb-bells, and other aids to the expansion of the chest.

Control over the abdominal and intercostal muscles in contraction and relaxation is of the first importance, and the object of the following exercises is to maintain this control.

The student must guard against over-doing respiratory exercises. Practise for five minutes at a time—say three times a day—is best. Nor should the exercises be undertaken immediately after a meal—food in the stomach impedes the movement of the diaphragm. The intake of the air must be through the nostrils.

It should be borne in mind that the object of all respiratory exercises is to get control over the pulmonary organs and not to abuse them. There are limits to the expansion of the lungs. It is a sufficient quantity of air—not an over-supply—that is the desideratum.

In the following exercises there must be no constriction of the throat, and no attempt to control the exit of the breath by the larynx; expiration to be attained solely by the use of costal and abdominal muscles.

EXERCISE FOR INSPIRATION

(1) The air is to be inhaled slowly and regularly through the nostrils. The shoulders must remain practically unmoved. Then by the raising of the middle and lower part of the breast bone, and by the contraction of the external intercostal muscles, and by a slight drawing in of the abdomen, the lungs follow the movements of the chest wall and become duly inflated.

EXERCISE FOR EXPIRATION

(2) By the unimpeded relaxation of the muscles used in Exercise 1, aided by the contraction of the abdominal muscles and the internal intercostal muscles, the reverse

action of the lungs is attained, and the expiratory act completed.

EXERCISE FOR THE RETENTION OF THE AIR IN THE LUNGS

(3) Inspire as in Exercise 1; then by keeping the inspiratory muscles in position—retain the air. Do not hold it for longer than 4 seconds at first, increasing at rate of 2 seconds per week up to 14 seconds.

EXERCISE FOR SLOW AND EVEN EXPIRATION

(4) Expand the lungs as in Exercise 1; then regulate the action of the expiratory muscles so that a complete control may be obtained over the outgoing breath.

There must be no jerkiness; no sudden fixing of the muscles; a slow, gentle, even egress of the air must be maintained throughout its entire expulsion.

(5) Take a rapid and deep inspiration followed by a rapid expiration.

(6) Take a rapid and deep inspiration followed by a slow and even expiration, as in Exercise 4.

(7) Combine Exercises 3 and 4.

TONGUE EXERCISES

The shape of the tongue is marvellously alterable on account of its highly muscular character.

Open tone is impossible where there is stiffening of the root of the tongue with a corresponding cramping of the throat and rigidity of jaw.

Practise the following exercises, mirror in hand, for not more than 3 or 4 minutes at a time.

Try to keep the lower jaw and the lips still.

(1) Let the tongue lie as flat and low in mouth as possible—its edges touching the lower teeth all round; then slowly raise tip of tongue till it touches upper palate against gums of front teeth. Repeat 3 times.

- (2) Same as No. 1: then slowly move tip of tongue from side to side in mouth behind front teeth in a semicircle. Repeat 3 times.
- (3) Keep the tongue as flat and low in mouth as possible. Now raise the edges all round making a hollow space in the middle of the tongue.
- (4) Practise the open vowels OO—O—AH, noting position of tongue and quality of tone. Breathe through nostrils.
- (5) Practise LAH—KAH—KOO for control of tongue and avoidance of throaty sounds.
Note position of tongue and quality of tone.
Breathe through nostrils.

**CONSONANTS IN WHICH THE TONGUE PLAYS AN
IMPORTANT PART**

BREATH.	VOICE.		BREATH		VOICE.	
TH	TH	Lingua-dental	Thigh	Thick	Thy	Then
T	D	Lingua-palatal	Tame	Tan	Dame	Dane
...	N	" "	Name	Nine
S	Z	" "	Seal	Sun	Zeal	Azure
...	L	" "	Light	Toil
...	R	" "	Rough	Run
SH	ZH	" "	Mission	...	Vision	...
K	...	Lingua-guttural	Kilt	Crime
...	G	" "	Gorgeous	Gorse
...	NG	" "	Gong	England

SOFT PALATE EXERCISES

In the production of vowel sounds the soft palate, the movements of which are exceedingly complex, plays an important part; whilst the consonantal sounds M, N, NG and NK depend for their correct pronunciation upon the accurate adjustment of the soft palate in relation to the tongue.

It would appear that there is also a sympathetic and automatic alteration in its position and tensivity in relation to each actual pitch of the voice.

In inhalation through the nostrils the soft palate falls down over the root of the tongue, shutting off more or less completely the mouth from the nose and throat.

In exhaling through the mouth the soft palate is raised and more or less shuts off the nose from the mouth and throat.

The following exercises practised with mirror in hand for about five minutes at each practice will tend to a more complete movement and control of the soft palate and the strengthening of the muscles used in its adjustments.

- (1) Keep mouth slightly open—let the tongue be as flat as possible. Now inhale slowly through the nostrils and then exhale slowly through the mouth.
- (2) Inhale slowly through the mouth. Exhale slowly through the nostrils—keeping tongue as flat as possible.

LIP EXERCISES

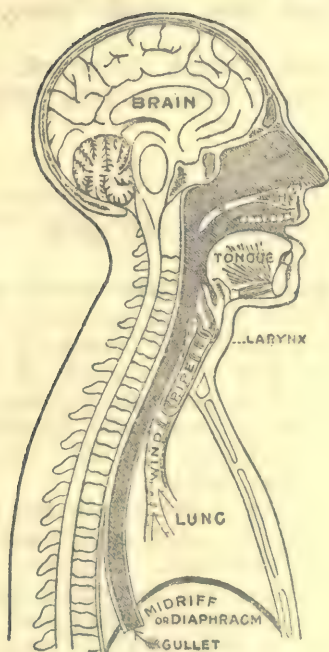
In the catalogue of consonant sounds, according to the various organs used in their production, we find both Labials (P, B, M,) and Labio-Dentals (F and V), but the lips enter largely into the formation of the majority of the other letters, their positions varying in accordance with the sound to be produced. Especially note their protrusion in pronouncing TH, SH, WH, W, etc. (*e.g.*, Thrust, Shame, When, World).

The actual opening of the mouth and the positions of the lips in reference to vowel sounds and to consonants also are equally important. Clearness of articulation depends upon accurate and immediate labial adjustment. To achieve the necessary flexibility and mobility of the lips—they should be kept moist by from time to time passing the tongue over their surfaces.

With mirror in hand speak the Labials P, B, M (Pan, Ban, Man, etc.), and observe the preliminary contact of the lips.

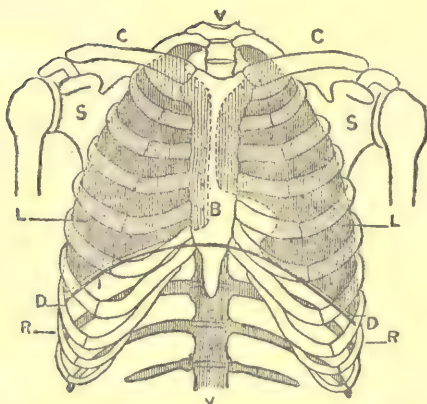
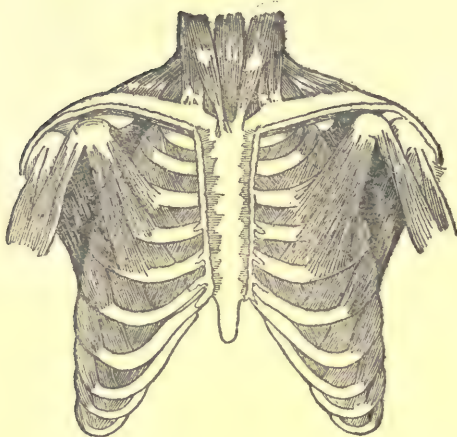
Speak the Labio-Dentals F and V (Fine, Vine, etc.), and note the difference in position of the lower lip in contact with the bottom of the upper teeth.

Read carefully any page of prose, elaborately forming the words, syllable by syllable, and note the movements of the lips, making sure that they bear their part in enunciation.



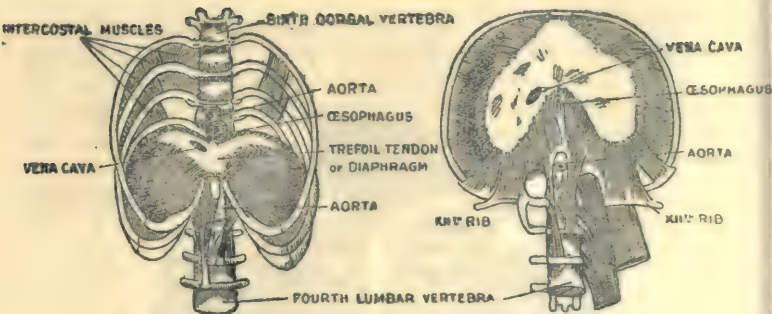
S Soft Palate. H Hard Palate

THE CHEST, NECK, AND THROAT, WITH
SECTION OF HEAD



C. Clavicle, or collar bone L. Lungs. R. Ribs.
 S. Scapula, or shoulder blade. B. Sternum,
 or breast bone. V. Vertebral column. D. Midriff,
 or diaphragm.

THE CHEST, WITH RIBS AND MUSCLES

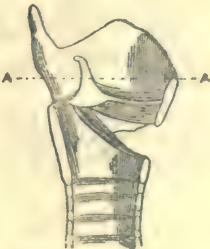
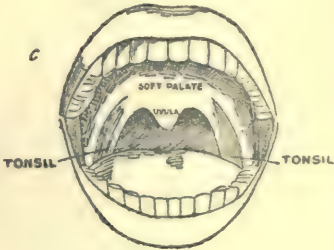
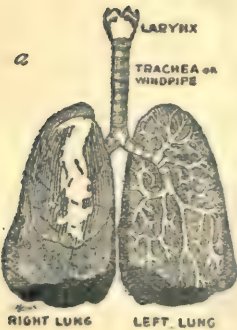


THE LOWER HALF OF THE THORAX SHOWING THE DIAPHRAGM FROM BEFORE

VIEW OF THE DIAPHRAGM FROM BELOW

(FROM QUAIN'S ELEMENTS OF ANATOMY.)

THE LOWER RIBS, DIAPHRAGM, AND VERTEBRÆ



a. LUNGS, WITH TRACHEA AND LARYNX
b. LARYNX
c. MOUTH

THE VOWEL SOUNDS

(EIGHTEEN IN NUMBER)

1.	a	ale.....fate ape.....dale ache....save.	10.	i	it.....lid if.....with ill.....ridge.
2.	a	ah.....palm bar.....father vast....half.	11.	o	oak...woke old...hope hoe...coat.
3.	a	at.....pan hap....shall sad.....bath.	12.	o	on....doll off....top of.....lot.
4.	a	all.....daub ball....thaw jaw....dawn.	13.	oo	too...hoof ooze...goose boon...poor.
5.	ai	air.....fair stair...care dare ...pair.	14.	oi	oil.....noise joy....boy coin...voice.
6.	ee	ear.....need eel.....meat she....lease.	15.	ow } ou }	owl....power vow....bout thou...town.
7.	e	end.....dell led.....beg met....then.	16.	u	up.....sun bun...fun tub....shut.
8.	e	err.....berth earth...firth girth...mirth.	17.	u	bull...butcher pull...pulpit full....would.
9.	i	isle.....life ice.....shy die.....time.	18.	u	rule...duke tube...fugue dupe..yule.

In each of the eighteen vowel sounds the voice is uninterrupted in its passage through the mouth ; the distinctive character of the sound being produced by the relative positions of tongue, soft palate, teeth and lips. These positions of the organs of speech, accurately adjusted, must be strictly and exactly maintained throughout the utterance of the vowel if the sound is to be and remain correct.

In trying to attain these modifications of continuous voice, or in other words the various vowel sounds, the student should cultivate his ear, and by the use of a mirror carefully note, too, the necessary alterations taking place in the variable cavity of the mouth.

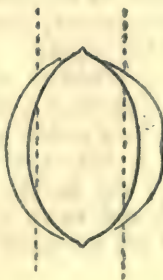
Where the aid and criticism of a teacher cannot be obtained, an ideal of pronunciation should be formed by the observation of the best public speakers.

E A AH O OO is the order of the long vowels : E being farthest back in the mouth, and the others successively more forward and more open in character. For practice AH and OO are the most valuable.

LONG VOWELS

AH	OO	O	A	E
Very open mouth.	Mouth well opened and lips forward.	Round and forward sound. Avoid breaking O. Not O + O.	Should be a pure sound: not diphthongal as AH and EE.	Should not be pronounced too thinly: the teeth should not meet.
Tongue very flat. Tip of Tongue against lower teeth.	Tongue flat, back of same very slightly raised. Tip of tongue against lower teeth.		Tip of tongue still behind lower teeth but rest of tongue above level of lower teeth.	Position of tongue same as for A.

AH



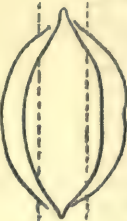
OO



O



A



E



The diagrams show approximately and relatively the actual opening and its shape formed by the lips in pronouncing these sustained vowels. The dotted lines indicate the teeth in lower jaw and in upper jaw. Note that in AH—A and E the lips are more open than the teeth, whilst in OO and O the reverse is the case.

Last	Car	Ooze	Home	Own	Ale	Fate	Ear	Need
Star	Castle	Spoon	Comb	Throne	Ape	Dale	Eel	Meat
Far	Basket	Moon	Old	Blown	Ache	Save	She	Lease
Mast	Casket	Booth	Cold	Blow	Ague	Vain	Scene	Leave
Father	Demand	Hoof	Bold	Only	Blame	Range	Seam	Grieve
Lath	Bar	Too	Fold	Both	Flame	Change	Treat	Greedy
Fast	Plant	Prove	Told	Dome	Shade	Chase	Cheat	Fleece

DIPHTHONGAL OR MIXED VOWELS

I	OU OW	A AU AW	OI	AI
AH and E (short) not AU + E (short).	Mouth well opened.	Mouth well opened. Lips pushed forward.	Mouth well opened. Lips pushed forward.	Open mouth.
Two rapid positions of tongue. 1. AH 2. E (short).	Two rapid positions of Tongue : 1. AH 2. O.	Tongue low in mouth and slightly convex.	Tongue low in mouth and slightly convex. AW + EE	Tongue low in mouth : the tip of tongue slightly raised behind lower teeth A + Short E.
Isle Ice Die Sign Nigh My Buy	Owl Thou Vow Scowl Fowl Loud Crowd	All Ball Jaw Pall Yawn Cause Form	Oil Joy Coin Void Spoil Coil Royal	Air Stair Dare Heir Share Pear Ne'er
Life Sky Time Mild Child Climb Height	Power Bout Town Plough Cow Brown Frown	Daub Thaw Dawn Walk Awe Daw Short	Noise Boy Voice Point Annoy Toy Coy	Fair Care Pair Bear There Glare Share

SHORT VOWELS

A	E	I	O	U
At Hap Sad Gas Sand Have Can	End Led Met Debt Bread Bed Shed	It If Ill City Ditty Pity Sin Lid With Ridge Mirth Will Nib Hip	On Off Of Shot Yacht Pod Clod Doll Top Lot Toddle Lodge Slot Toss	Up Bun Tub Thunder Shudder Mud But Sun Fun Shut Nut Club Rub Mutter
	E Err Earth Berth Mirth			U (Long) Bull Pull Pulpit Butcher Would U (Long) Rule Duke Fugue Yule Tube

CONSONANT SOUNDS

(TWENTY-FOUR IN NUMBER)

In all consonant sounds the current of breath through the mouth is more or less obstructed.

The following classification is taken from Hullah's "The Speaking Voice," one of the Clarendon Press Series.

LABIALS.

P.	B. (<i>Mute</i>)	Pin	Hip	Pan	Bin	Web	Bun
F.	V. (<i>Hissing</i>)	Fin	If	Fog	Vex	Have	Vintage.

DENTALS.

T.	D. (<i>Mute</i>)	Tip	Sit	Top	Dip	Dab	Thus
TH.	DH. (<i>lisping</i>)	thin	with	thank	this	other	use
S.	Z. (<i>hissing</i>)	saw	voice	sigh		size	leisure.
SH.	ZH. (<i>aspirated</i>)	shawl	shy	shower		evasion	

GUTTURALS.

K.	G.	Kill	Wick	Ken	Gig	Wig	Get
CH.	GH. (<i>Aspirated</i>)	chip	ditch	chess	gill	ledge	jam.

NASALS.

M	N	Mid	Him	Hem	Nib	In	Net
L	R	Liquids as in run lick, ill, led, rot, berry, rug, as in war, fur, far.					
Y							
W		yet, yarn, you.					
H		will, wag, wet.					
		hit, head, hot.					

N.B.—C : Q : X are redundant letters.

Great care should be taken with the sibilant S too often pronounced TH, and also with the liquid R frequently pronounced W, with or without a slight guttural sound attached to it.

The adjustment of the organs of speech in consonantal utterance must be immediate ; upon this forceful quality in the formation of the consonants single or joined, whether at the beginning, middle, or end of a word will greatly depend the crispness of our speech.

Practice in all the vowel and consonant sounds of the language should be made by the student before he attempts recitation, in the same way as the vocalist by detached exercises laboriously trains the voice to execute the component parts of song.

Many educated people who would never add a superfluous aspirate, frequently are guilty of omitting the H in such sentences as these :—

Give it 'im, for Give it him.
I told 'er so, for I told her so.
He 'oo, for He who,
etc. etc.

Correct the tendency towards over nasality in pronunciation of words containing the letters M, N, NG, NK.

Observe closely the character of the tone, and by the adjustment of the soft palate in relation to the tongue allow a large proportion of the sound to enter the mouth.

Practise the letters separately with the vowels before and after them, thus :—

MO — OM NO — ON etc. etc.

Practise the following words :—

Ma	Nab	Bring	Brink
Mamma	Nabob	Thing	Think
Make	Nadir	Clang	Crank
Manna	Nail	Long	Rank
Mammal	Name	Strong	Shrink
Mammoth	Native	Clung	Shrunk
Man	Namby	Flung	Sunk
Manacle	Nap		
Mammon	Nasal		
Manage	Nascent		

R (trilled).

The trilled R is made by the vibration of the tip of the tongue which is turned upwards. The vibration takes place behind the upper front teeth.

Prefix the syllable ER before the word commencing with a trilled R thus

R. ER + R un.

Speak at first slowly and only increase the rate when more vibratory movement is observable in the tip of the tongue.

Practise the following words, prefixing the syllable ER :

Run,
Rain,
Rent,
Ruin,
Rout,
Rot,
Rum,
Rat, etc.

Afterwards take words for practice, commencing with labials and dentals followed by the letter R.

Prune	Train	Drain
Fruit	Through	etc.
Bruin	Serrate	
Virulent	Shriek	

S.

Where too much sibilance attaches to the pronunciation of S, practise the following words:

Keep the tip of tongue back behind the barrier of the teeth; practise with mirror in hand.

Same	Hiss
Sister	Scene
Crisis	Schism
Thesis	Psalm
Theseus	Castle
Sum	Fast
Socrates	Goose
Sound	Loose
Emphasis	Sensation.

TH

For TH let the tip of tongue press against the front top teeth. Practise the following words with mirror in hand:—

This	Think	Mother
That	Thigh	Brother
Then	Thy	Other
There	Third	Smother
Thwack	Three	Moth
Thing	Thorn	Cloth
Thread	Thrill	Froth
Thrum	Thrifty	Loth
Thimble	Throng	Sloth
The	Thrust	Both
These	Thumb	Troth
Thesis	Throne	With
Thick		Death

WORDS FOR EXAMINATION

IN

PRONUNCIATION

The student should examine his pronunciation of the following words with the aid of a good pronouncing dictionary. Some of the words given are selected on account of the true pronunciation of final or other syllables :—

- A. Accomplish, Aërial, Aerie, Aeronaut.
Aerolite, Æsthetic, Alien, Allegro.
Ant, Applicable.
- B. Bacilli, Bitumen.
- C. Cicatrice, Cicerone, Clematis, Commissary.
Commonalty, Communal, Complex.
Compliance, Conduit, Consignee.
Contumely, Corollary, Critique, Cuirass.
- D. Dalliance, Dance, Debauchee, Decorum.
Decorous, Deficit, Depreciate, Deshabille.
Detail, Digest, Digress, Dilate, Diverge.
Divide, Diligent, Disputable, Disputant.
Dissolve, Divan, Diverse, Divest, Doctrinal.
Divert, Donor, Draught, Dreary.
Drought, Drouth, Duty, Dynasty.
- E. Ear, Elegiac, Emerge, Enable, Enact.
Enamel, Enchant, English, Enthusiasm.
Epitaph, Exhale, Exhaust, Exhibit, Exhilarate.
Exhort, Exhume, Expletive, Expurgate, Extant.
Exude, Exult.
- F. Falchion, Falcon, Fasten, Febrile, Fertile.
Fragile, Futile, February, Fidelity, Finale.
Finesse, Flaccid, Flagrant.
- G. Gallant, Gaseous, Gaunt, Geyser, Glory.
Gradient, Gristly, Grisly, Gunwale.
- H. Haunt, Herculean, Hiccough, Humour.
- I. Idyl, Illustrate, Impious, Implacable.
Impost, Indecorous, Indisputable.
Indissoluble, Interstice, Irascible.
Irrefragable, Irrefutable, Irrevocable.
Irritant, Isthmus, Itinerant.
- J. Jasmine, Jaunt, Jaundice, Jewel.
Jewellery, Jocund, Jostle, Juvenile.
- K. Kiln, Knoll (verb), Knoll (noun), Krail.
- L. Laboratory, Landward, Langour.
Laudanum, Laundry, Lichen.
Lineament, Listen, Listener, Livelong.
Longevity, Lugubrious, Lurid, Levee.

- M. Masculine, Masquerade, Milch.
Minute (adj.), Moccasin, Moistened, Monologue.
More, Morose, Mountain, Mulatto.
Musket, Muslin.
- N. Naiad, Naive, Naphtha, Nephew.
Nonpareil, Noose.
- O. Obese, Obituary, Object, Occult, Offend.
Onerous.
- P. Package, Packet, Palate, Palfrey, Parasite.
Pariah, Parson, Particular, Parvenu.
Pastel, Patchouli, Patent, Patron.
Patronage, Pendant, Pendent, Peninsula.
Pentecost, Percolate, Perfect.
Perhaps, Perjure, Perplex, Persist, Pessimist.
Pestilence, Pestle, Phaeton, Phalanx.
Phosphorous, Phthisis, Phthisical.
Piazza, Pilot, Piquant, Placable.
Placard, Plagiary, Plaid, Plait.
Plant, Plateau, Poignant, Poniard.
Poor, Porcelain, Porpoise, Posthumous.
Post-obit, Precedence, Prefatory, Premier.
Presage (verb), Presage (noun), Prestige.
Primer, Principal, Principle, Privacy.
Progress (noun), Progress (verb), Projectile.
Prolix, Promulgate, Puisne, Puissant.
Pumice, Purport, Pursuit, Pyramid.
Pyrotechnic.
- Q. Quadrille, Question, Quoth.
- R. Radiant, Rapine, Rationale, Recondite.
Recreant, Recusant, Refutable, Regime.
Relevant, Relict, Remedial, Reptile, Reputable.
Respite, Retail (verb), Revocable, Rabid.
- S. Saccharine, Sacrilege, Sacrilegious.
Sagittal, Salubrious, Salve, Satiare.
Satiety, Saviour, Saxon, Scallop, Scenic.
Sculpture, Semblance, Senile, Sentient.
Seraglio, Shore, Sleight.
Softened, Soldier, Solecism, Solstice, Sonorous.
Specialty, Spontaneity, Squadron.
Stereoscope, Stevedore, Stomacher, Stratagem.
Strategic, Suave, Succinct, Surveillance.
Synod.
- T. Tenable, Tenet, Tensile, Testament.
Textile, Tiara, Timeous, Tirade.
Titular, Tourniquet, Toward, Trachea.
Trait, Transient, Tricolour, Tribune.
Trow, Tryst.
- V. Vagary, Vehement, Vermicelli, Virile.
Viscid, Virulence.
- W. Wainscot, Wednesday, Wont, Worsted.
- Z. Zymotic.
-

PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES

A selected list of those requiring special care
in pronunciation.

PREFIXES.

AB.	Abjure, Absurd, Abject, Abdicate, Abstain.
AC.	Accept, Acknowledge, Acquire, Acclaim, Acquaint.
AD.	Adhere, Address, Adduce, Admire, Advance.
AF.	Affirm, Affect, Affiance, Affront.
AG.	Aggregate, Aggressive, Aggravate, Aggregate.
AL.	Allude, Allege, Allow, Allure, Allied, Allot.
AN.	Annex, Announce, Annoy, Annihilate.
AP.	Applaud, Appease, Append, Appetite, Appoint.
AR.	Arrogant, Arraign, Arrive, Arrange.
AS.	Assume, Assay, Assault, Assert, Assure.
AT.	Attribute, Attire, Attract, Attest, Attune.
AMBI.	Ambidexter, Ambient, Ambiguity.
ANA.	Analysis, Anagram, Anabaptist.
ANT.	Antagonist, Antacid.
ANTE.	Anterior, Antecedent, Antedate.
ANTI.	Antidote, Antichrist, Anticlimax.
APO.	Apostate, Apoplexy, Apotheosis.
ARCH.	Archbishop, Archangel.
ARCHI.	Architect, Archidiaconal.
AUTO.	Autograph, Automatic, Autotype.
BE.	Beside, Beneath, Below.
BI.	Bicycle, Bisect, Biennial.
CATA.	Catacomb, Cataclysm, Catalepsy.
CATH.	Cathedral, Catholic.
CIRCUM.	Circumspect, Circumnavigate.
COM.	Combine, Compound, Command.
CONTRA.	Contradict, Contravene.
DE.	Descend, Denude, Depart.
DIA.	Diameter, Dialogue, Diapason.
EC.	Eccentric, Ecclesiastic, Ecstatic.
EF.	Effigy, Effectual, Effervesce, Efficient.
ENTER.	Enterprise, Entertain.
EPI.	Epilogue, Epilepsy, Epitaph, Epithet.
EU.	Eulogy, Euphemism, Euphony.
FOR.	Forbear, Forbid, Fordo.
HETERO.	Heterodox, Heterogeneous.
HOLO.	Holocaust, Holograph.
HYPER.	Hyperbole, Hyperborean, Hypercritical.
INTER.	Interject, Interlope, Interlude.
INTRO.	Introvert, Introspect.
MAL.	Malapert, Malcontent, Malformation.
META.	Metamorphosis, Metaphor, Metaphysics.
MIS.	Misapply, Misbehave, Mischance.
MONO.	Monody, Monogram, Monogamy.

MULTI.	Multifarious, Multiply, Multitude.
OB.	Object, Obligation, Obscure.
OC.	Occasion, Occupy, Occurrence.
OFF.	Offset, Offshoot, Offspring.
PER.	Percolate, Percussion, Perennial.
PERI.	Pericardium, Perimeter, Peripatetic.
PROTO.	Protomartyr, Protoplasm, Prototype.
RE.	Rebut, Recall, Recapitulate.
SUBTER.	Subterfuge, Subterranean.
SUPER.	Superabound, Superfine, Superfluous.
SUC.	Succeed, Succinct, Succumb.
SYN.	Synechronize, Syncopate.
SYL.	Syllable, Syllogism.
TRANS.	Translucent, Transmit, Transpose.
TRI.	Triangle, Triennial, Trichord.
WITH.	Withdraw, Withhold, Withstand.

SUFFIXES.

—ABLE.	Rentable, Portable, Inevitable.
—AC.	Zodiac, Cardiac, Demoniatic.
—ACEOUS.	Herbaceous, Farinaceous.
—ACY.	Legacy, Conspiracy, Prelacy.
—ADE.	Blockade, Lemonade, Masquerade.
—AGE.	Bondage, Cordage, Lineage.
—AL.	Annual, Filial, Herbal.
—ARD.	Poniard, Drunkard, Tankard.
—ARY.	Aviary, Breviary, Plenary.
—ATE.	Depreciate, Enunciate, Mediate.
—ATORY.	Predatory, Derogatory, Oratory.
—DOM.	Kingdom, Thralldom, Christendom.
—EE.	Assignee, Referee, Absentee.
—EER.	Buccaneer, Charioteer.
—EN.	Wooden, Beholden, Warden.
—ENCE.	Despondence, Audience, Resilience.
—EOUS.	Hideous, Courteous, Aqueous.
—ERLY.	Brotherly, Easterly, Cleverly.
—ESQUE.	Arabesque, Picturesque.
—ESS.	Authoress, Giantess, Countess.
—EST.	Interest, Eldest, Youngest.
—FOLD.	Blindfold, Threefold, Manifold.
—FUL.	Peaceful, Tuneful, Useful.
—FY.	Rarefy, Pacify, Modify.
—GENEOUS.	Homogeneous, Heterogeneous.
—HEAD.	Loggerhead, Godhead.
—IBLE.	Legible, Visible, Destructible.
—IC.	Magic, Tragic, Hydraulic.
—ILE.	Mobile, Agile, Puerile.
—ING.	Singing, Roaring, Dashing.
—ION.	Ignition, Apposition, Fruition.
—ISH.	Monkish, Mawkish, Popish.
—ISM.	Deism, Atheism, Altruism.
—IST.	Deist, Atheist, Altruist.

—ITY.	Veracity, Felicity, Precocity.
—LENCE.	Benevolence, Virulence, Turbulence.
—LESS.	Pitiless, Merciless, Hopeless.
—LENT.	Benevolent, Virulent, Turbulent.
—MENT.	Preferment, Amendment.
—MOST.	Almost, Hindmost, Upmost.
—NESS.	Likeness, Wickedness, Brightness.
—SOME.	Handsome, Gladsome, Loathsome.
—TER.	Diameter, Pentameter, After.
—THER.	Father, Neither, Further.
—TUDE.	Desuetude, Longitude, Plenitude.
—ULE.	Schedule, Globule, Pilule.
—URE.	Measure, Pleasure, Figure.
—WARD.	Homeward, Seaward, Upward.
—WISE.	Likewise, Otherwise, Lengthwise.

WORDS COMPOSED OF VOWELS PRECEDED OR
FOLLOWED BY TWO OR MORE CONSONANTS.

LABIALS.

B

BL.	Black, Bleak, Bluish, Able, Cable, Table.
BR.	Brown, Brush, Branch, Drink, Bride, Broach.
BD.	Webbed, Orbed, Daubed, Barbed, Probed.
BZ.	Cabs, Ribs, Tubs, Tribes, Robes, Scribes.

F

FL.	Flame, Flash, Flicker, Flung, Flag, Flat.
FN.	Often, Stiffen, Deafen, Soften.
FR.	Frame, Fray, Fragment, Fruit, Freak, Fraud.
FT.	Eft, Aft, Oft, Lift, Drift, Sift, Deftly.
FZ.	Chiefs, Oafs, Hoofs, Cuffs, Cliffs.

P

PL.	Plane, Plight, Plod, Apply, Rippling.
PN.	Open, Happen, Cheapen.
PR.	Prate, Prattle, Premises, Precede, Prance.
PT.	Kept, Adept, Slept, Adapt, Swept.
PTH.	Depth.
PS.	Crops, Cyclops, Hips, Chops, Hons.
PTZ.	Corrupts, Adepts.
PTHZ.	Depths.

V

VD.	Lived, Starved, Saved, Reserved, Resolved.
VZ.	Eaves, Selves, Fives, Staves, Beeves.
VN.	Seven, Haven, Oven.
VNZ.	Ovens, Havens, Ravens.

DENTALS.

D

DR.	Drank, Drench, Dribble, Drive, Drop, Drone.
DL.	Cradle, Saddle, Idle, Muddle, Fiddle.
DLD.	Cradled, Saddled, Idled.
DLZ.	Cradles, Saddles, Idles.
DTH.	Width, Breadth, Thousandth.
DTHZ.	Widths, Breadths, Thousandths.
DW.	Dwindle, Dwell, Dwarf.
DZ.	Wads, Seeds, Toads, Bands, Winds.

S

SF.	Sphere, Sphinx.
SL.	Slag, Slake, Sledge, Slim, Slide, Slope.
SM.	Smack, Smart, Smear, Smile, Smoke.
SN.	Snack, Snake, Sneer, Snipe, Snob.
SP.	Span, Space, Spent, Speed, Spoke, Sponge.
SPD.	Clasped, Gaspd.
SPS.	Wisps, Wasps, Gasps, Clasp.
ST.	Stand, Staid, Stem, Stick, Stone, Stop.
SK.	Skate, Sketch, Skull, Scoff, Skin.
SH.	She, Shake, Sham, Shed, Shook, Shine.
SHR.	Shrapnel, Shrew, Shriek, Shrill, Shrine, Shrove.
SHT.	Blushed, Flashed, Wished, Washed.

T

TH.	This, Then, Thy, Thou, Thereon, Thong.
THR.	Through, Thrice, Thrush, Thrash, Thrive, Throve
THW.	Thwart, Thwack.
TCH.	Witch, Watch, Screech, Catch, Much, Slouch.
TL.	Beetle, Title, Gentle, Startle, Battle, Bottle.
TLZ.	Beetles, Battles, Bottles.
TN.	Sweeten, Flatten, Lighten, Shorten.
TNZ.	Sweetens, Flattens, Buttons.
TR.	Treason, Trap, Trod, Tropic, Trojan.
TW.	Twain, Twine, Twelfth, Twenty, Tweak.
TZ.	Nets, Boots, Knits, Knots, Butts.

Z

ZL.	Weasel, Chisel, Ousel, Drizzle, Puzzle.
ZLZ.	Measles, Drizzles.
ZD.	Praised, Diseased, Advised, Housed, Oozed.
ZM.	Sarcasm, Spasm, Deism, Schism, Baptism.
ZMZ.	Spasms, Prisms.
ZN.	Frozen, Chosen, Waxen, Brazen, Dozen.
ZNZ.	Dozens, Cousins, Tokens.

GUTTURALS.

C

CH.	Chain, Chaff, Cheap, Chest, Chip, Chirrup.
CHT.	Arched, Fetched, Smirched, Pitched.

G

GD.	Begged, Digged.
GL.	Glad, Glade, Gleam, Glint, Gloat, Glutinous.
GLZ.	Eagles, Giggles, Straggles, Struggles.
GR.	Grave, Grammar, Greed, Groat, Grime, Grub.
GZ.	Leagues.

K

KL.	Clang, Clench, Climb, Cackle, Sickle, Buckle.
KLZ.	Shackles, Sickles, Buckles.
KN.	Shaken, Quicken, Darken, Broken.
KNZ.	Quickens, Darkens.
KR.	Cram, Crane, Cream, Crop, Cruise.
KT.	Pickled, Hooked, Masked, Tusked.
KTZ.	Facts, Sects, Picts, Acts, Inflicts, Infects.

LIQUIDS.**L**

LB.	Alb, Bulb.
LBZ.	Albs, Bulbs.
LD.	Bald, Bold, Eld, Wild, Skilled, Schooled.
LDZ.	Builds, Folds.
LF.	Calf, Shelf, Golf, Gulf.
LGH.	Bilge, Indulge.
LK.	Walk, Elk, Milk, Yolk, Bulk.
LKS.	Silks.
LKT.	Milked.
LKTS.	Mulcts.
LM.	Realm, Film.
LN.	Kiln, Swoln.
LPS.	Scalps, Helps.
LS.	False, Else, Pulse.
LT.	Halt, Belt, Gilt, Colt, Insult.
LTH.	Wealth, Tilth.
LTS.	Halts, Colts, Insults.
LTHS.	Healths.
LV.	Twelve, Evolve.
LVZ.	Evolves, Wolves, Elves.
LZ.	Bales, Balls, Doles, Fails, Isles, Bowls.

M

MD.	Armed, Plumed, Famed, Helmed.
MTH.	Warmth.
MZ.	Arms, Times, Seams, Homes, Hema.

N

ND.	And, Bend, Command, Bind, Fund.
NCH.	Branch, Bunch, Bench, Inch, Haunch.
NDZ.	Lands, Demands, Amends, Grounds.
NG.	Ping-Pong, Gong, Thing, Bung.
NGH.	Strange, Cringe, Sponge, Vengeful.
NGZ.	Pangs, Things, Gongs, Bungs.
NK.	Dank, Ink, Monk, Bunk.

NKS.	Inks, Bunks.
NT.	Ant, Giant, Grant, Cent, Faint, Print.
NTH.	Corinth, Month, Plinth, Tenth.
NTHS.	Plinths, Months, Tenths.
NTZ.	Chintz, Plaints, Points, Wants.
R	
RB.	Barb, Herb, Orb, Curb.
RBZ.	Barbs, Orbs.
RD.	Sward, Yard, Herd, Horde, Curd.
RDZ.	Cords, Swords.
RCH.	Arch, Perch, Porch.
RCHD.	Arched, Perched.
RF.	Scarf, Wharf, Turf.
RFS.	Scarfs, Wharfs.
RGH.	Large, Merge, Forge.
RGD.	Charged, Enlarged.
RK.	Mark, Irk, Stork, Murk.
RKS.	Marks, Storks, Works.
RL.	Snarl, Curl, Whirl.
RLD.	World.
RLDZ.	Worlds.
RM.	Farm, Germ, Form, Worm.
RMD.	Formed, Stormed.
RMZ.	Forms, Storms.
RN.	Torn, Barn, Burn.
RND.	Turned, Darned.
RNZ.	Turns, Barns.
RP.	Harp, Warp, Chirp.
RPZ.	Harps, Chirps, Warps.
RS.	Verse, Corse, Worse.
RST.	Worst.
RT.	Cart, Short, Blurt.
RTZ.	Carts.
RTHZ.	Births.
RV.	Serve, Carve.
RVS.	Serves, Carves.

PHRASING IN REFERENCE TO BREATH

N.B.—The vertical lines indicate where breath is to be taken,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Exercise 1. Act III. Scene 1.

Bru.

By your pardon ;—

I will myself into the pulpit first, |
 And show the reason of our Cæsar's death : |
 What Antony shall speak, | I will protest
 He speaks by leave | and by permission ; |

And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all due rites | and lawful ceremonies. |
It shall advantage more than do us wrong. |

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not. |

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body. |
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us, |
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ; |
And say, you do't by our permission ; |
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. | And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going, |
After my speech is ended. |

Ant. Be it so ; |

I do desire no more. |

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, |
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers ! |
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man |
That ever livéd in the tide of times. |
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood ! |
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,— |
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips |
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,— |
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ; |
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife, |
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ; |
Blood and destruction shall be so in use, |
And dreadful objects so familiar, |
That mothers shall but smile | when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war, |
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds : |
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge, |
With Até by his side, come hot from hell, |
Shall in these confines | with a monarch's voice
Cry " Havoc ! " | and let slip the dogs of war ; |
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth |
With carrion men groaning for burial. |

260

270

Exercise 2. Act II. Scene 1.

Bru. It must be by his death | : and, for my part, |
I know no personal cause to spurn at him, |
But for the general. | He would be crowned :— |
How that might change his nature, | there's the question : |
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder, |
And that craves wary walking. | Crown him?— | that ; |
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him, |
That at his will he may do danger with. |
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power : | and, to speak truth of Cæsar, |
I have not known when his affections swayed

10

20

More than his reason. | But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder, |
 Whereto the climber upward turns his face ; |
 But when he once attains the upmost round, |
 He then unto the ladder turns his back, |
 Looks in the clouds, | scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend. | So Cæsar may :—
 Then, lest he may, prevent. | And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is, |
 Fashion it thus : | that what he is, augmented, | 30
 Would run to these and these extremities : |
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg, |
 Which, hatched, would as his kind grow mischievous ; |
 And kill him in the shell. |

DICKENS' CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Exercise 3.

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so, | that people ran
 about with flaring links, | proffering their services to go before horses
 in carriages, | and conduct them on their way. | The ancient tower
 of a church, | whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at
 Scrooge | out of a gothic window in the wall, | became invisible, |
 and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, | with tremulous
 vibrations afterwards, | as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen
 head up there. | The cold became intense. | In the main street, at
 the corner of the court, | some labourers were repairing the gas-
 pipes, | and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, | round which a
 party of ragged men and boys were gathered | warming their hands
 and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. | The water-plug
 being left in solitude, | its overflowings suddenly congealed, and
 turned to misanthropic ice. | The brightness of the shops | where
 holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows, |
 made pale faces ruddy as they passed. | Poulterers' and grocers'
 trades became a splendid joke | a glorious pageant, | with which it
 was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain
 and sale had anything to do. | The Lord Mayor, in the stronghold
 of the mighty Mansion House, | gave orders to his fifty cooks and
 butlers | to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should, |
 and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the
 previous Monday | for being drunk and bloodthirsty in the streets, |
 stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his garret | while his lean wife and
 the baby sallied out to buy the beef. |

DICKENS' CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Exercise 4.

It was a very low fire indeed ; | nothing on such a bitter night. |
 He was obliged to sit close to it, | and brood over it, | before he
 could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of
 fuel. | The fireplace was an old one, | built by some Dutch merchant

long ago, | and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, | designed to illustrate the Scriptures. | There were Cains and Abels, | Pharaoh's daughters, | Queens of Sheba, | angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like feather-beds, | Abrahams, | Belshazzars, | Apostles putting off to sea in butter-boats, | hundreds of figures to attract his thoughts ; | and yet that face of Marley, | seven years dead, | came like the ancient Prophet's rod, | and swallowed up the whole. | If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, | with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, | there would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one. |

MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON LORD BACON.

Exercise 3.

LORD BACON.

| We all know how unwilling we are | to admit the truth of any disgraceful story | about a person whose society we like, | and from whom we have received favours ; | how long we struggle against evidence, | how fondly, when the facts cannot be disputed, | we cling to the hope that there may be some explanation | or some extenuating circumstance with which we are unacquainted. | Just such is the feeling which a man of liberal education | naturally entertains towards the great minds of former ages. | The debt which he owes to them is incalculable. | They have guided him to truth. | They have filled his mind with noble and graceful images. | They have stood by him in all vicissitudes, | comforters in sorrow, | nurses in sickness, | companions in solitude. | These friendships are exposed to no danger | from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. | Time glides on | fortune is inconstant ; | tempers are soured | bonds which seemed indissoluble | are daily sundered by interest, | by emulation, | or by caprice. | But no such cause | can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. | That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. | These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, | who are the same in wealth and in poverty, | in glory and in obscurity. | With the dead there is no rivalry. | In the dead there is no change. | Plato is never sullen. | Cervantes is never petulant. | Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. | Dante never stays too long. | No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. | No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet. |

Nothing, then, can be more natural | than that a person endowed with sensibility and imagination | should entertain a respectful and affectionate feeling towards those great men | with whose minds he holds daily communion. | Yet nothing can be more certain | than that such men have not always deserved to be regarded with respect or affection.

PARADISE LOST.

Exercise 6. Book IV. 32-110.

"O thou | that, with surpassing glory crowned, |
 Lookest from thy sole dominion | like the god
 Of this new World | at whose sight | all the stars
 Hide their diminished heads | to thee I call, | 35
 But with no friendly voice, | and add thy name,
 O Sun, | to tell thee how I hate thy beams, |
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, | how glorious once above thy sphere, |
 Till pride | and worse ambition | threw me down, | 40
 Warring in Heaven | against Heaven's matchless King ! |
 Ah, wherefore ? | He deserved no such return
 From me, | whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, | and with his good
 Upbraided none ; | nor was his service hard. | 45
 What could be less than to afford him praise, |
 The easiest recompense, | and pay him thanks,
 How due ? | Yet all his good proved ill in me, |
 And wrought but malice. | Lifted up so high, |
 I 'sdained subjection, | and thought one step higher 50
 Would set me highest, | and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude, |
 So burdensome, still paying, still to owe ;
 Forgetful what from him I still received ; |
 And understood not | that a grateful mind 55
 By owing owes not, | but still pays, | at once
 Indebted and discharged | what burden then ? |
 Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained
 Me some inferior Angel, | I had stood
 Then happy | no unbounded hope had raised 60
 Ambition. | Yet why not ? | Some other Power
 As great might have aspired, | and me, though mean,
 Drawn to his part. | But other Powers as great
 Fell not, | but stand unshaken, | from within
 Or from without | to all temptations armed ! | 65
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ? |
 Thou hadst. | Whom hast thou then, or what, to accuse, |
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all ? |
 Be then his love accursed, | since, love or hate
 To me alike it deals eternal woe. | 70
 Nay, cursed be thou ; | since against his thy will
 Chose freely | what it now so justly rues. |
 Me miserable ! | which way shall I fly |
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair ? |
 Which way I fly is Hell ; | myself am Hell ; | 75
 And, in the lowest deep, | a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide, |
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven. |
 O then, at last relent ! | Is there no place
 Left for repentance, | none for pardon left ? | 80

None left but by submission ; | and that word
 Disdain forbids me, | and my dread of shame
 Among the Spirits beneath, | whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, | boasting I could subdue 85
 The Omnipotent. | Ay me ! | they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain. |
 Under what torments inwardly I groan. |
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell, |
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced, | 90
 The lower still I fall, | only supreme
 In misery : | such joy ambition finds ! |
 But say I could repent | and could obtain,
 By act of grace, my former state | how soon
 Would highth recall high thoughts | how soon unsay 95
 What feigned submission swore ! | Ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, | as violent and void |
 (For never can true reconciliation grow |
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep) |
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100
 And heavier fall | so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission, | bought with double smart. |
 This knows my Punisher ; | therefore as far
 From granting he, | as I from begging, peace, |
 All hope excluded thus, | behold, instead 105
 Of us, outcast, exiled, | his new delight,
 Mankind, created, | and for him this World ! |
 So farewell hope, | and, with hope, farewell fear, |
 Farewell remorse ! | All good to me is lost ; |
 Evil, be thou my Good | by thee at least 110
 Divided Empire with Heav'n's King I hold, |
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ; |
 As man e'er long, and this new world shall know. |

PAUSES. CÆSURA

Exercise 1.

JULIUS CÆSAR. Act II. Scene 1.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath || if not the face of men,
 The sufferance of our souls || the time's abuse, ||
 If these be motives weak || break off betimes, 5
 And every man || hence to his idle bed ;
 So let high-sighted tyranny || range on,
 Till each man drop by lottery. || But if these,
 As I am sure they do || bear fire enough
 To kindle cowards || and to steel with valour 10

The melting spirits of women || then, countrymen,
 What need we any spur || but our own cause
 To prick us to redress || what other bond
 Than secret Romans || that have spoke the word 15
 And will not palter || and what other oath
 Than honesty || to honesty engaged,
 That this shall be || or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests, and cowards || and men cautelous,
 Old feeble carrions || and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs || unto bad causes swear 20
 Such creatures as men doubt || but do not stain
 The even virtue || of our enterprise,
 Nor the insuppressive mettle || of our spirits,
 To think that or our cause || or our performance
 Did need an oath || when every drop of blood 25
 That every Roman bears || and nobly bears,
 Is guilty || of a several bastardy
 If he do break || the smallest particle
 Of any promise || that hath passed from him.

*Exercise 2.**JULIUS CÆSAR. Act I. Scene 1.*

Mar. Wherefore rejoice ? || What conquest brings he home ?
 What tributaries || follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive bonds || his chariot wheels ?
 You blocks, you stones || you worse than senseless things ?
 O you hard hearts || you cruel men of Rome, 5
 Knew you not Pompey ? || Many a time and oft
 Have you climbed up to walls || and battlements,
 To towers and windows || yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms || and there have sat
 The livelong day || with patient expectation, 10
 To see great Pompey || pass the streets of Rome :
 And when you saw || his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made || an universal shout,
 That Tiber || trembled underneath her banks
 To hear the replication || of your sounds 15
 Made || in her concave shores ?
 And do you now || put on your best attire,
 And do you now || cull out a holiday,
 And do you now || strew flowers in his way
 That comes in triumph || over Pompey's blood ? 20
 Be gone !
 Run to your houses || fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods || to intermit the plague
 That needs must light || on this ingratitude.

SUSPENSION OF VOICE

(Indicated by Sign v.)

PARADISE LOST. *Book I.*

OF man's first disobedience || and the fruit v
 Of that forbidden tree || whose mortal taste v
 Brought death into the world || and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden || till one greater Man v
 Restore us || and regain the blissful seat,
 Sing, heavenly Muse || that, on the secret top v
 Of Oreb or of Sinai || didst inspire v
 That shepherd || who first taught the chosen seed,
 In the beginning || how the heavens and earth
 Rose out of chaos || Or, if *Sion* hill v 10
 Delight thee more || and *Siloa's* brook that flowed v
 Fast by the oracle of God || I thence v
 Invoke thy aid || to my adventurous song,
 That with no *middle* flight || intends to soar v
 Above the *Aonian* mount || while it pursues v 15
 Things unattempted yet || in prose or *rhyme*.
 And chiefly thou, O Spirit || that dost prefer v
 Before all temples || the upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for thou knowest : || Thou from the first v
 Wast present || and, with mighty wings outspread, 20
 Dove-like || satst brooding on the vast abyss,
 And mad'st it pregnant || what in me is dark, v
 Illumine || what is low, raise and support ;
 That to the highth of this great argument v
 I may assert || eternal Providence, 25
 And justify || the ways of God to men.
 Say first || for heaven hides nothing from thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of hell || say first, what cause v
 Moved our grand parents || in that happy state,
 Favoured of heaven so highly || to fall off v 30
 From their Creator || and transgress his will v
 For one restraint || lords of the world besides ?
 Who first seduced them || to that foul revolt ? ||
 The infernal serpent || he it was, whose guile,
 Stirred up with envy and revenge || deceived v 35
 The mother of mankind || what time his pride v
 Had cast him out from heaven || with all his host v
 Of rebel angels || by whose aid aspiring v
 To set himself || in glory above his peers,
 He trusted || to have equal'd the Most High, 40
 If he opposed ; || and with ambitious aim v
 Against the throne || and monarchy of God v
 Raised impious war in heaven || and battle proud
 With vain attempt. || Him the Almighty Power v
 Hurl'd headlong || flaming from the ethereal sky, 45

With hideous ruin and combustion, || down v
 To bottomless perdition || there to dwell v
 In adamantine chains || and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

VOCAL CHANGE

Sometimes there is needed a change not so much of pitch as of key allied with an altered rate of utterance.

Examples from Shakespeare's play of Julius Cæsar :—

Act I.	Scene I.	61-64	at words	See whether etc. <i>and</i> at Go.
	" 2.	28-31	" "	Let me not hinder.
	" 3.	118-121	" "	He had a fever.
Act II.	" 1.	228-230	" "	Boy—Lucius.
Act III.	" 1.	150-153	" "	I know not gentlemen.
	" 1.	275-277	" "	You serve.
	" 1.	280-282	" "	O Cæsar.
	" 1.	282-285	" "	Is thy master coming?
Act IV.	" 1.	39-41	" "	And now Octavius.
	" 1.	71-72	" "	Give me thy hand.
	" 3.	228-231	" "	Farewell, etc., Good-night, etc.
	" 3.	287-289	" "	Boy Lucius—Varro—Claudius.

INFLECTION AND MODULATION.

Brutus'	Speech	Act II.	Scene I.	77-85
Cassius'	"	" I.	" II.	135-161
Antony's	"	" III.	" I.	140-164
Antony's	"	" III.	" I.	255-276

LEVEL SPEAKING.

Example: Tennyson's Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

VOCAL EXPRESSION.

Or utterance with a special tone or character in the voice.

Spirited	Act I.	Scene 2.	104-109 171-175	Cassius. Brutus.
Pleading	" II.	" 1.	270-277 48-54	Portia. Calpurnia.
Scornful	" IV.	" 3.	38-54	Brutus.
	" I.	" 2.	142-160	Cassius.
	" III.	" 2.	103-105	Antony.

Joyful	"	II.	"	1.	224-228	Brutus.
			"	3.	105-107	Cæsar.
Contemptuous	"	IV.	"	1.	12-40	Antony.
	"	I.	"	2.	234-274	Casca.
Humorous	"	I.	"	1		Second Commoner.
Angry	"	IV.	"	3	1-64	Cassius.
	"	III.	"	1.	260-276	Antony.
Commanding	"	III.	"	1.	245-252 281-298	Brutus. Antony.
Boastful	"	II.	"	2.	46-48	Cæsar.
	"	III.	"	1.	58-73	Cæsar.
Dignified	"	II.	"	1.	163-183	Brutus.
	"	II.	"	2.	32-37	Cæsar.
Satirical	"	I.	"	2.	119-131	Cassius.
	"	II.	"	3.	96-101	Decius.
Fear	"	I.	"	3.	3-10	Casca.
	"	II.	"	2.	13-26	Calpurnia.

GESTURE AND FACIAL EXPRESSION.

Act	III.	Scene	2.	Brutus.
"	III.	"	2.	Antony.
"	III.	"	1.	Antony.

TABLE OF SIGNS FOR MARKING
SELECTIONS FOR STUDY.

The examples are from Shakespeare's play *Julius Cæsar*.

| Indicates the place where breath is to be taken.

Ex:—"Hence | home you idle creatures | get you home."

—— under word or phrase indicates emphasis.

Ex:—"Thou art a cobbler art thou?"

||| Indicates that a pause should be made something longer than that made when only breath has to be taken.

Ex:—"What Lucius, Ho? |||

I cannot by the progress of the stars

Give guess how near to-day. ||| Lucius I say ||| "

≧ Indicates either change of key or change of pitch.

Ex:—"I am not gamesome : I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit which is in Antony.

≧ Let me not hinder Cassius your desires.

I'll leave you."

|| Indicates Cæsura. See page 113.

▼ Indicates Suspension of Voice. See page 116.

..... Indicates that the voice should be well sustained.

Ex:—"as proper men as ever trod upon

Neats leather have gone upon my handiwork."

⤿ Indicates rhetorical pause.

Ex:—"You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things.

↘ Indicates downward inflection of voice.

↗ Indicates upward inflection of voice.

⤿ Indicates compound downward, upward and downward inflection.

⤿ Indicates compound upward, downward and upward inflection.

R H A Indicates Right Hand Action.

L H A " Left " "

B H A " Both Hands "

Further notes for the rendering of a passage may be made by the use of musical terms, such as :—

Diminuendo (loud to soft)

Largo (very slowly)

Accelerando (quicker)

Adagio (slow)

Pianissimo (soft)

Allegro (cheerful : sprightly)

Fortissimo (loud)

Presto (quickly)

SUPPLEMENT TO THE FIFTH EDITION

CHAPTER IX

FURTHER CONSIDERATION OF GESTURE

IN Chapter VII. I have already treated of gesture, but as many students have asked me to give a more detailed exposition of the subject, I have now drawn up the following suggestions, which should be read in conjunction with pages xxii. to xxv. of this essay.

The value of significant gesture is in immediately conveying to the eye the idea, and in rendering the words spoken convincing.

Varying emotions—like a kaleidoscope with its many changes—call for varying physical expressions in face and body. I greatly fear that very much that has been written about gesture—presumably for the instruction of the neophyte—only lands him in a maze of classification and Latinised talk, with the additional confusion of diagrams that appear as bewildering as would the sectional drawings of the mechanism of a motor car to one who has no special knowledge of such things.

The well-equipped speaker—the artist in speech—speaks with more than his voice to those who listen with more than their ears.

Classic Traditions.—To move aright is the same to-day as it was in the time of Demosthenes. Classic traditions still rule our art, and what we hold to be beautiful in those specimens of ancient sculpture happily preserved for our eyes, constitute an ideal which no modern speaker can afford to ignore. For this reason I would strongly advise a visit to public galleries where the masterpieces of sculpture or painting can be studied, so that the eye

may be educated to recognise that which in attitude and position is true in all ages. Such knowledge consequently will form the bedrock on which the art of to-day can be made to approximate Nature. To make the most of ourselves is not vanity. Carelessness in such matters is indeed a painful form of conceit, as who should say: I am above the necessity for any trouble in the way I walk, hold myself, move, and the rest?

For the attitude one adopts upon the hearthrug at home will probably be found wholly unsuited to the public platform, which is no place for hesitant half-measures, for restlessness, or for irritating and graceless habits.

If we would beget confidence there must be an appearance of confidence and an evident ease, both the result of and founded upon knowledge.

It is this knowledge how to move with certainty and effectiveness, and how to eliminate all that is restless, artificial and redundant, that is the business of the student to acquire.

Co-operation of Entire Body in Gesture.—Right gesture is achieved only by the co-operation of the entire body—head, torso or trunk, arms and hands and legs and feet; and consequently there should be discipline of the body in all its parts by means of exercise, such as fencing, swimming, and the like.

I have said that the action must be built upon flowing curves. There must be no rigidity, no angularity, no awkwardness, no cramped movements. We must acquire the skill to pass easily from one position to another without attracting attention to the act of transition.

It will be quite evident that action—in reference to the same spoken words—will vary according to the circumstances under which the speaker finds himself. And roughly, it may be said that the amount of gesture permissible is in proportion to the number of persons addressed, whilst the character of the movements will require modification accordingly as the speech is for delivery in court or in pulpit, or upon the stage or public platform.

Deportment—Poise, etc.—One cause of ineffectiveness in gesture and in deportment is the inability to balance the body in relation to the arm, leg, and head movements.

Mr. Henry Neville says: "The torso or trunk . . . should be well balanced and sustained erect on the pelvis

and supporting limb; the proper equilibrium and grace must never be endangered; even in kneeling, veneration or supplication, the centre of gravity must be maintained." And he goes on to say: "You should always find your chin over the supporting heel," a fact the remembrance of which will banish much that is awkward and unsatisfactory in attitude.

Control of Waist Muscles.—The control of the waist muscles is of marked importance, as all effective action requires suppleness of the torso, which moves in opposition to the head and supporting leg. For instance, where the head is turned to the left, the trunk will be slightly turned to the right, and *vice versa*—and a little practice before a glass will convince the student that it is better to have the body turned somewhat sideways towards the audience.

It is in the consideration of such matters as these that the observation of the poise of the figure and the actual disposition of feet and of the sustaining limbs in statuary is of such large assistance in the attainment of balance, grace and symmetry.

The inability to move easily from the waist is a characteristic of far too many private and public individuals.

The flexibility of the torso in relation to the entire gesture can hardly be too much insisted upon if we would avoid rigidity and stiffness amounting to positive awkwardness.

It will sometimes be found that a stronger position of the body is maintained in single-arm gesture by advancing the foot on the opposite side to the gesture — thus, in using right-arm movements, advance the left foot, and *vice versa*.

Walking, Kneeling, Sitting.—In walking upon stage or platform, the carriage of the head and body is of great importance. There must be simplicity, power, and confidence, and the start of the walk should be made with the foot which is furthest away from the audience.

Where a kneeling position has to be taken in public, as in many cases when acting, care should invariably be taken to kneel upon the knee nearest the audience.

To sit down gracefully in public is not too easy a matter. There must be no undue bending of the body, no inelegant position of legs and feet.

Practise this act of sitting down, with the knee of the strong or supporting leg against the middle of the front edge of the chair, and the calf of the flexed leg almost touching the leg of the chair. Now, by bending both knees together, it is easy to be seated without any graceless or awkward movements whatsoever.

Detailed Consideration of Gesture.—The first and principal start of the gesture is the shoulder, next the elbow, and then the wrist, and last the fingers—one and all contributing to the completion of the action.

The arms must be well kept away from the sides, and in one-arm gesture use the one which is furthest from your audience, especially in dialogue, and in stage-work generally.

At the same time it is necessary to be on guard against the use of one arm to the exclusion of the other, and of both arms; there should be equal facility in single-arm gesture, left or right.

Actions may be as inarticulate as speech owing to an inability to move the wrist and fingers with sufficient flexibility, and with the requisite proportion for the completion of the gesture. Especially is this the case where one action passes into another by very slight wrist movements, and by alterations of positions of the fingers.

Accord of Accent in Voice and Gesture.—The subtle accord of the accent in voice and gesture is another point which the student must feel in order to attain.

Among the gestures more frequently used I indicate the following, hoping they may at least form a starting-point for the student.

Exercise I.—Lift the elbow, right or left, till it is shoulder high; then bring the hand round horizontally till the tips of the fingers just touch the chest about six inches below the chin. Now deflect the hand from the wrist, and move immediately in a line with the eyes in whichever direction they may be looking. Complete the gesture by slightly tilting the hand upwards from the wrist.

N.B.—The gesture is opposite the eyes; the arm from shoulder to wrist is slightly curved, and the fingers are separated and extended, and the wrist is about on a level with the shoulder.

Exercise II.—Bring both hands into action by

simultaneous movements, as in Exercise 1. The fingers of the two hands almost meet—they should be about one inch apart—as they touch the chest.

Now deflect the wrists, and move outward till the wrists are about eighteen inches apart; then turn the hands over till the palms are upwards. Practise this exercise with varying positions of the hands, and observe how by slight turns of the wrists, and minute alterations of positions of fingers, and varying tensity of muscles, many different results can be attained.

Exercise III.—Place the arm as in Exercise 1, but let the palm be downwards. Now deflect the elbow, at the same time turning the hand over, and drawing it slowly towards you, let it reach your side the length of the extended arm.

Practise expressing the following emotions, passions, and ideas before a mirror, taking care that the expression includes head, eyes, mouth, feet, body, arms and hands. Take note of the rate of the actions; convey the idea with each hand separately, then with both hands, and, where possible, *in more ways than one.*

Do not be afraid to move upon wide and considerable lines: a cramped result follows if the action is carried out on too limited curves,—with the elbows, and consequently the arms,—too near the body.

Remember also the very important part played by the hands—fingers, palms, and wrists—in completing and giving full force to the gesture.

- (1) *Joy—Happiness.*—[Try outward and upward movements, with the palms held upwards.]
- (2) *Sorrow—Dejection.*—[Reverse of No. 1.]
- (3) *Strength.*—[Firm, rigid movements.]
- (4) *Defiance—Daring.*—[Hurried and rigid actions.]
- (5) *Listening.*—[In one-hand gesture the palm will be outward, and the first finger about an inch away from the temple; the elbow being at right angles to, and in line with the body.]
- (6) *Despair.*—[Here the hands will be wrung. Perhaps the fingers will be interlocked, and there will be some movement of the head to and fro.]

- (7) *Command.*
- (8) *Dismissal.*
- (9) *Contempt.*
- (10) *Love.*
- (11) *Hatred.*
- (12) *Appeal for Sympathy, etc.*
- (13) *Fear—Horror.*
- (14) *Anguish.*
- (15) *Grief.*
- (16) *Shame.*

} Seek to convey these
ideas and emotions
by means of gesture.

The above list might be extended indefinitely as a field of practice for the student, who will, however, do well to bear in mind the late Mr. Spurgeon's excellent advice quoted upon page xxiv.

I have purposely avoided taking excerpts of verse, drama, or prose, for the purpose of indicating where, in my opinion, gesture would be an aid to the delivery; for however useful living example may be to the student, I fear that written descriptions of action would engender little but perfunctory movements. It must always be borne in mind, too, that different speakers will, by means of different actions, illustrate the same emotions, arriving at similar results.

The delineation by diagram, or the indication by words of the subtleties and nuances of complex actions acceptable in the rendering of delicate passages is fairly impossible. The student must feel what he has to say, and with the power to move in all directions with facility and grace, he will in time spontaneously achieve in gesture that which defies detailed description.

And allied to this knowledge of movement rightly applied, there must also be the recognition of the *value of repose*—the power to be gracefully inactive.

Just as the way we use our voices is too frequently monotonous, so is it possible to irritate our audiences by the over-repetition of similar gestures.

Importance of Facial Expression.—I need scarcely reiterate here the absolute importance of facial expression in alliance with spoken and acted word, or the large part played by the eyes in enchaining and retaining the attention of listeners, and in conveying conviction. For this latter reason I would strongly advise those who wear glasses to avoid the use of them

in public, unless they are entirely dependent upon manuscript.

The variety of movements and combinations of movements in relation to action may well persuade the student to aim at versatility in gesture, which must always prove so powerful an adjunct to effective speech.

CHAPTER X

RESONANCE IN SPEECH

ABSENCE of resonance is a characteristic of untrained, and even in many instances of trained speech.

In such cases there is little or no reinforcement of original laryngeal sound; the result being poorness of quality and an inability to make the voice carry.

The word "resonance" is derived from the Latin *resonare*, which means "to sound again," "to echo"; and the dictionary definition of the word is given as "capable of returning sounds; resounding; full of sounds; showing vibrations in response to a sound."

As an example of vibrations in response to sound, and consequent reinforcement of original sound, experiments may be made with tuning-forks of different notes held over tumblers more or less filled with water, and with the mouth of the glass more or less covered by pieces of cardboard; and note should be taken of the amount of reinforcement obtained under varying conditions.

It will be found in obtaining the fullest reinforcement of the sound, that a tuning-fork of one pitch will require the mouth of the tumbler to be more open, and also a greater height of the column of air in the glass, than is the case with a tuning-fork of some different pitch.

The truths learnt from these experiments may be applied to the speaking voice in reference to resonance.

Roughly speaking, the throat, mouth and nose—in fact the cavities above the larynx—may be likened to the tumbler; whilst the opening of the mouth may be compared to the adjustment of the cardboard in reference to the top of the glass—vocal resonance depending upon the size of the variable cavities, pharynx, mouth, nose, etc.,

above the larynx, and the actual extent and form of the mouth opening for the egress of the sound.

Many other facts hold sway in this setting up of co-vibrations reinforcing original laryngeal sound.

There must of necessity be a healthy condition of throat, mouth and nostrils. From this it will be seen that enlarged tonsils, elongated uvula, adenoids or other nasal obstructions, or any inflamed or abnormal conditions of the surfaces or of the salivary and other glands, and of the muscles regulating this complex mechanism, will impede vocal resonance.

There must also be the requisite skill to immediately adjust tongue, palate, lips, etc., to the size and shape in agreement with the pitch of the voice. Individual practice upon vowel sounds on different notes with a mirror in hand, keenly observing and keenly listening, should lead to a marked increase of this important quality of resonance.

A good deal doubtless depends in this reinforcement of sound upon the manner in which the air-blast is applied to the vibratory element of the larynx, and it is certain that it is impossible to overrate the value of breath control in relation to speech ; but the fact remains that speakers who possess considerable skill in this matter of breathing are frequently woefully deficient in the use of the resonators of the voice—perhaps through lack of ear—at least in some cases.

All speakers are aware of the acoustic assistance which they derive from one building, as against the difficulties experienced in some other.

In the one case the voice travels with ease, and wholly satisfactorily, whilst in other halls the delivery of the same matter is one of considerable effort and hardly attained success.

Something akin to this takes place in the hall of the mouth and throat, and it is for us to construct spontaneously that variable cavity into a building, with its palate roof, its tongue floor, its cheek walls, its doors of lips, soft palate, and the rest, which shall enhance and enforce the laryngeal sound at whatever pitch and intensity, and make it resounding, vibratory—in a word, endue it with resonance.

Without this quality there will always be, and appear to

be, effort, with consequent discomfort, passing, after a time, in the case of those who publicly use the voice, into vocal breakdown and serious trouble. It is therefore highly incumbent for the teacher to inculcate the importance of resonance; and it is worth strenuous effort on the student's part to attain what will always stand him in good stead, and add an invaluable charm to the actual sound of his speech.

THE
RECITER'S TREASURY OF VERSE

LOST AND FOUND:

BY HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

SOME miners were sinking a shaft in Wales—
(I know not where—but the facts have filled
A chink in my brain, while other tales

Have been swept away ; as when pearls are spilled,
One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor :)
—Somewhere, then, where God's light is killed,

And men tear in the dark at the earth's heart-core,
These men were at work, when their axes knocked
A hole in a passage closed years before.

A slip in the earth, I suppose, had blocked
This gallery suddenly up, with a heap
Of rubble, as safe as a chest is locked,

Till these men picked it ; and 'gan to creep
In, on all fours. Then a loud shout ran
Round the black roof—"Here's a man asleep !"

They all rushed forward, and scarce a span
From the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the lamp
Fell on the upturned face of a man.

No taint of death, no decaying damp
Had touched that fair young brow, whereon
Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch upon his throne,
Lips hard clenched, no shadow of fear,
He sat there taking his rest, alone.

He must have been there for many a year.
The spirit had fled ; but there was its shrine,
In clothes of a century old or near !

HAMILTON AIDÉ

The dry and enbalming air of the mine
 Had arrested the natural hand of decay
 Nor faded the flesh, nor dimmed a line.

Who was he then? No man could say
 When the passage had suddenly fallen in—
 Its memory, even, was past away!

Awestruck, they stood: then touched the skin
 And handled the cloth. The flame o' the soul
 Had been blown out, ere its lamp grew thin.

In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal,
 They took him up, as a tender lass
 Will carry a babe, from that darksome hole

To the outer world of the short warm grass.
 Then up spoke one, "Let us send for Bess,
 She is seventy-nine, come Martinmass:

Older than anyone here, I guess!
 Belike, she may mind when the wall fell there,
 And remember the chap by his comeliness."

So they brought old Bess with her silver hair,
 To the side of the hill, where the dead man lay
 Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

And the crowd around him all gave way,
 As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh,
 And bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay.

Then suddenly rang a sharp low cry! . . .
 Bess sank on her knees, and wildly tossed
 Her withered arms in the summer sky. . . .

"O Willie! Willie! my lad! my lost!
 The Lord be praised! after sixty years
 I see you again! . . . The tears you cost,

O Willie darlin', were bitter tears! . . .
 They never looked for ye underground,
 They told me a tale to mock my fears!

They said ye were auver the sea—ye'd found
 A lass ye loved better nor me, to explain
 How ye'd a-vanished fra' sight and sound!

O darlin' ! a long, long life o' pain
I ha' lived since then ! . . . And now I'm old.
'Seems a'most as if youth were come back again,

Seeing ye there wi' yer locks o' gold,
And limbs sa straight as ashen beams, . . .
I a'most forget how the years ha' rolled

Between us ! . . . O Willie ! how strange it seems
To see ye here, as I've seen ye oft, . . .
Auver and auver again in dreams !"

In broken words like these, with soft
Low wails she rocked herself. And none
Of the rough men around her scoffed.

For surely a sight like this the sun
Had rarely looked upon. Face to face,
The old dead love, and the living one !

The dead, with its undimmed fleshy grace,
At the end of threescore years ; the quick,
Puckered and withered, without a trace

Of its warm girl-beauty ! A wizard's trick
Bringing the youth and the love that were,
Back to the eyes of the old and sick !

Those bodies were just of one age ; yet there
Death, clad in youth, had been standing still,
While Life had been fretting itself threadbare !

But the moment was come ;—(as a moment will,
To all who have loved, and have parted here,
And have toiled alone up the thorny hill ;

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear,
Over the mists in this vale below,
Mere specks their trials and toils appear

Beside the eternal rest they know !)
Death came to old Bess that night, and gave
The welcome summons that she should go.

And now, though the rains and winds may rave,
Nothing can part them. Deep and wide,
The miners that evening dug one grave.

HAMILTON AÏDÉ

And there while the summers and winters glide,
Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side !

[From "*Songs without Music*" (George Bell & Sons, London). By
Special Permission of the Author and Publishers.]

GEORGE LEE:

BY HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

"FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!"

THAT dread cry in dead of night
Rouses the sleepers with affright,
Adown the narrow squalid street ;
And while men stumble to their feet,
And snatch their earnings up with oaths,
Wives clasp their babes and tattered clothes,
And all run out into the ways,
On which the lurid firelight plays.
The faces of that crowd show plain
Starvation, misery, and pain :
Strange that to this sad life they cling
As much as placid priest, or king
Upon his throne may do ! Along
The street, from every open door
And court and alley, fresh streams pour,
To swell the dense excited throng.
The cry is "Water !" now. Below
The doomed house press the serried ranks,
And pass the buckets from the tanks ;
While the bewildered inmates throw
All that they can into the street.
The crowd screams out "Come down ! A sheet
Of flame is rising, and the smoke
Grows dense ! Come down before it choke
Your breath !" "Where are the engines ? See !
It spreads ! God help us ! Not alone
This house ; the entire street will be
A blaze if they are long delayed !
There's ne'er a hope for us but one—
The fire-brigade, the fire-brigade !"
Hark !—God be thanked !—at last ! D'you hear
That distant roar that grows more near ?
"Fire ! fire ! fire !" as on they tear
Down the close streets ; for dear life rushing,

Like a coal-black steed that is spurred to death—
 To right, to left, the people crushing—
 Sending sparks from its fiery breath,
 The engine comes panting. Its riders draw up
 Where the flames, now mounting to heaven, glow
 On the pavement of human heads below,
 And water is poured as into a cup,
 On the seething walls and molten glass ;
 And a smoke, as of hell, sweeps over all.
 They have set the escape against the wall :
 " There's never a soul there, mates ? " cries Lee,
 The fireman (he who, three days hence,
 With his strong right arm for competence,
 Shall wed the girl he has loved from a boy).
 " No soul within ? " The crowd cries, " None ! "
 But e'en while they answer one halloos, " See,
 There's a woman up there, in the topmost room ! "
 Yes, at an open window, alone,
 Looming out black against the glare,
 Stands a shadow of hopeless, dull despair,
 With folded hands, foreseeing her doom—
 She is face to face with death.

One minute

Lee looks at her and the escape, no more ;
 Then through the smoke that blinds the door
 He springs over burning stair and floor,
 Up to the roof, if he can but win it !
 With tight-clenched lips that breathe no word,
 Scorched and blinded, yet undeterred,
 He struggles on. From below, men, seeing
 The whole house now is one blazing stack,
 Cry out, " It's never no use ! Come back ! "
 But what is peril to sight or limb,
 If the life of a helpless human being
 Has yet a chance to be saved by him ?
 So through the fumes that now oppress him,
 Fainting, falling, he beats his way
 To the room where the woman stands at bay,
 With the flames, like bloodhounds, licking the edge
 Of the window. They cry, " He's safe ! God bless him ! "
 . . . Is he safe ? He has reached her, seized her, stands
 With her form in his arms on the parapet-ledge.
 Men hold their breath ; the sight appals
 The stoutest hearts, for he reels ; his hands
 Cannot reach the escape. " O God in heaven,
 Let him not die ! " That prayer is given

With all men's hearts. He grasps a cleft
 In the burning bricks, with just strength left
 To save the woman, and then he falls !
 A scream of horror runs down the street ;
 George Lee lies dead at the people's feet !

*{From "Songs without Music" (George Bell & Sons, London). By
 Special Permission of the Author and Publishers.}*

THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

HIGH on a throne of ivory and gold,
 From crown to footstool clad in purple fold,
 Lord of the east from sea to distant sea
 The king Belshazzar feasteth royally :—
 And not that dreamer in the desert cave
 Peopled his paradise with pomp as brave.
 Vessels of silver, cups of crusted gold
 Blush with a brighter red than all they hold ;
 Pendulous lamps like planets of the night
 Flung on the diadems a fragrant light,
 Or slowly swinging in the midnight sky
 Gilded the ripples as they glided by :—
 And sweet and sweeter rang the cittern-string
 Soft as the beating of a Seraph's wing,
 And swift and swifter in the measured dance
 The tresses gather and the sandals glance,
 And bright and brighter at the festal board
 The flagons bubble and the wines are poured.

It seemed no summer-cloud of passing woe
 Could fling its shadow on so fair a show :
 It seemed the gallant forms that feasted there
 Were all too high for woe, too great for care :
 Whence came the anxious eye, the altered tone,
 The dull presentiment no heart would own,
 That ever changed the smiling to a sigh
 Sudden as sea-bird flashing from the sky :—
 It is not that they know the spoiler waits
 Harnessed for battle at the brazen gates ;
 It is not that they hear the watchman's call
 Mark the slow minutes on the leaguered wall ;
 The clash of quivers and the ring of spears

Make pleasant music in a soldier's ears,
And not a scabbard hideth sword to-night
That hath not glimmered in the front of fight :—

The king hath felt it, and the heart's unrest
Heaved the broad purple of his belted breast.
Sudden he speaks—"What! doth the beaded juice
Savour like hyssop that ye scorn its use?
Wear ye so pitiful and sad a soul
That tramp of foeman scares ye from the bowl?
Think ye the gods on yonder starry floor
Tremble for terror when the thunders roar?
Are we not gods? have we not fought with God?
And shall we shiver at a robber's nod?
No—let them batter till the brazen bars
Ring merry mocking of their idle wars;
Their fall is fated for to-morrow's sun,
The lion rouses when his feast is done:
Crown me a cup—and fill the bowls we brought
From Judah's temple when the fight was fought—
Drink, till the merry madness fill the soul
To Salem's conqueror in Salem's bowl."

The last loud answer dies along the line,
The last light bubble bursts upon the wine;
His eager lips are on the jewelled brink,
Hath the cup poison that he doubts to drink?
Is there a spell upon the sparkling gold,
That so his fevered fingers quit their hold?
Whom sees he where he gazes? what is there
Freezing his vision into fearful stare?
Follow his lifted arm and lighted eye,
And watch with them the wondrous mystery.—

There cometh forth a hand—upon the stone,
Graving the symbols of a speech unknown;
Fingers like mortal fingers—leaving there
The blank wall flashing characters of fear;—
And still it glideth silently and slow,
And still beneath the spectral letters grow.—
Now the scroll endeth—now the seal is set—
The hand is gone—the record tarries yet.

As one who waits the warrant of his death,
With pale lips parted and with bridled breath—
They watch the sign, and dare not turn to seek

Their fear reflected in their fellows' cheek—
 But stand as statues where the life is none,
 Half the jest uttered—half the laughter done—
 Half the flask empty—half the flagon poured,—
 Each where the phantom found him at the board
 Struck into silence—as December's moon
 Curbs the quick ripples into crystal swoon.

With wand of ebony and sable stole
 Chaldæa's wisest scan the spectral scroll :
 Strong in the lessons of a lying art
 Each comes to gaze, but gazes to depart :
 And still for mystic sign and muttered spell
 The graven letters guard their secret well :
 Gleam they for warning—glare they to condemn—
 God speaketh—but He speaketh not for them.—

Then in the silence of that awful hour,
 When baffled magic mourned its parted power—
 When kings were pale and satraps shook for fear,
 A woman speaketh—and the wisest hear.
 She—the high daughter of a thousand thrones
 Telling with trembling lip and timid tones
 Of him the Captive, in the feast forgot,
 Who readeth visions—him, whose wondrous lot
 Sends him to lighten doubt and lessen gloom,
 And gaze undazzled on the days to come—
 Daniel the Hebrew, such his name and race,
 Held by a monarch highest in his grace,
 He may declare—Oh ! bid them quickly send,
 So may the mystery have happy end !

Calmly and silent as the fair full moon
 Comes sailing upward in the sky of June—
 Fearfully as the troubled clouds of night
 Shrink from before the coming of its light—
 So through the hall the Prophet passed along,
 So from before him fell the festal throng.
 By broken wassail-cup and wine o'erthrown
 Pressed he still onward for the monarch's throne :
 His spirit failed him not—his quiet eye
 Lost not its light for earthly majesty ;
 His lip was steady and his accent clear,
 "The king hath needed me, and I am here."—

"Art thou the Prophet ? read me yonder scroll
 Whose undeciphered horror daunts my soul—

There shall be guerdon for the grateful task,
Fitted for me to give, for thee to ask—
A chain to deck thee—and a robe to grace ;
Thine the third throne and thou the third in place.”

He heard—and turned him where the lighted wall
Dimmed the red torches of the festival,
Gazed on the sign with steady gaze and set.
And he who quailed not at a kingly threat
Bent the true knee and bowed the silver hair,
For that he knew the King of kings was there ;
Then nerved his soul the sentence to unfold,
While his tongue trembled at the tale it told :

“Keep for thyself the guerdon and the gold—
What God hath graved, God’s prophet must unfold ;
Could not thy father’s crime, thy father’s fate
Teach thee the terror thou hast learnt too late—
Hast thou not read the lesson of his life,
Who wars with God shall strive a losing strife ?
His was a kingdom mighty as thine own,
The sword his sceptre and the earth his throne—
The nations trembled when his awful eye
Gave to them leave to live or doom to die—
The Lord of Life—the Keeper of the grave,
His frown could wither and his smile could save—
Yet when his heart was hard, his spirit high,
God drave him from his kingly majesty,
Far from the brotherhood of fellow-men
To seek for dwelling in the desert den ;
Where the wild asses feed and oxen roam
He sought his pasture and he made his home,
And bitter-biting frost and dews of night
Schooled him in sorrow till he knew the right—
That God is ruler of the rulers still,
And setteth up as sovereign whom He will.
Oh ! hadst thou treasured in repentant breast
His pride and fall, his penitence and rest,
And bowed submissive to Jehovah’s will,
Then had thy sceptre been a sceptre still.
But thou hast mocked the majesty of heaven,
And shamed the vessels to its service given ;
And thou hast fashioned idols of thine own—
Idols of gold, of silver, and of stone ;
To them hast bowed the knee, and breathed the breath
And they must help thee in the hour of death.

Woe for the sign unseen, the sin forgot—
 God was among ye, and ye knew it not!
 Hear what He sayeth thus: 'Thy race is run,
 The years are numbered and the days are done;
 Thy soul hath mounted in the scale of fate,
 The Lord hath weighed thee and thou lackest weight;
 Now in thy palace porch the spoilers stand,
 To seize thy sceptre and divide thy land.'

He ended—and his passing foot was heard,
 But none made answer, not a lip was stirred—
 Mute the free tongue and bent the fearless brow,—
 The mystic letters had their meaning now!
 Soon came there other sound—the clash of steel,
 The heavy ringing of the iron heel—
 The curse in dying, and the cry for life,
 The storming voices of the battle strife.—
 That night they slew him on his father's throne,
 The deed unnoticed and the hand unknown;
 Crownless and sceptreless Belshazzar lay,
 A robe of purple round a form of clay.

[From "Selected Poems" (Kegan Paul, Trübner, Trench & Co., Limited London). By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

In which calm home of happy life and love
 Lived our Lord Buddha, knowing not of woe,
 Nor want, nor pain, nor plague, nor age, nor death,
 Save as when sleepers roam dim seas in dreams,
 And land awearied on the shores of day,
 Bringing strange merchandise from that black voyage.
 Thus oftentimes, when he lay with gentle head
 Lulled on the dark breasts of Yasôdhara,
 Her fond hands fanning slow his sleeping lids,
 He would start up and cry, "My world! Oh, world!
 I hear! I know! I come!" And she would ask,
 "What ails my Lord?" with large eyes terror-struck;
 For at such times the pity in his look
 Was awful, and his visage like a god's.

Then would he smile again to stay her tears,
And bid the vinas sound ; but once they set
A stringed gourd on the sill, there where the wind
Could linger o'er its notes and play at will—
Wild music makes the wind on silver strings—
And those who lay around heard only that ;
But Prince Siddârtha heard the Devas play,
And to his ears they sang such words as these :—

We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find ;
Lo ! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs, nor whither life doth go,
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane ;
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain ?

What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss ?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this ;
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.

O Maya's son ! because we roam the earth
Moan we upon these strings : we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know
This life they cling to is but empty show,
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand.

But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh !
The sad world waiteth in its misery,
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain ;
Rise, Maya's child ! wake ! slumber not again !

We are the voices of the wandering wind :
Wander thou, too, O Prince, thy rest to find ;
Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make.

So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,
 To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things ;
 So say we ; mocking, as we pass away,
 These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play.

But, when the days were numbered, then befel
 The parting of our Lord—which was to be—
 Whereby came wailing in the Golden Home,
 Woe to the King and sorrow o'er the land,
 But for all flesh deliverance, and that Law
 Which whoso hears—the same shall make him free.

“I will depart,” he spake ; “the hour is come !
 And in the silence of yon sky I read
 My fated message flashing. Unto this
 Came I, and unto this all nights and days
 Have led me ; for I will not have that crown
 Which may be mine : I lay aside those realms
 Which wait the gleaming of my naked sword :
 My chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels
 From victory to victory, till earth
 Wears the red record of my name. I choose
 To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet,
 Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes
 My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates ;
 Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,
 Fed with no meats save what the charitable
 Give of their will, sheltered by no more pomp
 Than the dim cave lends or the jungle-bush.
 This will I do because the woeful cry
 Of life and all flesh living cometh up
 Into my ears, and all my soul is full
 Of pity for the sickness of this world ;
 Which I will heal, if healing may be found
 By uttermost renouncing and strong strife.
 For which of all the great and lesser gods
 Have power or pity ? Who hath seen them—who ?
 Nay ; it may be some of the gods are good
 And evil some, but all in action weak ;
 Both pitiful and pitiless, and both—
 As men are—bound upon this wheel of change,
 Knowing the former and the after lives.
 For so our Scriptures truly seem to teach,
 That—once, and wheresoe'er, and whence begun—
 Life runs its rounds of living, climbing up
 From mote, and gnat, and worm, reptile, and fish,

Bird and shagged beast, man, demon, deva, God,
To clod and mote again ; so are we kin
To all that is ; and thus, if one might save
Man from his curse, the whole wide world should share
The lightened horror of this ignorance
Whose shadow is chill fear, and cruelty
Its bitter pastime. Yea, if one might save !
And means must be ! There must be refuge ! Men
Perished in winter-winds till one smote fire
From flint-stones coldly hiding what they held,
The red spark treasured from the kindling sun.
They gorged on flesh like wolves, till one sowed corn,
Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of man ;
They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck speech,
And patient fingers framed the lettered sound.
What good gift have my brothers, but it came
From search and strife and loving sacrifice ?
If one, then, being great and fortunate,
Rich, dowered with health and ease, from birth designed
To rule—if he would rule—a King of kings ;
If one, not tired with life's long day, but glad
I' the freshness of its morning, one not cloyed
With love's delicious feasts, but hungry still ;
If one not worn and wrinkled, sadly sage,
But joyous in the glory and the grace
That mix with evils here, and free to choose
Earth's loveliest at his will : one even as I,
Who ache not, lack not, grieve not, save with griefs
Which are not mine, except as I am man ;—
If such a one, having so much to give,
Gave all, laying it down for love of men,
And thenceforth spent himself to search for truth,
Wringing the secret of deliverance forth,
Whether it lurk in hells or hide in heavens,
Or hover, unrevealed, nigh unto all :
Surely at last, far off, sometime, somewhere,
The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,
The road would open for his painful feet,
That should be won for which he lost the world,
And Death might find him conqueror of death.
This will I do, who have a realm to lose,
Because I love my realm, because my heart
Beats with each throb of all the hearts that ache,
Known and unknown, these that are mine and those
Which shall be mine, a thousand million more
Saved by this sacrifice I offer now

Oh, summoning stars ! I come ! Oh, mournful earth !
 For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,
 My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights,
 My happy palace—and thine arms, sweet Queen !
 While life is good to give, I give, and go
 To seek deliverance and that unknown Light !”

[From “*The Light of Asia*” (Kegan Paul, Trübner, Trench & Co., Limited, London). By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE CHURCH OF BROU.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I.

THE CASTLE.

Down the Savoy valleys sounding,
 Echoing round this castle old,
 ‘Mid the distant mountain chalets,
 Hark ! what bell for church is toll’d ?

In the bright October morning
 Savoy’s Duke had left his bride ;
 From the Castle, past the drawbridge,
 Flow’d the hunters’ merry tide.

Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering,
 Gay, her smiling lord to greet,
 From her mullion’d chamber casement
 Smiles the Duchess Marguerite.

From Vienna by the Danube
 Here she came, a bride, in spring.
 Now the autumn crisps the forest ;
 Hunters gather, bugles ring.

Hounds are pulling, prickers swearing,
 Horses fret, and boar-spears glance :
 Off !—They sweep the marshy forests,
 Westward, on the side of France.

Hark ! the game’s on foot ; they scatter :—
 Down the forest ridings lone,
 Furious, single horsemen gallop.
 Hark ! a shout—a crash—a groan !

Pale and breathless came the hunters—
On the turf dead lies the boar.
God! the Duke lies stretch'd beside him—
Senseless, weltering in his gore.

In the dull October evening,
Down the leaf-strewn forest road,
To the Castle, past the drawbridge,
Came the hunters with their load.

In the hall, with sconces blazing,
Ladies waiting round her seat,
Cloth'd in smiles, beneath the dais
Sate the Duchess Marguerite.

Hark! below the gates unbarring!
Tramp of men and quick commands!
—" 'Tis my lord come back from hunting"—
And the Duchess claps her hands.

Slow and tired came the hunters;
Stopp'd in darkness in the court.
—"Ho, this way, ye laggard hunters!
To the hall! What sport, what sport?"—

Slow they enter'd with their Master;
In the hall they laid him down.
On his coat were leaves and blood-stains;
On his brow an angry frown.

Dead her princely youthful husband
Lay before his youthful wife;
Bloody, 'neath the flaring sconces:
And the sight froze all her life.

In Vienna by the Danube
Kings hold revel, gallants meet.
Gay of old amid the gayest
Was the Duchess Marguerite.

In Vienna by the Danube
Feast and dance her youth beguil'd.
Till that hour she never sorrow'd;
But from then she never smil'd.

'Mid the Savoy mountain valleys,
 Far from town or haunt of man,
 Stands a lonely Church, unfinish'd,
 Which the Duchess Maud began :

Old, that Duchess stern began it,
 In grey age, with palsied hands ;
 But she died as it was building,
 And the Church unfinish'd stands :

Stands as erst the builders left it,
 When she sunk into her grave.
 Mountain greensward paves the chancel,
 Harebells flower in the nave.

"In my Castle all is sorrow,"
 Said the Duchess Marguerite then:
 "Guide me, vassals, to the mountains !
 We will build the Church again."—

Sandall'd palmers, faring homeward,
 Austrian knights from Syria came.
 "Austrian wanderers bring, O warders,
 Homage to your Austrian dame."—

From the gate the warders answer'd :
 "Gone, O knights, is she you knew.
 Dead our Duke, and gone his Duchess.
 Seek her at the Church of Brou."—

Austrian knights and march-worn palmers
 Climb the winding mountain way,
 Reach the valley, where the Fabric
 Rises higher day by day.

Stones are sawing, hammers ringing ;
 On the work the bright sun shines ;
 In the Savoy mountain meadows,
 By the stream, below the pines.

On her palfrey white the Duchess
 Sate and watch'd her working train ;
 Flemish carvers, Lombard gilders,
 German masons, smiths from Spain.

Clad in black, on her white palfrey,
Her old architect beside—
There they found her in the mountains,
Morn and noon and eventide.

There she sate and watch'd the builders,
Till the Church was roof'd and done.
Last of all, the builders rear'd her
In the nave a tomb of stone.

On the tomb two Forms they sculptur'd,
Lifelike in the marble pale—
One, the Duke in helm and armour ;
One, the Duchess in her veil.

Round the tomb the carv'd stone fret-work
Was at Easter-tide put on.
Then the Duchess clos'd her labours ;
And she died at the St. John.

II.

THE CHURCH.

UPON the glistening leaden roof
Of the new Pile, the sunlight shines.
The stream goes leaping by.
The hills are cloth'd with pines sun-proof.
'Mid bright green fields, below the pines,
Stands the Church on high.
What Church is this, from men aloof ?
'Tis the Church of Brou.

At sunrise, from their dewy lair
Crossing the stream, the kine are seen
Round the wall to stray ;
The churchyard wall that clips the square
Of shaven hill-sward trim and green
Where last year they lay.
But all things now are order'd fair
Round the Church of Brou.

On Sundays, at the matin chime,
The Alpine peasants, two and three,
Climb up here to pray.
Burghers and dames, at summer's prime
Ride out to church from Chambery,

Dight with mantles gay.
 But else it is a lonely time
 Round the Church of Brou.

On Sundays too, a priest doth come
 From the wall'd town beyond the pass,
 Down the mountain way.
 And then you hear the organ's hum,
 You hear the white-rob'd priest say mass,
 And the people pray.
 But else the woods and fields are dumb
 Round the Church of Brou.

And after church, when mass is done,
 The people to the nave repair
 Round the Tomb to stray,
 And marvel at the Forms of stone,
 And praise the chisell'd broideries rare.
 Then they drop away.
 The Princely Pair are left alone
 In the Church of Brou.

III.

THE TOMB.

So rest, for ever rest, O Princely Pair !
 In your high Church, 'mid the still mountain air,
 Where horn, and hound, and vassals never come.
 Only the blessed Saints are smiling dumb
 From the rich painted windows of the nave
 On aisle, and transept, and your marble grave :
 Where thou, young Prince, shalt never more arise
 From the fring'd mattress where thy Duchess lies,
 On autumn mornings, when the bugle sounds,
 And ride across the drawbridge with thy hounds
 To hunt the boar in the crisp woods till eve.
 And thou, O Princess, shalt no more receive,
 Thou and thy ladies, in the hall of state,
 The jaded hunters with their bloody freight,
 Coming benighted to the castle gate,
 So sleep, for ever sleep, O Marble Pair !
 And if ye wake, let it be then when fair
 On the carv'd Western Front a flood of light
 Streams from the setting sun, and colours bright
 Prophets, transfigur'd Saints, and Martyrs brave,

In the vast western window of the nave ;
And on the pavement round the Tomb there glints
A chequer-work of glowing sapphire tints,
And amethyst, and ruby ;—then uncloseth
Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
And from your broider'd pillows lift your heads,
And rise upon your cold white marble beds,
And looking down on the warm rosy tints
That chequer, at your feet, the illumin'd flints,
Say—"What is this ? we are in bliss—forgiven—
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven !"—
Or let it be on autumn nights, when rain
Doth rustlingly above your heads complain
On the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls
Shedding her pensive light at intervals
The Moon through the clerestory windows shines,
And the wind washes in the mountain pines.
Then, gazing up through the dim pillars high,
The foliage'd marble forest where ye lie.
"Hush"—ye will say—"it is eternity.
This is the glimmering verge of Heaven, and these
The columns of the Heavenly Palaces."—
And in the sweeping of the wind your ear
The passage of the Angels' wings will hear,
And on the lichen-crust'd leads above
The rustle of the eternal rain of Love.

[From "*Early Poems*" (Macmillan & Co., Limited, London).]

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

COME, dear children, let us away ;
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay ;
Now the great winds shorewards blow ;
Now the salt tides seawards flow ;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away.
This way, this way.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Call her once before you go.

Call once yet

In a voice that she will know :

“Margaret ! Margaret !”

Children’s voices should be dear

(Call once more) to a mother’s ear :

Children’s voices, wild with pain.

Surely she will come again.

Call her once and come away.

This way, this way.

“Mother dear, we cannot stay.”

The wild white horses foam and fret.

Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down.

Call no more.

One last look at the white-wall’d town,

And the little grey church on the windy shore.

Then come down.

She will not come though you call all day.

Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday

We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?

In the caverns where we lay,

Through the surf and through the swell,

The far-off sound of a silver bell ?

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,

Where the winds are all asleep ;

Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ;

Where the salt weed sways in the stream ;

Where the sea-beasts rang’d all round

Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;

Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,

Dry their mail and bask in the brine

Where great whales come sailing by,

Sail and sail, with unshut eye,

Round the world for ever and aye ?

When did music come this way ?

Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday

(Call yet once) that she went away ?

Once she sate with you and me,

On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,

And the youngest sate on her knee.

She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea.
She said : " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
I said : " Go up, dear heart, through the waves,
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smil'd, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
" The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
Long prayers," I said, " in the world they say.
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town.
Through the narrow pav'd streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,
And we gaz'd up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear :
" Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here.
Dear heart," I said, " we are long alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book.
Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more.
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea.
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings : " O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy.
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well.
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun."
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,

And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand ;
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh.
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children ;
Come, children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder,
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, " Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she,
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low :
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom ;
And high rocks throw mildy
On the blanch'd sands a gloom :
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie ;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town ;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.

Singing, "There dwells a lov'd one,
But cruel is she.
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

[From "*Narrative Poems*" (Macmillan & Co., Limited, London).]

THE BURIED LIFE.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LIGHT flows our war of mocking words, and yet,
Behold, with tears mine eyes are wet !
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.
Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
We know, we know that we can smile !
But there's a something in this breast,
To which thy light words bring no rest.
And thy gay smiles no anodyne.
Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
And turn those limpid eyes on mine,
And let me read there, love ! thy inmost soul.

Alas, is even love too weak
To unlock the heart, and let it speak ?
Are even lovers powerless to reveal
To one another what indeed they feel ?
I knew the mass of men concealed
Their thoughts, for fear that if revealed
They would by other men be met
With blank indifference, or with blame reproved ;
I knew they lived and moved
Tricked in disguises, alien to the rest
Of men, and alien to themselves—and yet
The same heart beats in every human breast !

But we, my love !—doth a like spell benumb
Our hearts, our voices ?—must we, too, be dumb ?

Ah ! well for us, if even we,
Even for a moment, can get free
Our heart, and have our lips unchained ;
For that which seals them hath been deep ordained !

Fate, which foresaw
 How frivolous a baby man would be—
 By what distractions he would be possessed,
 How he would pour himself in every strife,
 And well-nigh change his own identity—
 That it might keep from his capricious play
 His genuine self, and force him to obey
 Even in his own despite his being's law,
 Bade through the deep recesses of our breast
 The unregarded river of our life
 Pursue with indiscernible flow its way ;
 And that we should not see
 The buried stream, and seem to be
 Eddying at large in blind uncertainty,
 Though driving on with it eternally.

But often, in the world's most crowded streets
 And often, in the din of strife,
 There rises an unspeakable desire
 After the knowledge of our buried life ;
 A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
 In tracking out our true, original course ;
 A longing to inquire
 Into the mystery of this heart which beats
 So wild, so deep in us—to know
 Whence our lives come and where they go.
 And many a man in his own breast then delves
 But deep enough, alas ! none ever mines.
 And we have been on many thousand lines,
 And we have shown, on each, spirit and power ;
 But hardly have we, for one little hour,
 Been on our own line, have we been ourselves—
 Hardly had skill to utter one of all
 The nameless feelings that course through our breast
 But they course on for ever unexpressed.
 And long we try in vain to speak and act
 Our hidden self, and what we say and do
 Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true !
 And then we will no more be racked
 With inward striving, and demand
 Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
 Their stupefying power ;
 Ah, yes, and they benumb us at our call !
 Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn
 From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
 As from an infinitely distant land,

Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.

Only—but this is rare—
When a belovèd hand is laid in ours
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur ; and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.

From "Lyric Poems" (Macmillan & Co., Limited, London).]

PRELUDE TO SOLILOQUIES IN SONG.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

I.

WHERE have you been through the long sweet hours
That follow the fragrant feet of June?
By the banks and the hedgerows gathering flowers,
Ere the dew of the dawn is sipped by noon.

II.

And sooth, each wilding that buds and blows
You seem to have found and clustered here,
Round the sprays of the rustic child-like rose
That smiles in one's face till it stirs a tear.

III.

The clambering vetch, and the meadow-sweet tall,
That nodded good-day as you sauntered past,
And the poppy flaunting atop of the wall,
As proud as glory, and fades as fast.

IV.

The campion bladders the children burst,
The bramble that clutches and won't take nay,
And the morning-glory that wakens first
To the dewy kisses of nursing day.

V.

The prosperous elder that always smells
Of the homely joys and the cares that bless,
And the woodbine's waxen and honeyed cells,
A hive of the sweetest idleness.

VI.

And this wayside nosegay is all for me,
For me, the poet—the words sound strong;—
Well, for him at least, whatever he be,
Who has loitered his morning away in song.

VII.

And though sweetest poems that ever were writ,
With the posy that up to my gaze you lift,
Seem void of music and poor of wit,
Yet I guess your meaning, and take your gift.

VIII.

For 'tis true among fields and woods I sing,
Aloof from cities, and my poor strains
Were born like the simple flowers you bring,
In English meadows and English lanes.

IX.

If e'er in my verse lurks tender thought,
'Twas borrowed from cushat or blackbird's throat
If sweetness any, 'twas culled or caught
From boughs that blossom and clouds that float.

X.

No rare exotics nor forced are these ;
They budded in darkness and throve in storm ;
They learned their colour from rain and breeze,
And from sun and season they took their form.

XI.

They peeped through the drift of the winter snows ;
They waxed and waned with the waning moon ;
Their music they stole from the deep-hushed rose,
And all the year round to them is June.

XII.

So let us exchange, nor ask who gains
What each has saved from the morning hours ;
Take, such as they are, my wilding strains,
And I will accept your wilding flowers.

[From "*Soliloquies in Song*" (Macmillan & Co., Limited, London). By
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IF LOVE COULD LAST.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

If love could last, if love could last,
The future be as was the past,
Nor faith and fondness ever know
The chill of dwindling afterglow.
O, then we should not have to long
The cuckoo's call and throstle's song,
But every season then would ring
With rapturous voices of the spring
In budding brake and grassy glade ;
The primrose, then, would never fade,
The windflower flag, the bluebell haze
Faint from the winding woodland ways,
But vernal hopes chase wintry fears,
And happy smiles and happier tears
Be like the sun and clouds at play,
If love could last.

If love could last, the rose would then
 Not bloom but once to fade again ;
 June to the lily would not give
 A life less fair than fugitive,
 But flower and leaf and lawn renew
 Their freshness nightly with the dew.
 In forest dingles, dim and deep,
 Where curtained noonday lies asleep,
 The faithful ringdove ne'er would cease
 Its anthem of abiding peace.
 All the year round we then should stray
 Through fragrance of the new-mown hay ;
 Or sit and ponder old-world rhymes,
 Under the leaves of scented limes.
 Or did the long warm days depart
 'Twould still be summer in our hearts,
Did love but last.

Did love but last, no shade of grief
 For fading flower, for falling leaf,
 For stubbles whence the piled-up wain
 Hath borne away the golden grain,
 Leaving a load of loss behind
 Would shock the heart and haunt the mind.
 With mellow gaze we then should see
 The ripe fruit shaken from the tree,
 The swallows troop, the acorns fall,
 The last peach redden on the wall,
 The oast-house smoke, the hop-bine burn,
 Knowing that all good things return
To love that lasts.

If love could last, who then would mind
 The freezing rack, the unfeeling wind,
 The curdling pool, the shivering sedge,
 The empty nest in leafless hedge,
 Brown dripping bents, and furrows bare,
 The wild geese clamouring through the air,
 The huddling kine, the sodden leaves
 Lack-lustre dawns and clammy eaves ?
 For then, through twilight days morose
 We should within keep warm and close,
 And by the friendly firelight blaze
 Talk of the ever sacred days
 When first we met, and felt how drear
 Were life without the other near.

Or, two at peace with bliss to speak,
Sit hand in hand, and cheek to cheek,
If love could last.

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AVE MARIA.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

I.

IN the ages of Faith, before the day
When men were too proud to weep or pray,
There stood in a red-roofed Breton town,
Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,
A chapel for simple souls to meet
Nightly, and sing with voices sweet
Ave Maria!

II.

There was an idiot, palsied, bleared,
With unkempt locks and a matted beard,
Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,
And whose head kept rolling from side to side;
Yet who, when the sunset-glow grew dim,
Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,
Ave Maria!

III.

But when they up-got and wended home,
Those up the hillside, these to the foam,
He hobbled along in the narrowing dusk,
Like a thing that is only hull and husk;
On as he hobbled, chanting still,
Now to himself, now loud and shrill,
Ave Maria!

IV.

When morning smiled on the smiling deep,
And the fisherman woke from dreamless sleep,
And ran up his sail, and trimmed his craft,

While his little ones leaped on the sand and laughed,
The senseless cripple would stand and stare,
Then suddenly holloa his wonted prayer,
Ave Maria !

v.

Others might plough, and reap, and sow,
Delve in the sunshine, spin in snow,
Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,
Or trundle their dead in a winding-sheet ;
But he, through rapture, and pain, and wrong,
Kept singing his one monotonous song,
Ave Maria !

vi.

When thunder growled from the ravelled wrack,
And ocean to welkin bellowed back,
And the lightning sprang from its cloudy sheath,
And tore through the forest with jagged teeth,
Then leaped and laughed o'er the havoc wreaked
The idiot clapped with his hands, and shrieked,
Ave Maria !

vii.

Children mocked, and mimicked his feet
As he slouched or sidled along the street ;
Maidens shrank as he passed them by,
Mother and child eschewed his eye ;
And half in pity, half scorn, the folk
Christened him, from the words he spoke,
Ave Maria !

viii.

One year when the harvest feasts were done,
And the mending of tattered nets begun,
And the kittiwake's scream took a weirder key
From the wailing wind and the moaning sea,
He was found, at morn, on the fresh-strewn snow,
Frozen, and faint, and crooning low,
Ave Maria !

IX.

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,
And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs,
Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,
And strove to quiet his chattering chin ;
But, ebbing with unreturning tide,
He kept on murmuring till he died,
Ave Maria !

X.

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,
He could not be buried in sacred earth ;
So they laid him afar, apart, alone,
Without or a cross, or turf, or stone,
Senseless clay unto senseless clay,
To which none ever came nigh to say,
Ave Maria !

XI.

When the meads grew saffron, the hawthorn white,
And the lark bore his music out of sight,
And the swallow outraced the racing wave,
Up from the lonely, outcast grave
Sprouted a lily, straight and high,
Such as She bears to whom men cry,
Ave Maria !

XII.

None had planted it, no one knew
How it had come there, why it grew ;
Grew up strong, till its stately stem
Was crowned with a snow-white diadem,—
One pure lily, round which, behold !
Was written by God in veins of gold,
“Ave Maria !”

XIII.

Over the lily they built a shrine,
Where are mingled the mystic bread and wine ;
Shrine you may see in the little town
That is snugly nestled 'twixt deep and down.
Through the Breton land it hath wondrous fame,
And it bears the unshriven idiot's name,
Ave Maria.

With sweat the striplings lithe,
As fall the long, straight, scented swathes
Over the crescent scythe;
Now that the throstle never stops
His self-sufficing strain,
And woodbine-trails festoon the copse
And eglantine the lane;
Now rustic labour seems as sweet
As leisure, and blithe herds
Wend homeward with unwearied feet
Caroling like the birds;
Now all, except the lover's vow
And nightingale, is still;
Here in the twilight hour, allow
Life is worth living still.

III.

When summer, lingering half forlorn,
On autumn loves to lean,
And fields of slowly yellowing corn
Are girt by woods still green;
When hazel-nuts wax brown and plump,
And apples rosy-red,
And the owlet hoots from hollow stump
And the dormouse makes its bed;
When crammed are all the granary floors
And the hunter's moon is bright,
And life again is sweet indoors
And logs again alight;
Aye, even when the houseless wind
Waileth through cleft and chink,
And in the twilight maids grow kind
And jugs are filled and clink;
When children clasp their hands and pray,
"Be done Thy heavenly will!"
Who doth not lift his voice and say,
"Life is worth living still"?

IV.

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,

One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh ;
Long as the tale of anguish swells
The heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget ;
So long as faith with freedom reigns
And loyal hope survives,
And gracious charity remains
To leaven lowly lives ;
While there is one untrodden tract
For intellect or will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.

v.

Not care to live while English homes
Nestle in English trees,
And England's trident-sceptre roams
Her territorial seas !
Not live while English songs are sung
Wherever blows the wind,
And England's flag and England's tongue
Enfranchise half mankind !
So long as in Pacific main
Or on Atlantic strand
Our kin transmit the parent strain,
And love the motherland ;
So long as in this ocean realm
Victoria and her line
Retain the heritage of the helm,
By loyalty divine ;
So long as flashes English steel
And English trumpets shrill,
He is dead already who doth not feel
Life is worth living still.

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EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

BY WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

I.

News of battle !—news of battle !
Hark ! 'tis ringing down the street :
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle ? Who hath brought it ?
News of triumph ? Who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant King ?
All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky :
Fearful lights, that never beckon
Save when kings or heroes die.

II.

News of battle ! Who hath brought it ?
All are thronging to the gate ;
“Warder—warder ! open quickly !
Man—is this a time to wait ?”
And the heavy gates are opened :
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man,
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan.
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
God ! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band ?

III.

Round him crush the people, crying,
“Tell us all—oh, tell us true !
Where are they who went to battle,

Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
 Where are they, our brothers—children?
 Have they met the English foe?
 Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
 Is it weal, or is it woe?"

Like a corpse the grisly warrior
 Looks from out his helm of steel;
 But no word he speaks in answer,
 Only with his armèd heel
 Chides his weary steed, and onward
 Up the city streets they ride;
 Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
 Shrieking, praying by his side.
 "By the God that made thee, Randolph!
 Tell us what mischance hath come;"

Then he lifts his riven banner,
 And the asker's voice is dumb.

IV.

The elders of the city
 Have met within their hall—
 The men whom good King James had charged
 To watch the tower and wall.
 "Your hands are weak with age," he said,
 Your hearts are stout and true;
 So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
 While others fight for you.
 My trumpet from the Border-side
 Shall send a blast so clear,
 That all who wait within the gate
 That stirring sound may hear.
 Or, if it be the will of Heaven
 That back I never come,
 And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
 Ye hear the English drum,—
 Then let the warning bells ring out,
 Then gird you to the fray,
 Then man the walls like burghers stout,
 And fight while fight you may.
 'Twere better that in fiery flame
 The roofs should thunder down,
 Than that the foot of foreign foe
 Should trample in the town!"

v.

Then in came Randolph Murray—
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek :
They fell upon his corselet,
And on his mailèd hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring :
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.

vi.

And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.
He ruled our city like a Lord
Who brooked no equal here,
And ever for the townsmen's rights
Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.
And he had seen the Scottish host
March from the Borough-muir,
With music-storm and clamorous shout,
And all the din that thunders out
When youth's of victory sure.
But yet a dearer thought had he,
For, with a father's pride,
He saw his last remaining son
Go forth by Randolph's side,
With casque on head and spur on heel,
All keen to do and dare ;
And proudly did that gallant boy
Dunedin's banner bear.
Oh, woeful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily—
“ Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be !

Woe is written on thy visage,
 Death is looking from thy face :
 Speak, though it be of overthrow—
 It cannot be disgrace !”

VII.

Right bitter was the agony
 That rung that soldier proud :
 Thrice did he strive to answer,
 And thrice he groaned aloud.
 Then he gave the riven banner
 To the old man's shaking hand,
 Saying—"That is all I bring ye
 From the bravest of the land !
 Ay ! ye may look upon it—
 It was guarded well and long
 By your brothers and your children,
 By the valiant and the strong.
 One by one they fell around it,
 As the archers laid them low,
 Grimly dying, still unconquered,
 With their faces to the foe.
 Ay ! ye well may look upon it—
 There is more than honour there,
 Else, be sure, I had not brought it
 From the field of dark despair.
 Never yet was royal banner
 Steeped in such a costly dye ;
 It hath lain upon a bosom
 Where no other shroud shall lie.
 Sirs ! I charge you, keep it holy,
 Keep it as a sacred thing,
 For the stain ye see upon it
 Was the life-blood of your King

VIII.

Woe, woe, and lamentation !
 What a piteous cry was there !
 Widows, maidens, mothers, children
 Shrieking, sobbing in despair !
 O the blackest day for Scotland
 That she ever knew before !
 O our King—the good, the noble,
 Shall we see him never more ?
 Woe to us and woe to Scotland !

O our sons, our sons and men !
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
Surely some will come again ! ”
Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shattered stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
Ye may look in vain for them !

[From "*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*" (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London).]

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

BY WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

COME hither, Evan Cameron !
Come, stand beside my knee—
I hear the river roaring down
Towards the wintry sea.
There's shouting on the mountain side,
There's war within the blast—
Old faces look upon me,
Old forms go trooping past.
I hear the pibroch wailing
Amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
Upon the verge of night !

'Twas I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan
By Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsay's pride ;
But never have I told thee yet
How the Great Marquis died !

A traitor sold him to his foes ;
O deed of deathless shame !
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain's side,

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN

Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armed men—
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
Who wronged thy sire's renown ;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down !

They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart—
The hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen, malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye ;—
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him
Now turn'd aside and wept.

But onwards—always onwards,
In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant laboured,
Till it reach'd the house of doom :
Then first a woman's voice was heard
In jeer and laughter loud,
And an angry cry and a hiss arose
From the heart of the tossing crowd :

Then, as the Græme looked upwards,
He met the ugly smile
Of him who sold his King for gold—
The master-fiend Argyle!

And a Saxon soldier cried aloud :
“ Back, coward, from thy place !
For seven long years thou hast not dared
To look him in the face.”

Had I been there with sword in hand,
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had pealed the slogan cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailèd men—
Not all the rebels of the South
Had borne us backwards then !
Once more his foot on Highland heath
Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid around him there !

It might not be. They placed him next
Within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned
Amidst their nobles all.
With savage glee came Warristoun
To read the murderous doom,
And then uprose the great Montrose
In the middle of the room.

“ Now by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
That waves above us there—
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
And oh, that such should be !—
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me—
I have not sought in battle-field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope, on my dying day
To win the martyr's crown !

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN

"There is a chamber far away
 Where sleep the good and brave,
 But a better place ye have named for me
 Than by my father's grave.
 For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
 This hand hath always striven,
 And ye raise it up for a witness still
 In the eye of earth and heaven.
 Then nail my head on yonder tower—
 Give every town a limb—
 And He who made shall gather them :
 I go from you to Him ! "

Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet !
 How dismal 'tis to see
 The great tall spectral skeleton,
 The ladder, and the tree !
 Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms—
 The bells begin to toll—
 He is coming ! he is coming !
 God's mercy on his soul !
 One last long peal of thunder—
 The clouds are cleared away,
 And the glorious sun once more looks down
 Amidst the dazzling day.

He is coming ! he is coming !
 Like a bridegroom from his room,
 Came the hero from his prison
 To the scaffold and the doom.
 There was glory on his forehead,
 There was lustre in his eye,
 And he never walked to battle
 More proudly than to die :
 There was colour in his visage,
 Though the cheeks of all were wan,
 And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
 That great and goodly man !

He mounted up the scaffold,
 And he turned him to the crowd ;
 But they dared not trust the people,
 So he might not speak aloud.
 But he looked upon the heavens,
 And they were clear and blue,

And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through :
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee ;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows-tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose,
And cast his cloak away :
For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth, and sky, and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder roll,
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush and then a groan ;
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death was done !

[From "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London).]

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE.

BY WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

ON the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay :
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way ;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN

And the pass was wrapped in gloom,
 When the clansmen rose together
 From their lair amidst the broom.
 Then we belted on our tartans,
 And our bonnets down we drew,
 And we felt our broadswords' edges,
 And we proved them to be true ;
 And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
 And we cried the gathering-cry,
 And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
 And we swore to do or die !
 Then our leader rode before us
 On his war-horse black as night—
 Well the Cameronian rebels
 Knew that charger in the fight !—
 And a cry of exultation
 From the bearded warriors rose ;
 For we loved the house of Claver'se,
 And we thought of good Montrose.
 But he raised his hand for silence—
 "Soldiers ! I have sworn a vow :
 Ere the evening-star shall glisten
 On Schiehallion's lofty brow,
 Either we shall rest in triumph,
 Or another of the Græmes
 Shall have died in battle-harness
 For his Country and King James !
 Think upon the Royal Martyr—
 Think of what his race endure—
 Think on him whom butchers murder'd
 On the field of Magus Muir :—
 By his sacred blood I charge ye,
 By the ruin'd hearth and shrine—
 By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
 By your injuries and mine—
 Strike this day as if the anvil
 Lay beneath your blows the while,
 Be they Covenanting traitors,
 Or the brood of false Argyle !
 Strike ! and drive the trembling rebels
 Backwards o'er the stormy Forth ;
 Let them tell their pale Convention
 How they fared within the North.
 Let them tell that Highland honour
 Is not to be bought nor sold,
 That we scorn their Prince's anger,

As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest,
Search for him that was Dundee!"

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
Sounding in the pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe:
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum;
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the field beneath;
Then we bounded from our covert,—
Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armed men!
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
Flashed the broadsword of Locheil!
And the evening-star was shining
On Schiehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords
And returned to count the dead.
There we found him, gashed and gory,
Stretch'd upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:

So, amidst the battle's thunder,
 Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
 In the glory of his manhood
 Passed the spirit of the Græme !

[From "*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*" (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London).]

CHARLES EDWARD AT VERSAILLES.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF CULLODEN.

BY WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

TAKE away that star and garter—
 Hide them from my aching sight ;
 Neither king nor prince shall tempt me
 From my lonely room this night ;
 Fitting for the throneless exile
 Is the atmosphere of pall,
 And the gusty winds that shiver
 'Neath the tapestry on the wall.
 When the taper faintly dwindles
 Like the pulse within the vein,
 That to gay and merry measure
 Ne'er may hope to bound again,
 Let the shadows gather round me
 While I sit in silence here,
 Broken-hearted, as an orphan
 Watching by his father's bier.
 Let me hold my still communion
 Far from every earthly sound—
 Day of penance—day of passion—
 Ever, as the year comes round !
 Fatal day, whereon the latest
 Die was cast for me and mine—
 Cruel day, that quelled the fortunes
 Of the hapless Stuart line !
 Strike tom-like, as in a mirror,
 Base the grisly scenes of death—
 There before me, in its wildness,
 Stretches bare Culloden's heath :
 There the broken clans are scattered
 Gaunt as wolves, and famine-eyed
 Hunger gnawing at their vitals,

Hope abandoned, all but pride—
Pride—and that supreme devotion
Which the Southron never knew,
And the hatred, deeply rankling,
'Gainst the Hanoverian crew.
Oh, my God ! are these the remnants,
These the wrecks of the array,
That around the royal standard
Gathered on the glorious day,
When, in deep Glenfinnan's valley,
Thousands, on their bended knees,
Saw once more that stately ensign
Waving in the northern breeze,
When the noble Tullibardine
Stood beneath its weltering fold,
With the Ruddy Lion ramping
In the field of tressured gold !
When the mighty heart of Scotland,
All too big to slumber more,
Burst in wrath and exultation,
Like a huge volcano's roar !
There they stand, the battered columns
Underneath the murky sky,
In the hush of desperation,
Not to conquer, but to die.
Hark ! the bagpipe's fitful wailing :
Not the pibroch loud and shrill,
That, with hope of bloody banquet,
Lured the ravens from the hill,
But a dirge both low and solemn,
Fit for ears of dying men,
Marshalled for their latest battle,
Never more to fight again.
Madness—madness ! Why this shrinking ?
Were we less inured to war
When our reapers swept the harvest
From the field of red Dunbar ?
Bring my horse, and blow the trumpet !
Call the riders of Fitz-James :
Let Lord Lewis head the column !
Valiant chiefs of mighty names—
Trusty Keppoch ! stout Glengarry !
Gallant Gordon ! wise Locheil !—
Bid the clansmen hold together,
Fast, and fell, and firm as steel.
Elcho ! never look so gloomy—

What avails a saddened brow?
 Heart, man, heart!—We need it sorely,
 Never half so much as now.
 Had we but a thousand troopers,
 Had we but a thousand more!
 Noble Perth, I hear them coming!—
 Hark! the English cannons' roar.
 God! how awful sounds that volley,
 Bellowing through the mist and rain!
 Was not that the Highland slogan?
 Let me hear that shout again!
 Oh, for prophet eyes to witness
 How the desperate battle goes!
 Cumberland! I would not fear thee,
 Could my Camerons see their foes.
 Sound, I say, the charge at venture—
 'Tis not naked steel we fear;
 Better perish in the *mêlée*
 Than be shot like driven deer!
 Hold! the mist begins to scatter!
 There in front 'tis rent asunder,
 And the cloudy bastion crumbles
 Underneath the deafening thunder;
 There I see the scarlet gleaming!
 Now, Macdonald—now or never!—
 Woe is me, the clans are broken!
 Father, thou art lost for ever!
 Chief and vassal, lord and yeoman,
 There they lie in heaps together,
 Smitten by the deadly volley,
 Rolled in blood upon the heather;
 And the Hanoverian horsemen,
 Fiercely riding to and fro,
 Deal their murderous strokes at random.—

Ah, my God! where am I now?

Will that baleful vision never
 Vanish from my aching sight?
 Must those scenes and sounds of terror
 Haunt me still by day and night?
 Yea, the earth hath no oblivion
 For the noblest chance it gave,
 None, save in its latest refuge—
 Seek it only in the grave!
 Love may die, and hatred slumber,

And their memory will decay,
 As the watered garden recks not
 Of the drought of yesterday ;
 But the dream of power once broken
 What shall give repose again ?
 What shall charm the serpent-furies
 Coiled around the maddening brain ?
 What kind draught can Nature offer
 Strong enough to lull their sting ?
 Better to be born a peasant
 Than to live an exiled king !

[From "*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*" (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London).]

THE SONG OF ABOW KLEA.

BY GEORGE BARLOW.

OUR English manhood's still the same
 As in the days of Waterloo ;
 The sons uphold their fathers' fame,
 Beneath strange skies of burning blue.
 The race is growing old, some say,
 And half worn out and past its prime ;
 But English rifles volley "Nay,"
 And English manhood conquers time.
 Then fear not, and veer not
 From duty's narrow way :
 What men have done can still be done,
 And shall be done to-day !

The broad wild desert stretched away
 For many and many a weary league ;
 Our soldiers suffered day by day,
 Enduring hunger, thirst, fatigue.
 But still, when their fierce foes they met,
 They fought and conquered as of old :
 The sun of England has not set ;
 Our nation's story is not told.
 Then blench not, and quench not
 High hope's glad golden ray :
 What men have done can still be done,
 And shall be done to-day !

[From "*The Pageant of Life*" (H. J. Glaisher, London). By Special Permission of the Author and Publisher.]

GEORGE BARLOW

"ENGLAND, HO! FOR ENGLAND."

A FEDERATION SONG.

BY GEORGE BARLOW.

OLD England needs her children,
 She needs them every one,
 From India's morning-bugle
 To the last sunset-gun :
 North, East, and South, she needs them,
 And in the furthest West,
 And where the Channel waters
 Storm round her rocky breast.

The day is surely coming
 When all alike she'll need,
 All far-off true descendants
 Of the old island-breed.
 The day is surely coming
 When all may have to strike
 For England, ho ! for England—
 So all must fare alike !

"For England, ho ! for England"—
 The great deep-throated cry
 Rings far across the waters ;
 A million mouths reply,
 "For England, ho ! for England,
 Till England's work be done,—
 And England's work is timeless,
 And measured by the sun."

[From "*The Pageant of Life*" (H. J. Glaisher, London). By Special
 Permission of the Author and Publisher.]

MIDNIGHT AT THE HELM.

BY GEORGE BARLOW.

"WHAT see'st thou, friend?
 The frail masts bend,
 Thy ship reels wildly on the tossing deep ;
 Thy fearless eyes
 Regard the skies

And this broad waste wherethrough white chargers leap ;
See'st thou the foam ? ”

Pilot.— “ I see my home,
And children on a white soft couch asleep.”

“ What see'st thou, friend ?
The tiller-end
Thou graspest safely in thy firm strong grip ;
Thine eyes are strange,
They seem to range
Beyond sea, sky, and clouds, and struggling ship,
Beyond the foam.”

Pilot.— “ I see my home,—
Brown cottage-eaves round which the swallows dip.”

“ What see'st thou, friend ?
Black leagues extend
On all sides round about thy bark and thee ;
Not one star-speck
Above the deck
Abates the darkness of the midnight sea ;
The waves' throats roar—”

Pilot.— “ I see the shore,
And eyes that plead with God for mine and me.”

[From “ *The Pageant of Life* ” (H. J. Glaisher, London). By Special
Permission of the Author and Publisher.]

THE PILOT'S WIFE.

BY GEORGE BARLOW.

“ THE moon shines out, with here and there a star,
But furious cloud-banks storm both stars and moon :
The mad sea drums upon the harbour-bar ;
Will the tide slacken soon ?
O Sea that took'st my youngest, wilt thou spare ? ”
—And the Sea answered through the black night-air,
“ I took thy youngest. Shall I spare to-night ? ”

“ The thundering breakers sweep and slash the sands ;
To westward, lo ! one line of cream-white foam :
I raise to darkling heaven my helpless hands ;
I watch within the home.

O Sea that took'st my eldest, wilt thou save?"
 —And the Sea answered as from out a grave,
 "I slew thine eldest son for my delight."

"The giant waves plunge o'er the shingly beach;
 The tawny-maned great lions of the sea
 With pitiless roar howl down all human speech;
 Is God far off from me?"
 O Sea that slewest my sons, mine husband spare!"
 —The Sea's wild laughter shook and rent the air:
 Lo! on the beach a drowned face deadly white.

[From "*The Pageant of Life*" (H. J. Glaisher, London). By Special
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LOVE ON DECK.

BY GEORGE BARLOW.

"I NEVER loved you much," she said,
 "But I wanted to pass the time.
 The hours pass slow on a ship, you know,
 In a lazy tropical clime.
 Have I hurt you much? Forgive me, then,
 If I own that I was wrong.
 Cure the smart, and heal your heart,
 By writing it all in a song."
 The waves flowed free, and the waves flowed wide,
 As they sat and whispered side by side.

"I never cared much for you," he said,
 "But I wanted a subject fit.
 I'd verses to make, and I thought I could take
 Your heart, and model from it.
 Have I pained you much? Forgive me, dear,
 A ship is a dreary place:
 It is wrong to flirt, but you aren't much hurt,
 And you *have* a lovely face!"
 The waves flowed free, and the waves flowed strong,
 And the good ship bore them both along.

Each looked at each. They did not smile:
 The tears were in either's eyes.
 And the cliffs of England rose the while
 From the waves, a white surprise.

Hand sought for hand—"Shall we gravely end
 What first was a freak of the heart?
 Shall we meet once more on the English shore,
 But, this time, never to part?"
 The cliffs rose white from the sunny seas,
 And church-bells sounded on the breeze.

[From "*From Dawn to Sunset*" (H. J. Glaisher, London). By Special
 Permission of the Author and Publisher.]

THE COMPACT.

BY GEORGE BARLOW.

"If only I were a man," she said,
 "What wonderful deeds I'd do!
 With a general's plume, and a coat of red,
 I'd harry my foes till my foes fell dead,
 And I'd travel the wide world through.
 Sword in hand, I'd traverse the land
 (How I hate this ivory fan!)—
 Hearts should ache, and hearts should break,
 If only I were a man!"

"If only I were a girl," he said,
 "How pleasant this life might be.
 Lovely dresses of Indian red!
 Beautiful bonnets and caps on my head!
 Beautiful men to tea!
 How I would flirt, at dinner, dessert
 (Head-dress of ruby and pearl!)—
 That would be brave. What a time I would have,
 If only I were a girl!"

They looked at each other, and laughed outright:
 Brown eyes laughed into the grey.
 Then he said, "And why should the dream take flight?
 Marry me, darling, and we'll unite
 Our powers,—the world we'll sway!"
 Grey eyes smiled back their "Yes" to the brown
 (And she played with the hated fan!)—
 "I think that I'm glad I'm a girl," she said,
 "Now I'm loved by a love of a man!"

[From "*From Dawn to Sunset*" (H. J. Glaisher, London). By Special
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THE BUILDING OF S. SOPHIA.

BY S. BARING-GOULD.

JUSTINIAN, Emperor and Augustus, bent
 On the imperial city's due embellishment,
 Whilst musing, sudden started up, and cried :
 "There is no worthy minster edified
 Unto the Ruler of earth, sea and skies,
 The One eternal, and the only wise.
 Solomon the Great a temple built of old
 To the Omnipotent, at cost untold.
 Great was his power, but mine must his surpass
 As ruddy gold excels the yellow brass.
 I, too, a costly church will dedicate,
 To preach God's Majesty and tell my state."

Then called the Emperor an artist skilled,
 With sense of beauty and proportions filled,
 And said, "In the name of Wisdom, build.
 Build of the best, best ways, and make no spare,
 The cost entire my privy purse shall bear.
 Solomon took gifts of gold, and wood, and stone,
 But I, Justinian, build the church alone.
 Then go, ye heralds ! forth to square and street,
 With trumpet blare, and everywhere repeat,
 That a great minster shall erected be
 By our august, pacific Majesty ;
 And bid none reckon in the work to share,
 For we ourself the whole expense will bear."
 And as Justinian lay that night awake,
 Weary, and waiting for white day to break,
 The thought rose up, "Now when this flesh is dead,
 My soul, by its attendant spirit led,
 Shall hear the angel at the great gate call,
 Behold ! Justinian comes, magnificent,
 Who to the Eternal Wisdom, uncreate,
 A church did build, endow and consecrate,
 The like of which by man was never trod :
 Then rise, Justinian ! to the realm of God."

Now day and night the workmen build ; apace
 The church arises, full of form and grace ;
 The walls upstart, the porch and portals wide
 Are traced, the marble benches down each side,
 The sweeping apse, the basement of the piers ;

The white hewn stone is laid in level tiers.
Upshoot the columns, then the arches turn,
The roof with gilded scales begins to burn.
Next, white as mountain snow, the mighty dome
Hangs like a moon above the second Rome.
Then, on a slab above the western door,
Through which, next day, the multitude shall pour,
That all may see and read, the sculptors grave :—
“This House to God, Justinian Emperor gave.”

And now, with trumpet blast and booming gong,
Betwixt long lines of an expectant throng,
The imperial procession sweeps along.
To dedicate his church doth Cæsar ride
In all his splendour, majesty, and pride.
Now shrill the silver clarions loud and long,
And clash the cymbals, bellows hoarse the gong,
A wild barbaric crash. Then on the ear
Surges the solemn chanting, full and clear :
“Lift up your heads ye gates, and open swing
Ye everlasting doors before the King !”
Back start the valves—in sweeps the train,
Next throng the multitude the sacred fane.

Justinian entering, halts a little space,
With haughty exultation on his face,
And, at a glance, the stately church surveys.
Then reads above the portal of the nave—
“This House to God, Euphrasia widow gave.”
“Silence !” he thunders, with a burst of ire,
As to his face flashes a scarlet fire ;
“Where is the sculptor ? Silence, all you choir !
Where is the sculptor ?”

Ceases the choral song,
A hush falls instant on the mighty throng.
“Bring forth the sculptor who yon sentence wrought ;
His merry jest he’ll find full dearly bought.”

Then fell before him, trembling, full of dread,
The graver. “Cæsar, God preserved !” he said,
“I carved not that ! exchanged has been the name
From that I chiselled. I am not to blame.
This is a miracle, for no mortal hand
Could banish one and make another stand,
And on the marble leave nor scar nor trace,

Where was the name deep cut, it did efface.
 Beside the letters, Sire! the stone is whole."
 "Ha!" scoffed the Emperor; "now, by my soul,
 I deemed the sacred age of marvels passed away!
 Forth stepped the Patriarch and said, "Sire, I pray
 Hearken! I saw him carve, nor I alone,
 Thy name and title which have fled the stone;
 And I believe the finger was Divine
 Which set another name and cancelled thine—
 The finger that, which wrote upon the wall
 Belshazzar's doom, in Babel's sculptured hall;
 The finger that which cut in years before,
 On Sinai's top, on tables twain, the Law."

Justinian's brow grew dark with wrath and fear:
 "Who is Euphrasia widow, I would hear,
 This lady who my orders sets at naught,
 And robs me of the recompense I sought.
 Who is Euphrasia?"

But none spake a word.
 "What! of this wealthy lady have none heard?"
 "What! no man know! Go some the city round,
 And ask if such be in Byzantium found."

Then said a priest, and faltered: "Of that name
 Is one, but old and very poor, and lame,
 Who has a cottage close upon the quay;
 But she, most surely, Sire, it cannot be."

"Let her be brought." Then some the widow seek,
 And lead the aged woman, tottering, weak,
 With tattered dress, and thin white straying hair,
 Bending upon a stick, and with feet bare.

"Euphrasia," said the monarch sternly, "speak!
 Wherefore didst thou my strict commandment break,
 Contributing, against my orders, to this pile?"
 The widow answered simply, with faint smile:
 "Sire! it was nothing, for I only threw
 A little straw before the beasts which drew
 The marble from the ships, before I knew
 Thou wouldst be angry. Sire! I had been ill
 Three weary months, and on my window-sill
 A little linnet perched, and sang each day
 So sweet, it cheered me as in bed I lay

And filled my heart with love to Him who sent
 The linnet to me ; then, with full intent
 To render thanks, when God did health restore,
 I from my mattress pulled a little straw
 And cast it to the oxen—I did nothing more."

"Look !" said the Cæsar, "read above that door !
 Small though thy gift, it was the gift of love,
 And is accepted of our King above ;
 And mine rejected as the gift of pride
 By Him who humble lived and humble died.
 Widow, God grant hereafter, when we meet,
 I may attain a footstool at thy feet !"

[From "*The Silver Store*" (*Skeffington & Son, London*). By Special
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BISHOP BENNO AND THE FROGS

BY S. BARING-GOULD.

At the closing of the day
 Bishop Benno took his way,
 With his book beneath his arm,
 Through the meadows for a stroll,
 The disturbance of his soul
 To reduce again to calm.

Walking by a marish bank,
 Where the yellow iris lank
 Shot its bluish, bending sheath,
 Whilst upon the surface, light
 Floated chalices of white,
 Anchored to the slime beneath.

Where about the margin grew
 Clusters of celestial blue,
 And the bog-bean speckled pink,
 And the mare-tails with their spines
 Stood and shook in shadowy lines
 Wavering along the brink.

Clearly from the minster tower
 Tolling at the twilight hour,
 Salutation spoke the bell.*

* The Angelus rings at noon and sunset

S. BARING-GOULD

Then the Bishop slowly took,
And unclasped his Office book,
To recite his Canticle.

Walking in the meadow grass,
By the water still as glass,
He could lift his voice and pray
Reading in his Breviary,
Repeating Benedicite
As he wended on his way.

Perched on broken bulrush shaft,
Crouched on lily's leafy raft,
Sitting in a row on logs,
Squatted on each muddy ledge,
Sentinelled along the edge
Of the water, were the frogs ;

With their voices very shrill,
In a loud prolonging thrill,
Half a chirrup, half a cry ;
Every little gullet shakes,
As its clamour from it breaks,
Deafening the passer-by.

Bishop Benno halting stood,
Looking on them in a mood
Discontented ; he could find,
Saying the Three Children's Song,
As he paced the bank along,
No tranquillity of mind.

" O ye frogs ! when Bishops praise
God, ye should amend your ways,
And be quiet for a while."
Thus he spake, and at the word
They were silent, naught was heard.
He continued, with a smile :

" All ye green things on the earth,
Bless the Lord who gave you birth,
And for ever magnify.
All ye fountains that are poured
From your sources, praise the Lord,
And for ever magnify.

"All ye seas and floods that roll,
Praise the Lord, from pole to pole,
And for ever magnify.
All ye teeming things that dwell
In the waters, praise as well,
And for ever magnify."

Sudden Benno stopped. A flame
Started to his brow, in shame,
As he did within debate :
"What ! doth the Creator love
Praises from the things that move,
And from things inanimate ?

"Fie upon me ! Am I sure
My intent is half as pure,
Praises as acceptable,
As the strain, though loud and harsh,
Of these dwellers in the marsh ?
What am I, that I can tell ?"

Turning to the swamp, he cried :
"Sitters by the water-side,
Do not ye your hymns forego.
I release you from the ban,
Praise the God of Frog and Man—
Cantate fratres Domino."

[From "The Silver Store" (Skeffington & Son, London). By Special
Permission of the Author and Publishers.]

THE HANDY MAN.

BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

(Ladysmith, October 30, 1899.)

WE'VE seen him dragging his guns along in the Agricultural Hall,
Trotting about in the soundless tan as if he were playing at ball,
But none of us saw him in far Natal, tugging away at his load
Through the ruts in the road which the rain had cut, and where
there was never a road ;
Nobody heard it or saw it, and there wasn't a band to play,
But he landed 'em up at Ladysmith from the cruiser down in
the bay

And just when the guns were needed, and looking quite spick
and span,
With a nod to the gent of the Absent Mind, up doubles the
Handy Man.

Handy afloat, handy ashore, handier still in a hole,
Ready to swarm up a mountain-side, or walk on a greasy
pole ;
Lugging a gun through a desert, scrubbing a deck milk-
white,
Jack is the man for a children's romp and the awkward hour
of a fight.

He finds the range in the time it takes to cock his eye on the
foe,
He stands as stiff as a Noah's Ark till his officer says "Let go !"
And as soon as he's hit what he's told to hit, and somebody's
said "Well done,"
He turns with a click to his right-about, and trundles away with
his gun.
His eye is the eye of the eagle that sees and knows from afar,
His hand is as swift as the hand that smote the triumph of
Trafalgar,
And the heart is the heart of the lion that hides in the glorious
dress
Where the only gold is the name he loves, with its pennon of
H.M.S.

Handy afloat, handy ashore, sleeps like a babe in his bunk,
Ready to dance, and ready to fight, and never been known
to funk ;
Tugging his gun behind him, he's fighting his way to
Heav'n—
Doing the thing he is told to do, to the tune of Four-
point-Sev'n.

He keeps his cap for his own hard head when whispers of
friendship fly,
It isn't the thing for a Handy Man to swop with a fond ally ;
And it isn't the wish of a Handy Man that a furriner's arm
should pull
A single oar in the trim tough boat, whose skipper is old John
Bull.
He keeps to himself does the Handy Man, when the clouds are
pack'd for a squall,

But he comes with his gun from the ends of the earth when
 the bugle gives him a call ;
 And the babe sleeps sound in her cot o' nights, and the trader
 may plot and plan,
 For under the stars on the rolling deep stands the vigilant Handy
 Man.

Handy afloat, handy ashore, easiest soul to please,
 Ready to straddle a merry-go-round or ride on the plunging
 seas ;
 Son of this sea-girt England, ward of the world-wide breed,
 Jack is the man for the midnight watch or the hour of the
 Empire's need.

[From "*The Handy Man, and other Verses*" (Grant Richards, London),
 By Special Permission of the Author and Publisher.]

LIBERTY JACK.

BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

(London, Easter, 1900.)

I SAW him tumble out of the train in his jacket of navy-blue,
 Hero of Ladysmith landing safe in the bustle of Waterloo,
 And *bang, bang, bang* went the slamming doors, guards whistled,
 and engines screamed,
 While he stood in the whirl of the surging throng and buttoned
 his jacket and beamed ;
 He carried his luggage all serene in a handkerchief neatly tied,
 And the schoolboy getting a play-box out looked up at his cap
 with pride,—
 Looked at the Name perched over the keen blue eyes of Liberty
 Jack—
 Letters of faded gold that loomed on a ribbon of rusty black.

Home again from fighting, home from battle's toil,
 Standing glad and hearty once again on English soil,
 Merry as a schoolboy, modest as a maid—
 He who dragged his gun and lent a stricken town his aid !

I saw him swing up a Surrey lane, his little red load in his hand,
 He blew great clouds from his pipe to sail o'er the ripple of
 meadow-land,
 He held his head in the air and drew the breath of the soil to his
 lungs

As he strode to the village that gave him birth, and the music of
 English tongues ;
 I saw him pause at a cottage door, under a roof of thatch,
 Pause with a smile, for an eager hand was fumbling the clumsy
 latch.
 Then I heard the door on its hinges creak—a cry, and a sudden
 run ;
 And the mother had opened her trembling arms and gathered
 her gallant son.

Home again from fighting, home from off the sea,
 Kissing dear old mother with the children round his knee,
 Joining in the laughter, leading in the game—
 He who manned his gun and saved a town from bitter shame.
 [From "*The Handy Man, and other Verses*" (*Grant Richards, London*).
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A SONG IN CAMP.

BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

THERE's one can tell of the grizzly bear,
 And one of the kangaroo,
 Over the borders we've come with our orders,
 We know what we're here to do ;
 For we all of us live in the same big house,
 Though each has his own little wing,
 And when obstinate nations attack the foundations
 We all come together and sing :

For England, for England, the cradle of our line,
 The lances ride and the rifles ring, and the scattered
 sons combine :
 For England, for England. We fling our strength
 between
 The Empire and the Danger for our England and the
 Queen.

There's some that come from a Melbourne shop,
 Some that were bred in Quebec,
 Some from a prairie, and some from a dairy,
 And some from the *Terrible's* deck ;
 And some of us marched from the counter of Coutts,
 And some from a constable's beat,
 But we're all thrown together in khaki and leather—
 We sing the same song when we meet :

For England, for England, the cradle of our line,
The lances ride and the rifles ring, and the scattered
sons combine :
For England, for England. We fling our strength
between
The Empire and the Danger for our England and the
Queen.

And when we've done what we're here to do,
And the ships go east and west,
Each with his story of hardship and glory—
And little brown holes in his chest,
We shall think o' the nights when we smoked our clays
And lay on our backs in a ring,
Weary-worn after battle, but making a rattle
With the song that was easy to sing :

For England, for England, the cradle of our line,
The lances ride and the rifles ring, and the scattered
sons combine :
For England, for England. We fling our strength
between
The Empire and the Danger for our England and the
Queen.

[From "*The Handy Man, and other Verses*" (Grant Richards, London).
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AN INCIDENT.

BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

IN his uniform soaking and dragged, with the blood in his
sleepless eyes,
Hungry and dirty and bearded, he looks at the morning skies,
He feels for his pipe in the blanket, he calls to his chum for a
light—
When a bugle sounds on the chilling air, and he stands in his
boots upright.

There is jingling of chains and the straining of harness, the
clashing of steel,
And the gunner swings off at a gallop as he buckles the spur to
his heel,

There are whispers, and jestings, and laughter—then the scream
of a rushing shell,
And the crash of the guns from the trenches that fling back the
gateways of Hell.

In his uniform soaking and grimy he stands with his gun in his
place,
While the bullets peck at the riven ground and spit up the earth
in his face;
He stands as he stood in a scarlet coat with a crowd at the
barrack gate,
But the colonel knows what his heart is at, and he whispers:
“It’s coming. Wait!”

So he glares at the smoke from the trenches, so he chats to his
chum on his right,
Muddy and thirsty and frozen—but setting his teeth for the fight,
And he stands like a rock through the morning with the butt of
his gun at his toe—
Till the bugles ring and he leaps to the front with his bayonet-
point at the foe.

To the mouth of the sputtering cannon, to the ridge where the
rifles flame,
On! with a shout that is strong as the blow—though he’s tortured
and spent and lame,
Through the line of the reeling foemen, through the hail of the
hissing lead—
He wins to the rocks with his bayonet-point and staggers among
the dead.

In his uniform soaking and tattered he lies with the mist in his
eyes,
The sun has set and the air is still, but he looks no more on the
skies;
The lips of the cannon are frothless, there is rest in the worn
brigade,
And the only sound on the stricken field is the noise of his
comrade’s spade.

[From “*The Handy Man, and other Verses*” (Grant Richards, London).
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MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

Part I.

I LOOK'D far back into other years, and lo ! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens, with their broad green walks, where soft the
footstep falls ;
And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadow passed ;
And all around the noonday sun a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat, beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects
please ;
And little recked they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names, held none more dear
than theirs ;
And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine,
Of royal blood, and high descent from the ancient Stuart line.
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And as they flew they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court—the gay court of
Bourbon ;
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps a thousand courtiers throng ;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry.
But fairer far than all the rest who bask on Fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth is she, the new-made bride !
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond, deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but
begun—
They lighted up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-soul'd joy bespeak.
Ah ! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant
hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its
flowers ?

Part II.

THE scene was changed. It was a barque that slowly held its way,

And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay ;
 And on its deck a lady sat who gazed with tearful eyes
 Upon the far-receding hills that dim and distant rise.
 No marvel that the lady wept—there was no land on earth
 She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth ;
 It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends—
 It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends—
 The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had
 known

The tranquil convent's hush'd repose, and the splendours of a throne.

No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France,
 The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance !
 The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her
 barque ;
 The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark !

One gaze again—one long, last gaze—" Adieu, fair France, to thee ! "

The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
 And in a turret chamber high of ancient Holyrood
 Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
 That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
 The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her smile was sadder
 now—

The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy on her brow ;
 And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field,
 The Stuart *sceptre* well she swayed, but the *sword* she could not
 wield.

She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's
 brief day,

And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
 The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
 The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar.
 They half beguiled her of her cares, they sooth'd her into smiles,
 They won her thought from bigot zeal and fierce domestic broils.
 But hark ! the tramp of armèd men, the Douglas' battle-cry !
 They come—they come—and lo ! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow
 eye !

And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words
 are vain—

The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain !
Then Mary Stuart brushed aside the tears that trickling fell !
“Now for my father's arm !” she said ; “my woman's heart,
farewell !”

The scene was changed. It was a lake with one small lonely isle,
And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to
sign

The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral
line :

“My lords ! my lords !” the captive said, “were I but once more
free,

With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart Queen o'er my remorseless foes !”
A red spot burned upon her cheek—stream'd her rich tresses
down—

She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen without a crown.

Part III.

THE scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen
once more ;

She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by—
She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye.
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars, it dies away ;
And Mary's troops, and banners now, and courtiers—where are
they ?

Scattered and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone.
O God ! to see what she has lost, and think what guilt has won !
Away ! away ! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part ;
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrows in thy heart.

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen headsman
stood,
And gleamed the broad axe in his hand that soon must drip with
blood.

With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips and touched the hearts o
all ;

I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom—
I saw that grief had deck'd it out—an offering for the tomb !
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly
shone—

I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrill'd with every tone—

I knew the ringlets, almost grey, once threads of living gold—

I knew that bounding grace of step, that symmetry of mould !

Even now I see her far away in that calm convent aisle,

I hear her chant her vesper hymn, I mark her holy smile—

Even now I see her bursting forth upon her bridal morn,

A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born !

Alas ! the change ! She placed her foot upon a triple throne,

And on the scaffold now she stands, beside the block *alone* !

The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd

Who sunned themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps bowed !

Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul has passed away ;

The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece of clay !

The dog is moaning piteously ; and as it gurgles o'er,

Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor !

The blood of beauty, wealth and power—the heart-blood of a queen—

The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth has seen—

Lapp'd by a dog ! Go, think of it, in silence and alone ;

Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne !

THE UNCLE.

BY HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

I HAD an uncle once—a man of threescore years and three ;—

And, when my reason's dawn began, he'd take me on his knee ;

And often talk, whole winter nights, things that seemed strange to me.

He was a man of gloomy mood, and few his converse sought ;

But it was said, in solitude his conscience with him wrought ;

And there, before his mental eye, some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house who did not fear his frown,

Save I, a little careless child—who gambolled up and down ;

And often peeped into his room, and plucked him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone—my father was his brother ;

And all their lives I knew that they had fondly loved each other ;

And in my uncle's room there hung the picture of my mother,

There was a curtain over it—'twas in a darkened place,
And few or none had ever looked upon my mother's face,
Or seen her pale expressive smile of melancholy grace.

One night—I do remember well—the wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors it sounded drearily—
I sat and read in that old hall ; my uncle sat close by.

I read—but little understood the words upon the book ;
For, with a sidelong glance, I marked my uncle's fearful look,
And saw how all his quivering frame in strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole, a strange, unusual dread ;
His lips were white as bone—his eyes sunk far down in his head ;
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze of the unconscious dead !

Then suddenly he turned him round, and drew aside the veil
That hung before my mother's face ;—perchance my eyes might
fail,
But ne'er before that face to me had seemed so ghastly pale !

"Come hither, boy !" my uncle said,—I started at the sound ;
'Twas choked and stifled in his throat, and hardly utterance found :
"Come hither, boy !" then fearfully he cast his eyes around.

"That lady was thy mother once—thou wast her only child ;
O boy ! I've seen her when she held thee in her arms and
smiled,—
She smiled upon thy father, boy, 'twas that which drove me wild !

"He was my brother, but his form was fairer far than mine ;
I grudged not that ; he was the prop of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was of him a token and a sign.

"Boy, I had loved her too—nay, more, 'twas I who loved her
first ;
For months—for years—the golden thought within my soul was
nursed !
He came—he conquered—they were wed—my air-blown bubble
burst !

"Then on my mind a shadow fell, and evil hopes grew rife ;
The madd'ning thought stuck in my heart, and cut me like a
knife,
That she, whom all my days I loved, should be another's wife !

"I left my home—I left the land—I crossed the raging sea :—
In vain—in vain !—where'er I turned, my memory went with
me ;—

My whole existence, night and day, in memory seemed to be.

"I came again—I found them here :—he died—no one knew
how ;

The murdered body ne'er was found, the tale is hushed up now ;
But there was one who rightly guessed the hand that struck the
blow.

"It drove *her* mad—yet not his death,—no, not his death alone ;
For she had clung to hope, when all knew well that there was
none :

No, boy ! it was a sight she saw that froze her into stone !

"I am thy uncle, child,—why stare so frightfully aghast ?—
The arras waves,—but know'st thou not 'tis nothing but the blast ?
I, too, have had my fears like these, but such vain fears are past.

"I'll show thee what thy mother saw,—I feel 'twill ease my breast,
And this wild tempest-laden night suits with the purpose best.
Come hither—thou hast often sought to open this old chest.

"It has a secret spring ; the touch is known to me alone ;
Slowly the lid is raised, and now—what see you that you groan
So heavily ?—That thing is but a bare-ribbed skeleton."

A sudden crash—the lid fell down—three strides he backward
gave.

"Oh, Fate ! it is my brother's self returning from the grave !
His grasp of lead is on my throat—will no one help or save ?"

That night they laid him on his bed, in raving madness tossed ;
He gnashed his teeth, and with wild oaths blasphemed the Holy
Ghost ;

And, ere the light of morning broke, a sinner's soul was lost !

MY WILL.

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

I WOULD live, if I had my will,
In an old stone grange on a Yorkshire hill
Ivy-encircled, lichen-streaked,
Low and mullioned, gable-peaked,

With a velvet lawn, and a hedge of yew,
An apple orchard to saunter through,
Hyacinth-scented in spring's clear prime
And rich with roses in summer-time,
And a waft of heather over the hill,
Had I my will.

Over my tree-tops, grave and brown,
Slants the back of a breezy down ;
Through my fields, by the covert edge,
A swift stream splashes from ledge to ledge
On to the hamlet, scattered, gray,
Where folk live leisurely day by day ;
The same old faces about my walks ;
Smiling welcomes and simple talks ;
Innocent stories of Jack and Jill ;
Had I my will.

How my thrushes should pipe ere noon,
Young birds learning the old birds' tune ;
Casements wide, when the eve is fair,
To drink the scents of the moonlit air.
Over the valley I'd see the lights
Of the lone hill-farms, on the upland heights ;
And hear, when the night is alert with rain,
The steady pulse of the labouring train,
With the measured gush of the merry rill,
Had I my will.

Then in the winter, when gusts pipe thin,
By a clear fire would I sit within,
Warm and dry in the ingle nook,
Reading at ease in a good, grave book ;
Under the lamp, as I sideways bend,
I'd scan the face of my well-loved friend ;
Writing my verses with careless speed,
One, at least, would be pleased to read ;
Thus sweet leisure my days should fill,
Had I my will.

Then when the last guest steps to my side—
May it be summer, the windows wide—
I would smile as the parson prayed,
Smile to think I was once afraid ;
Death should beckon me, take my hand,
Smile at the door of the silent land,

Then the slumber, how good to sleep
 Under the grass where the shadows creep,
 Where the headstones slant on the wind-swept hill !
 I shall have my will !

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

ODE IN MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.*

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

"Et pavit eos in innocentia cordis sui : et intellectibus manuum suarum deduxit eos."—PSALM : Lib. lxxviii. 72.

GIVE thanks to God ! our Hero is at rest,
 Who more than all hath laboured, striven, aspired ;
 And now hath won his sleep—the last—the best
 His soul desired.

Now, though the warlike rumours swiftly run,
 Though mighty nations toss in fierce unrest,
 Though the harsh thunder of the throbbing gun
 Roars in the West,

Here all is still : beneath his castle walls
 Sprout blade, and bush, and every tender thing,
 And hark, the jocund throstle ! how she calls
 To Hope and Spring !

Peace on the smitten hearts that sorrow near !
 Now that the toil-worn warrior sinks to sleep,
 The nations listen, half afraid to hear
 A nation weep ;

And patriots weep, strong souls on alien shores,
 And men whose feet with saving peace are shod,
 And every heart that silently adores
 Freedom and God.

Freedom and God !—these first—but still he served
 All peaceful labours, and the world's strong youth ;
 Yet in the wildest onset, never swerved
 From sternest truth.

* This Ode was written to be recited at Eton on the 4th of June, 1898.

The fight he scorned not ; 'twas the prize he scorned !
He chose the scars and not the gauds of fame,
Gave crowns to others, keeping unadorned
His homely name.

Spring after spring, beneath the budding elm,
Not worn with toil, yet joyful in release,
He shook the dust of battle from his helm,
And practised peace.

Intent for rest—as he had hardly fought—
Hid from the world, the uproar and the fret,
Plunged in an instant in serener thought,
He could forget !

While yet his words made havoc of men's fears,
And thrilled reverberant through the spell-bound throng,
Smiling he stept from empire to the years
Through Time, through song.

Immortal made, old knights and spouses true,
And far as his enkindled eyes could scan,
He shot his arrowy thought, and pierced, and knew
The soul of man.

Or in the village temple, morn by morn,
He cleansed his pure heart with a humble prayer,
And rose on Zion's songs, beyond the bourne
Of earthly care ;

And last the Father willed one pang of love,
From wisdom's fiercest fire, one glowing coal
Should touch his lips, to chasten and to prove
The stainless soul.

Swift, swift was patience perfect : where he lay,
What heart could fail, what lips could murmur then ?
He whispered, 'twixt the darkness and the day,
His faint Amen.

Not mighty deeds, in keenest foresight planned,
Strong words, sweet motions of bewildering grace
Not these receive, at God's all-judging Hand—
The loftiest place,

But they who keep, through warfare and through ease,
Tho' praise, tho' hate about their name be blown,
The childlike heart, the childlike faith—for these
Are next the Throne.

[From "*The Professor, and other Poems*" (John Lane, London). By
Special Permission of the Author.]

MY OLD FRIEND.

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

It seems the world was always bright
With some divine unclouded weather,
When we, with hearts and footsteps light,
By lawn and river walked together :

There was no talk of me and you,
Of theories with facts to bound them,
We were content to be and do,
And take our fortunes as we found them.

We spoke no wistful words of love,
No hint of sympathy and dearness,
Only around, beneath, above,
There ran a swift and subtle nearness.

Each inmost thought was known to each
By some impetuous divination :
We found no need of flattering speech,
Content with silent admiration.

I think I never touched your hand,
I took no heed of face or feature,
Only, I thought on sea or land
Was never such a gracious creature.

It seems I was not hard to please,
Where'er you led I needs must follow ;
For strength you were my Hercules,
For wit and lustre my Apollo.

The years flew onward : stroke by stroke
They clashed from the impartial steeple,
And we appear to other folk
A pair of ordinary people.

One word, old friend: though fortune flies,
If hope should fail—till death shall sever—
In one dim pair of faithful eyes
You seem as bright, as brave as ever.

[From "Lord Vyet" (John Lane, London). By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE ROBIN AND THE CREDENCE.

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

I.

It was the blessed Christmas morn,
When for our solace Christ was born.

The Church was swept and garnished well;
The pine-boughs made a wholesome smell;

Then, ere the great bells, far aloof,
Jangled and hummed above the roof

In silence came the ancient priest,
To bless the house and set the feast.

He carved the bread of wheat-flour fine,
In chalice poured the fragrant wine,

Soon by the spoken word to be
Instinct with deep Divinity.

Then stored the credence point-device,
To serve the holy Mysteries,

But ere the sacred veil he laid,
He humbly knelt, and softly prayed.

II.

Meanwhile, across his ordered prayer
Fell tender flutterings through the air,

Like dainty cherubs sailing by
On some light-hearted ministry,

A bird, incomparably drest
In downy cape and ruby vest,

(That bird who roused the timid rage
Of serious folk on pilgrimage ;

He munched his spidery food, and made
Interpreter o'ershoot his trade :)

He perched, and swooped, and shyly veered,—
The priest across his fingers peered ;—

Upon the credence lit and paced,
And found the banquet to his taste ;

The food, he thought, that came at call,
Was set and consecrate for all

Whoe'er the precinct duly trod,
For me, or any child of God.

He ate, approved, and ate his fill,
Then piped a grace with right goodwill.

III.

Then creaked the door : the ringers came
Came clattering child, and feeble dame

To seek, like Anna, long and late,
Her Lord within the Temple gate ;

Sir Redbreast saw them ; at the view
The thankful sinner upward flew,

There in the rafters pluming sate,
Aloft, secure, inviolate ;—

The old priest rising from his knees
Repaired the tiny ravages,

It pleased him that the sacred feast
Was thus diminished, thus increased ;

Though God, he thought, still waits to bless
The meat with grace and godliness,

Yet 'twas no harm (perchance he erred)
The benediction of a bird !

THE LIONESS.

BY W. STOPFORD BROOKE.

WHY is my face so sad, you ask, and why
Is there so great a scar upon my hand?
'Tis a small story, but you have been kind,
And I am near to death—and death heals all.
Sir, I would thank you, and to tell my sorrow,
Untold to others, is to thank you best.

Five years have gone since Pierre was one with me
In work and love. We kept a wild-beast show,
And travelling in vans from town to town,
Saw many lands, and pleased the common folk.
I was the Lion-tamer, and though Pierre
Misliked the business for me, yet the child,
Annette, my little girl, whose starved-out bones
I laid to-day in the grave—the last live thing
I had to love on earth—had need of food
And clothes and learning, so that Pierre gave way,
Although he feared—not for himself, my man
Was brave as Alexander—but for me.
He could not take my work, for, sir, it needs
The training of a life; but when I stood
Among the four great beasts that snarled, and paced—
Three lions and a lioness—as softly
As hatred, with his hand beneath his cloak,
Pierre kept his station close beside the door,
Watching, his fingers on the bolt, in act
To spring within and help me, if a beast,
Remembering the desert, leaped at me—
And this his faithfulness and love became
My utter misery, and his dreadful death.

Two of the males were quiet, sluggish sots,
That, cornered in their cages, slept and snored,
Or growled, prowling in dreams—not so the third,
Who, shaggy-maned, black-visaged, huge, like an ox,
Strode to and fro all day the cage, and thought
Of the dark Afric river and the hunt,
And moonlight midst the troops of antelopes.
I knew his story—trapped one gusty night
By natives on the Congo—young and fierce
He came to me, but slavery never tamed

His passionate love of freedom. Oftentimes
 I watched his eyes dilate and dim with tears—
 It seemed of human passion—and his lips
 Draw back, and bare the stark and yellow fangs
 With scorn—self-scorn, I thought. I know he felt
 An incommunicable grief; and had
 The beast been man, he would have slain himself.
 I pitied him, and never made him leap
 The bar, or thread the rings, or play the tricks
 The others used—but when I sat enthroned,
 He came to me, and laid his stately head
 Upon my lap, and then arose and sat
 Close by my chair, erect like that great beast
 I saw at Venice by the Arsenal—
 Then gazed, it seemed, o'er space, but I laid soft
 My hand upon his head, and smoothed his ear.

I had no fear of him, but I did dread,
 When I was out of gear, the lioness!
 A long, gaunt beast, as lissom as a snake,
 Treacherous, hypocrite in every hair!
 Death watched me daily from her shifting eyes;
 And were it not she feared the iron whip
 I bit her flesh with—for I hated her—
 She would have torn me till she found my heart.

In colder climes her blood half-frozen, slept,
 But in the southern suns it coursed like fire
 Under her glossy skin, and in her brain
 Became a blinding fury. Day and night
 She knew no rest—her eyes were full of blood,
 Her growl the low continuous thunder roar
 Heard from the plain when storm is in the Alps.
 At every step she made upon the floor
 Her claws went out, and drawn back, rent away
 Sharp slivers of the wood, and when askance
 She looked at me, an arrow of hell-fire
 Flew in my face; and yet her will to slay,
 Through fear inconstant, bent to mine. I lived
 Like one who treads a slippery shelf of rock
 Above a precipice! If once the beast
 O'erpassed, in wrath, the limits of her dread,
 Or if some chance relaxed my heart, my life
 Smitten by her, fell headlong down the steep.

This was her temper when we came to Rome.
 It was the spring, a warm scirocco spring;
 Among the cypress roots sweet violets oped

Their childish eyelids, and in ilex coverts
Shy cyclamen pushed through the fallen leaves
Their milky mouth. Anemones, whose blood
Reddened the fields, rejoiced my heart, and o'er
The clustering jonquils and tall asphodel,
The almond-trees upon the Aventine
Seemed like white clouds asleep among the hills.
I was as happy as a girl—the air,
Velvet to cheek and lip, recalled the days
When I was young in Provence, whence I came—
Oh, sir, my joy was fateful : on the day
Our show was opened, she, my enemy,
Came fluttering in with smiles, and sat her down
In the first row, and stared, and when I saw
Her eager, cold, and curious light-blue eyes
Fixed on my lions, then on me, as if
I were another animal, and not
A woman like herself, a shudder ran
O'er me like wind across the mountain grass—
I lost my head a moment, and fell back,
Staggering, with wavering sight, against the cage,
And Pierre, as white as dust with terror, cried
“Beware !” for missing now my steady look,
The lioness drew inward on her haunch
Her mighty shoulders, and her eyes, half-shut,
Blazed ; but I gathered up my heart, and strode
Straight to the beast, and beat her down, and set
My foot upon her throat, and all the folk
Cheered ; and the woman, leaning forward, smiled
And clapped her hands together as the snake
Clatters his rattles ere he strikes for death.
Fool not to keep my first instinctive dread,
And fool still more to let her swift smooth tongue
Play on my pride—for when the show was closed,
She stayed and questioned of our life, and made
Me and my Pierre her friends, and supped with us,
And I, enchanted, gave my heart to her.

Day after day she came, and when the shed
Was empty of the people—sat alone,
Watching the beasts, and smiling to herself,
As if she read a book ; and once I said,
“ ’Twould seem they were your kindred, so intense
Your pleasure in them ! ” “ Well, perhaps they are,”
She answered, “ distant cousins ! ” and she yawned
Lazily, like a cat ; and then she took

The lion cubs—and this was her delight—
And held them in her lap, and played with them,
Tossed them and stirred their passions, made them fight;
And when they glared, and growled, and rolled together
Biting and tearing, “Oh,” she said, “how soon
They will become great beasts, and set their hearts
On living food! I’d give a year of life
To see them in the desert strike their prey!”—
And then her smile was cruel, and she grew
In motions, eyes, and mouth so like the lioness,
You would have thought that they were one in heart.
Yet the great beast abhorred her, and one day,
Trembling with rage, launched like a thunderbolt
Her body at the woman who had pushed
An arm within the bars, and had not Pierre
Seized her and whirled her from the place, her flesh
Had been ripped from shoulder to the wrist.
I thought that this would fright her, but she said—
“Afraid! No, no, I love all dangerous beasts,
But most of all the mighty cats, for they
Have power at the back of subtilty.
Their step is velvet like the night, until,
As sudden as the lightning stabs the dark,
Their claws flash forth and hatred drinks its fill;
So would I wait, so spring—if I were wronged.”
And then she ceased, but o’er her face there ran
So black a wind of passion that I quailed,
Seeing her heart—but while it came it went,
And all the woman smiled as smooth as steel.

But after this, she set her will to raise
This fury in the lioness. At times
The brute couched low, immovable as stone,
And only the slow eyelids’ lift and droop,
And the fierce flare beneath them, told its wrath:
But when the day was hot, and quenchless thirst
Plagued it, the woman had her will, and lashed
The yellow devil into storm and flame.
Standing, her arm outstretched, she mocked the beast,
As if it understood: “Wake, wake,” she cried,
“The forest pool is clear, the moon shines bright,
The path is full of herds that come to drink;
Waken, and strike the prey.” And then she laughed—
“Ho, ho, you may not! caught and caged and chained;
The free beast lashed from town to town to make
Sport for the peasant curs. Have you no heart,

No anger, no despair? Roar, wail and howl,
And make me music."

Then she tossed in the air
The two small cubs, and made them writhe and scream,
Knitting her thin, long fingers round their throat,
And laughing like a child—at which the lioness
Leaped at her, dashing on the bars, and fell,
And bounded to her feet, and ran like fire
Let loose in a dry wood across the cage,
Barking with rage ; then, powerless to hurt,
And therefore lost in passion, flung herself
Upon her back, and with her gleaming claws
Tore at her breast, as I have seen a woman
Rend open in mad wrath, with both her hands,
The robe that hid her bosom,

I at first
Was pleased with the rough game, but when at night,
After her daily maddening of the beast,
She came to see me with it in the cage,
And watched me curiously, and with, it seemed,
The expectation of some dreadful thing,
I felt like some wild creature in a net
That waits the hunter's knife. My courage ebbed,
Then rose, unequally. Each separate nerve
Thrilled like a string too tense for temperate sound ;
My will and eye were not at one, and Pierre,
In fear for me, begged her to come no more.
"I am afraid," he said, "the lioness
Is devil-stung ; revenge and hatred watch
Within her, like two murderers in a wood ;
One slip, one error, and my wife is slain."
"Why that," she laughed, "is hers to guard against :
Her fame is more, the more enraged the brute."
Then Pierre drew back in horror : "Go," he cried,
"Go, and return no more !" At that the woman
Paled to the lips, and then a flame ran up
From throat to brow, and in her eyes I thought
Wrath lay outstretched, and like the lioness
In act to spring. "Insolent !" so she said,
"I will see your face no more, but ere we part
You shall receive my legacy ; I'll leave
My anger in the heart of that huge cat."
And white with cruelty and scorn—like those
Great Roman ladies in the circus, who

Gossiped while men were torn of beasts, and signed
"Death" when a fighter fell, because the slaughter
Stirred their slow pulse—she thrust my arm aside,
And went straight onward to the den, and grasped
The bars and shook them, fearless in her rage,
And cried aloud upon the lioness, and threw
Her glove into the eyelids of the brute—
Whereat it sprang so fearfully, the cage
Rocked like an earthquake-smitten house, but she
Drew back and smiled, and seizing on the cubs,
Flung them against the cage and laughed aloud,
Mocking the beast and us, and many times
She did this thing, the while the lioness
Roared like a storm, and every hair pricked up,
Stiff as a dagger, and her sinewy tail
Incessant whirled and fell like a flail, and lashed
The cage—at which her three companion beasts,
Infected with her fury, leaped to their feet
And joined their voices, roar on roar, to hers,
Until the close air in the canvas shed
Throbbled like the sky around a tall church tower
When the enormous bells are clashed for war,
Or fire leaps on the town; but midst the noise,
At intervals, while Pierre and I stood still
In fear and in confusion, strangely fell
Upon our ears the hooting of an owl
Among the brushwood on the Palatine.—
She heard it too, and tossing up her head
Cried out, "Your fate!" and passed beyond the door.

But as she went the lioness stood still,
And watched her, growling low, with eyes
Full of grey hate, and then she snarled at me
So fiercely that I read her thoughts, and knew
She held me guilty of the woman's work;
And I—I could not help it—cried aloud,
"I have not done you wrong!" at which the beast
Laughed loud, or seemed to laugh, for now my head
Swam, and my heart was sick, and in my brain
A harp-string seemed to snap, and shameful fear
Came on me like a sea and drowned my will.
And since that day the Fiend of Fear sits crouched,
Gathered between my shoulders, and her voice
Crawls in my ears, and round my throat her arms.
I hid my state from Pierre—for on that night
Our benefit was fixed—and set my heart

To fight with fear for conquest over death !
Alas, not mine the death, but death in life ;
I lived to weep—my husband died for me.

'Twas a sultry, moonless night. The day
Had threatened storm, and when the evening fell,
The sun plunged downwards like a ball of brass.
Burning among the up-climbing clouds of storm,
That, red with menace, when the night had come,
Sank down without a breath of wind and whelmed
The exhausted city. Nature feared ; my beasts
Moaned in their dens and tossed ; and when the shed
Was filled with folk, a sickly smell and steam
Rose up, and caught my breath, and Woe drew near,
And walked, a grey-haired phantom, in my heart.
Then my great Afric lion roared and wailed,
And when I came into the cage, looked up
So piteously at me, I think he knew
The misery that next moment fell on me.
For now the glare of blood-red lightning flashed
And kindled every face, and then a peal
Of thunder, midst of shrieks and cries, broke loose,
Shattering earth and heaven, and mighty hail
Fell in a sheet—and I shrank back amazed,
Sheltering my eyes, and in that instant leaped
The lioness, and tore me on the wrist,
For I had sprung aside. Next moment, Pierre,
In-darting, seized and flung me out of doors,
But stumbling as he followed me, was jammed
Close in the gate, and the great beast, enraged,
Sprang roaring on his back, and knit her paws
Around his throat, and bore him to the earth,
And drove her teeth into his neck, and snapped
Asunder his back-bone. I saw him slain,
And fell to earth, as falls a thunderbolt.

I woke in hospital. Six weeks had passed,
Weeks of a fever lodged within the brain,
That imaged o'er and o'er the beast's fierce leap,
My shriek, the rescue, and my husband's death,
With mad monotony. Would I had died !
But when I lived again Annette was there,
And kissed me sweetly, and my mother's heart
Beat back despair ! I lived to love Pierre's child,
And hand in hand we went to see the place,
Where, in the grass and violets, beneath

The shadow of the city wall, they laid
 The broken body of my love ; and some,
 Who honoured his brave deed, had placed a stone
 Above his head, and writ these words on it :
 " He died to save his wife," at which I wept,
 And blessed them ! Many, too, were kind,
 And gave me gifts, but Rome was cursed for me ;
 My heart was dead. The lioness was killed
 By order of the town, the beasts were sold
 To pay my debts, and I passed on alone
 Into the thoughtless world, and begged my way
 Back to Provence ; and now Annette is dead,
 And I am waiting for the heavenly call
 To meet my husband ; patiently I wait,
 For I have seen him often in the night
 Stretch forth his arms to me, and call my name
 Out of a wondrous light ! I think my hour
 Is near at hand, for in the last few days,
 And even while I tell you, sir, this tale,
 I have forgiven, in the name of God,
 Her who slew me, my husband, and my child !

Years afterwards I met the woman who
 So lightly followed fancy, and she said :
 " Yes, I recall the tragic tale. I read
 The story in the papers, and I went
 To see the poor thing and to comfort her
 With money, for I liked her. But I found
 An empty lodging ; she had gone away.
 Yet she was useful to me, for I took
 Her life, and certain facts in it, and made them
 Into a little book that pleased the world ! "

[From " Poems " (Macmillan & Co., Limited, London). By Special
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THE KING AND THE HUNTSMAN.

BY W. STOPFORD BROOKE.

THE king and his huntsman are gone to the chase
 And the huntsman's son with them,
 Two nights they lay, and two days they rode,
 Till they came to the forest's hem.

"O what are these meadows," the king he said,
"And this stream that runs in flood,
And why is the grass as green as a copse,
And the stream as red as blood?"

"Is this the meadow and this the stream"—
And he laughed both loud and free—
"Where it's twenty years I loved a maid,
And sorely she loved me?"

Then up and spake the huntsman dark,
And he was deadly fell,
"Now draw your dagger, my son," he said,
"And send this king to hell.

"Revenge burns slow, but it flames at last—
The maiden was my daughter;
She broke her heart for thee and shame,
And died in this wild water.

"Nor wife, nor child, but the carrion crow,
Shall hear thy dying groan,
And Ellen's stream shall be red with thy blood,
And the wolves strip thy breast-bone."

Then the king grew pale as the snow at dawn,
And he bared his hunting-knife;
"O woe that I left my good deer-hound,
For I should not lose my life."

"I slew him first," the huntsman said—
And fierce at the king he ran;
"Strike down at his back, my son, strike hard,
For he shall not die like a man."

And they washed their hands in the red, red blood,
And over the seas to Spain;
And the only sextons that buried the king
Were the wild beasts and the rain.

[From "Poems" (Macmillan & Co., Limited, London). By Special
Permission of the Author.]

THE STOCKHORN AND THE VALLEY.

BY W. STOPFORD BROOKE.

THE Stockhorn looked down on the Valley,
And cried : "O give me your heart."
But the Valley loved only herself, and said,
"Our lives are too far apart."

The Stockhorn heard, and he hid his head
Far up in the lonely air ;
"A pleasure has gone," the Valley said,
"From my life—but I do not care."

Then the Stockhorn gathered, in wrath, his clouds,
And rained on the Valley, and flared ;
And the Valley said, "If you had done this
At first, I might have cared."

Then the Valley began to dream, and Love
Crept into her like pain ;
"I wish he were back," the Valley said,
"And I'm weary of this rain."

And the rain it ceased, and the Stockhorn shook
The clouds from his haughty head ;
"Look down on me, and love me now,
For I repent," the Valley said.

But the Stockhorn had fallen in love with the Dawns
That over the mountains rove ;
And he heard not the streams of the Valley sob,
Nor knew that she died of love.

[From "*Poems*" (Macmillan & Co., Limited, London). By Special
Permission of the Author.]

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river ;
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river ;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river !)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan
(Laughed while he sat by the river),
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan !
Piercing sweet by the river !
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man :
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
For the reed which grows never more again
As a reed with the reeds of the river.

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—Ps. cxxvii. 2.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep" ?

What would we give to our beloved ?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved !" we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep :
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
O men, with wailing in your voices !
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap !
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
God makes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dew's drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it floateth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap,
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Yea, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Confirmed, in such a rest to keep ;
But angels say—and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the jugglers leap,—
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
Who "giveth His beloved sleep!"

And, friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His beloved sleep."

THE LADY'S YES.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"YES!" I answered you last night;
"No!" this morning, sir, I say!
Colours seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,
Lamps above, and laughs below—
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *Yes* or fit for *No*!

Call me false, or call me free—
Vow, whatever light may shine,
No man on thy face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—
Time to dance is not to woo—
Wooer light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*!

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death—
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
 Point her to the starry skies,
 Guard her, by your truthful words,
 Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
 Ever true, as wives of yore—
 And her *Yes*, once said to you,
 SHALL be *Yes* for evermore.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE PAGE.

"The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
 That ever master had."

—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A KNIGHT of gallant deeds,
 And a young page at his side,
 From the holy war in Palestine,
 Did slow and thoughtful ride,—
 As each were a palmer, and told for beads,
 The dews of the eventide.

"O young page," said the knight,
 "A noble page art thou!
 Thou fearest not to steep in blood
 The curls upon thy brow;
 And once in the tent, and twice in the fight,
 Didst ward me a mortal blow"—

"O brave knight," said the page,
 "Or ere we hither came,
 We talked in tent, we talked in field,
 Of the bloody battle-game:
 But here, below this greenwood bough,
 I cannot speak the same.

"Our troop is far behind,
 The woodland calm is new;
 Our steeds, with slow grass-muffled hoofs,
 Tread deep the shadows through:
 And in my mind some blessing kind
 Is dropping with the dew.

"The woodland calm is pure—
I cannot choose but have
A thought, from these, o' the beechen-trees
Which in our England wave;
And of the little finches fine
Which sang there, while in Palestine
The warrior-hilt we drave.

"Methinks, a moment gone,
I heard my mother pray!
I heard, sir knight, the prayer for *me*
Wherein she passed away;
And I know the Heavens are leaning down
To hear what I shall say."

The page spake calm and high,
As of no mean degree;
Perhaps he felt in Nature's broad
Full heart his own was free!
And the knight looked up to his lifted eye,
Then answered smilingly:—

"Sir page, I pray your grace!
Certes, I meant not so
To cross your pastoral mood, sir page,
With the crook of the battle-bow;
But a knight may speak of a lady's face,
I trow, in any mood or place,
If the grasses die or grow.

"And this, I meant to say,—
My lady's face shall shine
As ladies' faces use, to greet
My page from Palestine:
Or speak she fair, or prank she gay,
She is no lady of mine.

"And this, I meant to fear,—
Her bower may suit thee ill!
For, sooth, in that same field and tent
Thy *talk* was somewhat still;
And fitter thine hand for my knightly spear
Than thy tongue for my lady's will."

Slowly and thankfully

The young page bowed his head :
His large eyes seemed to muse a smile,
Until he blushed instead ;
And no lady in her bower pardiè
Could blush more sudden red—
“Sir knight, thy lady’s bower to me
Is suited well,” he said.

Beati, beati, mortui !

From the convent on the sea,—
One mile off, or scarce as nigh,
Swells the dirge as clear and high
As if that, over brake and lea,
Bodily the wind did carry
The great altar of St. Mary,
And the fifty tapers burning o’er it,
And the Lady Abbess dead before it,—
And the chanting nuns whom yesterweek
Her voice did charge and bless—
Chanting steady, chanting meek,
Chanting with a solemn breath
Because that they are thinking less
Upon the Dead than upon death !

Beati, beati, mortui !

Now the vision in the sound
Wheelet on the wind around—
Now it sweeps aback, away—
The uplands will not let it stay
To dark the western sun.

Mortui !—away at last,—

Or ere the page’s blush is past !
And the knight heard all, and the page heard
none.

“A boon, thou noble knight,
If ever I served thee !
Though thou art a knight, and I am a page
Now grant a boon to me—
And tell me sooth, if dark or bright,
If little loved, or loved aright,
Be the face of thy ladye.”

Gloomily looked the knight :—

“As a son thou hast served me :
And would to none I had granted boon

Except to only thee !
For haply then I should love aright,—
For then I should know if dark or bright
Were the face of my ladye.

“ Yet ill it suits my knightly tongue
To grudge that granted boon !
That heavy price, from heart and life,
I paid in silence down :
The hand that claimed it, cleared in fine
My father's fame ! I swear by mine
That price was nobly won.

“ Earl Walter was a brave old earl,—
He was my father's friend ;
And while I rode the lists at court,
And little guessed the end,—
My noble father in his shroud,
Against a slanderer lying loud,
He rose up to defend.

“ Oh, calm, below the marble grey,
My father's dust was strown !
Oh, meek, above the marble grey,
His image prayed alone !
The slanderer lied—the wretch was brave,—
For, looking up the minster-nave,
He saw my father's knightly glaive
Was changed from steel to stone.

“ But Earl Walter's glaive was steel,
With a brave old hand to wear it !
And dashed the lie back in the mouth
Which lied against the godly truth
And against the knightly merit !
The slanderer, 'neath the avenger's heel,
Struck up the dagger in appeal
From stealthy lie to brutal force—
And out upon that traitor's corse,
Was yielded the true spirit !

“ I would mine hand had fought that fight,
And justified my father !
I would mine heart had caught that wound,
And slept beside him rather !

I think it were a better thing
Than murdered friend, and marriage-ring,
Forced on my life together.

"Wail shook Earl Walter's house—
His true wife shed no tear—
She lay upon her bed as mute
As the earl did on his bier :
Till—' Ride, ride fast,' she said at last,
' And bring the avengèd's son anear !
Ride fast—ride free, as a dart can flee ;
For white of blé, with waiting for me,
Is the corse in the next chambère.'

"I came—I knelt beside her bed—
Her calm was worse than strife—
' My husband, for thy father dear,
Gave freely, when thou wert not here,
His own and eke my life.
A boon ! Of that sweet child we make
An orphan for thy father's sake,
Make thou, for ours, a wife.'

"I said, ' My steed neighs in the court ;
My bark rocks on the brine ;
And the warrior's vow I am under now,
To free the pilgrim's shrine :
But fetch the ring, and fetch the priest,
And call that daughter of thine ;
And rule she wide, from my castle on Nyde,
While I am in Palestine.'

"In the dark chambère, if the bride was fair,
Ye wis, I could not see ;
But the steed thrice neighed, and the priest fast
prayed,
And wedded fast were we.
Her mother smiled upon her bed,
As at its side we knelt to wed ;
And the bride rose from her knee,—
And kissed the smile of her mother dead,
Or ever she kissed me.

"My page, my page, what grieves thee so,
That the tears run down thy face ?"—
"Alas, alas ! mine own sistèr
Was in thy lady's case !

But *she* laid down the silks she wore,
And followed him she wed before,
Disguised as his true servitor,
To the very battle-place."

And wept the page, and laughed the knight,—
A careless laugh laughed he :
"Well done it were for thy sister,
But not for my ladye !
My love, so please you, shall requite
No woman, whether dark or bright,
Unwomaned if she be."

The page stopped weeping, and smiled cold—
"Your wisdom may declare
That womanhood is proved the best
By golden brooch and glossy vest
The mincing ladies wear :
Yet is it proved, and was of old,
Anear as well—I dare to hold—
By truth, or by despair."

He smiled no more—he wept no more,—
But passionate he spake,—
"Oh, womanly she prayed in tent,
When none beside did wake !
Oh, womanly she paled in fight
For one belovèd's sake !—
And her little hand defiled with blood,
Her tender tears of womanhood,
Most woman-pure, did make !"

"Well done it were for thy sister—
Thou tellest well her tale !
But for my lady, she shall pray
I' the kirk of Nydesdale—
Not dread for me, but love for me,
Shall make my lady pale
No casque shall hide her woman's tear—
It shall have room to trickle clear
Behind her woman's veil."

"But what if she mistook thy mind,
And followed thee to strife ;
Then, kneeling, did entreat thy love
As Paynims ask for life ?"

"I would forgive, and evermore
 Would love her as my servitor,
 But little as my wife.

"Look up—there is a small bright cloud
 Alone amid the skies!
 So high, so pure, and so apart,
 A woman's glory lies."
 The page looked up—the cloud was sheen—
 A sadder cloud did rush, I ween,
 Betwixt it and his eyes:

Then dimly dropped his eyes away
 From welkin unto hill—
 Ha! who rides there?—the page is 'ware,
 Though the cry at his heart is still!
 And the page seeth all, and the knight seeth none,
 Though banner and spear do fleck the sun,
 And the Saracens ride at will.

He speaketh calm, he speaketh low,—
 "Ride fast, my master, ride,
 Or ere within the broadening dark
 The narrow shadows hide!"
 "Yea, fast, my page; I will do so;
 And keep thou at my side."

"Now nay, now nay, ride on thy way,
 Thy faithful page precede!
 For I must loose on saddle-bow
 My battle-casque, that galls, I trow,
 The shoulder of my steed;
 And I must pray, as I did vow,
 For one in bitter need.

"Ere night I shall be near to thee,—
 Now ride, my master, ride!
 Ere night, as parted spirits cleave
 To mortals too beloved to leave,
 I shall be at thy side."
 The knight smiled free at the fantasy,
 And adown the dell did ride.

Had the knight looked up to the page's face,
 No smile the word had won!
 Had the knight looked up to the page's face,
 I ween he had never gone!

Had the knight looked back to the page's geste,
I ween he had turned anon !
For dread was the woe in the face so young ;
And wild was the silent geste that flung
Casque, sword to earth—as the boy down-sprung,
And stood—alone, alone.

He clenched his hands, as if to hold
His soul's great agony—
“ Have I renounced my womanhood,
For wifehood unto *thee* ?
And is this the last, last look of thine,
That ever I shall see ?

“ Yet God thee save, and mayst thou have
A lady to thy mind ;
More woman-proud, and half as true
As one thou leav'st behind !
And God me take with HIM to dwell—
For HIM I cannot love too well,
As I have loved my kind.”

She looketh up, in earth's despair,
The hopeful Heavens to seek !
That little cloud still floateth there,
Whereof her Loved did speak.
How bright the little cloud appears !
Her eyelids fall upon the tears,—
And the tears down either cheek.

.

The tramp of hoof, the flash of steel—
The Paynims round her coming !
The sound and sight have made her calm,—
False page, but truthful woman !
She stands amid them all unmoved :
The heart, once broken by the Loved,
Is strong to meet the foeman.

“ Ho, Christian page ! art keeping sheep,
From pouring wine-cups, resting ? ”—
“ I keep my master's noble name,
For warring, not for feasting :
And if that here Sir Hubert were,
My master brave, my master dear,
Ye would not stay to question.”

"Where is thy master, scornful page,
That we may slay or bind him?"—
"Now search the lea, and search the wood,
And see if ye can find him!
Nathless, as hath been often tried,
Your Paynim heroes faster ride
Before him than behind him."

"Give smoother answers, lying page,
Or perish in the lying!"—
"I trow that if the warrior brand
Beside my foot, were in my hand,
'Twere better at replying."
They cursed her deep, they smote her low,
They cleft her golden ringlets through:
The Loving is the Dying.

She felt the scimitar gleam down,
And met it from beneath,
With smile more bright in victory
Than any sword from sheath,—
Which flashed across her lip serene,
Most like the spirit-light between
The darks of life and death.

Ingemisco, ingemisco!
From the convent on the sea
Now it sweepeth solemnly!
As over wood and over lea,
Bodily the wind did carry
The great altar of St. Mary,
And the fifty tapers paling o'er it,
And the Lady Abbess stark before it,
And the weary nuns, with hearts that faintly
Beat along their voices saintly—

Ingemisco, ingemisco!
Dirge for abbess laid in shroud,
Sweepeth o'er the shroudless Dead,
Page or lady, as we said,
With the dew upon her head,
All as sad if not as loud!

Ingemisco, ingemisco!
Is ever a lament begun
By any mourner under sun,
Which, ere it endeth, suits but *one*!

THE DEAD PAN.

Excited by Schiller's "Götter Griechenlands," and partly founded on a well-known tradition mentioned in a treatise of Plutarch ("De Oraculorum Defectu"), according to which, at the hour of the Saviour's agony, a cry of "Great Pan is dead!" swept across the waves in the hearing of certain mariners,—and the oracles ceased.

It is in all veneration to the memory of the deathless Schiller that I oppose a doctrine still more dishonouring to poetry than to Christianity.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

GODS of Hellas, gods of Hellas!
Can ye listen in your silence?
Can your mystic voices tell us
Where ye hide? In floating islands
With a wind that evermore
Keeps you out of sight of shore?
Pan, Pan is dead.

In what revels are ye sunken
In old Æthiopia?
Have the pygmies made you drunken,
Bathing in mandragora
Your divine pale lips, that shiver
Like the lotus in the river?
Pan, Pan is dead.

Do ye sit there still in slumber,
In gigantic Alpine rows?
The black poppies out of number
Nodding, dripping from your brows
To the red lees of your wine,—
And so kept alive and fine?
Pan, Pan is dead

Or lie crushed your stagnant corpses
Where the silver spheres roll on,
Stung to life by centric forces
Thrown like rays out from the sun!—
While the smoke of your old altars
Is the shroud that round you welters?
Great Pan is dead.

Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,
Said the old Hellenic tongue!
Said the hero-oaths, as well as
Poets' songs the sweetest sung!

Have ye grown deaf in a day?
Can ye speak not yea or nay—
Since Pan is dead?

Do ye leave your rivers flowing
All alone, O Naiades,
While your drenched locks dry slow in
This cold feeble sun and breeze?—
Not a word the Naiads say,
Though the rivers run for aye,
For Pan is dead.

From the gloaming of the oak wood,
O ye Dryads, could ye flee!
At the rushing thunder-stroke, would
No sob tremble through the tree?—
Not a word the Dryads say,
Though the forests wave for aye,
For Pan is dead.

Have ye left the mountain places,
Oreads wild, for other tryst?
Shall we see no sudden faces
Strike a glory through the mist?
Not a sound the silence thrills,
Of the everlasting hills.
Pan, Pan is dead.

O twelve gods of Plato's vision,
Crowned to starry wanderings,—
With your chariots in procession,
And your silver clash of wings!
Very pale ye seem to rise,
Ghosts of Grecian deities—
Now Pan is dead!

Jove! that right hand is unloaded,
Whence the thunder did prevail;
While, in idiocy of godhead,
Thou art staring the stars pale!
And thine eagle, blind and old,
Roughs his feathers in the cold.
Pan, Pan is dead.

Where, O Juno, is the glory
Of thy regal look and tread?

Will they lay, for evermore, thee
 On thy dim, straight, golden bed?
 Will thy queendom all lie hid
 Meekly under either lid?

Pan, Pan is dead.

Ha, Apollo! Floats his golden
 Hair all mist-like where he stands;
 While the Muses hang enfolding
 Knee and foot with faint wild hands?
 Neath the clanging of thy bow,
 Niobe looked lost as thou!

Pan, Pan is dead.

Shall the casque with its brown iron
 Pallas' broad blue eyes eclipse,
 And no hero take inspiring
 From the God-Greek of her lips?
 'Neath her olive dost thou sit,
 Mars the mighty, cursing it?

Pan, Pan is dead.

Bacchus, Bacchus! on the panther
 He swoons,—bound with his own vines!
 And his Mænads slowly saunter,
 Head aside, among the pines,
 While they murmur dreamingly,—
 "Evohe—ah—evohe—"

Ah, Pan is dead.

Neptune lies beside the trident,
 Dull and senseless as a stone;
 And old Pluto, deaf and silent,
 Is cast out into the sun.
 Ceres smileth stern thereat,—
 "We *all* now are desolate—"

Now Pan is dead.

Aphrodite! dead and driven
 As thy native foam thou art;
 With the cestus long done heaving
 On the white calm of thine heart!
Ai Adonis! At that shriek,
 Not a tear runs down her cheek—

Pan, Pan is dead.

And the Loves, we used to know from
 One another, huddled lie,
 Frore as taken in a snowstorm,
 Close beside her tenderly,—
 As if each had weakly tried
 Once to kiss her as he died.

Pan, Pan is dead.

What, and Hermes! Time enthralleth
 All thy cunning, Hermes, thus,—
 And the ivy blindly crawleth
 Round thy brave caduceus?
 Hast thou no new message for us,
 Full of thunder and Jove-glories?

Nay! Pan is dead.

Crowned Cybele's great turret
 Rocks and crumbles on her head:
 Roar the lions of her chariot
 Toward the wilderness, unfed:
 Scornful children are not mute,—
 "Mother, mother, walk a-foot—
 Since Pan is dead."

In the fiery-hearted centre
 Of the solemn universe,
 Ancient Vesta,—who could enter
 To consume thee with this curse?
 Drop thy grey chin on thy knee,
 O thou palsied Mystery!

For Pan is dead.

Gods! we vainly do adjure you,—
 Ye return nor voice nor sign:
 Not a votary could secure you
 Even a grave for your Divine!
 Not a grave, to show thereby,
Here these grey old gods do lie!

Pan, Pan is dead.

Even that Greece who took your wages,
 Calls the obolus outworn;
 And the hoarse deep-throated ages
 Laugh your godships unto scorn;
 And the poets do disclaim you,
 Or grow colder if they name you—

And Pan is dead.

Gods bereaved, gods belated,—
With your purples rent asunder !
Gods discrowned and desecrated,
Disinherited of thunder !
Now, the goats may climb and crop
The soft grass on Ida's top—
Now, Pan is dead.

Calm, of old, the bark went onward,
When a cry more loud than wind,
Rose up, deepened, and swept sunward,
From the piled Dark behind :
And the sun shrank and grew pale,
Breathed against by the great wail—
Pan, Pan is dead.

And the rowers from the benches
Fell,—each shuddering on his face,—
While departing Influences
Struck a cold back through the place ;
And the shadow of the ship
Reeled along the passive deep—
Pan, Pan is dead.

And that dismal cry rose slowly,
And sank slowly through the air ;
Full of spirit's melancholy
And eternity's despair !
And they heard the words it said—
PAN IS DEAD—GREAT PAN IS DEAD—
PAN, PAN IS DEAD.

'Twas the hour when One in Sion
Hung for love's sake on a cross—
When His brow was chill with dying,
And His soul was faint with loss ;
When His priestly blood dropped downward,
And His kingly eyes looked throneward—
Then, Pan was dead.

By the love He stood alone in,
His sole Godhead stood complete ;
And the false gods fell down moaning,
Each from off his golden seat—
All the false gods with a cry
Rendered up their deity—
Pan, Pan was dead.

Wailing wide across the islands,
 They rent, vest-like, their Divine !
 And a darkness and a silence
 Quenched the light of every shrine ;
 And Dodona's oak swang lonely
 Henceforth, to the tempest only—
 Pan, Pan was dead.

Pythia staggered,—feeling o'er her,
 Her lost god's forsaking look,
 Straight her eyeballs filmed with horror,
 And her crispy fillets shook ;
 And her lips gasped through their foam,
 For a word that did not come—
 Pan, Pan was dead.

O ye vain false gods of Hellas,
 Ye are silent evermore !
 And I dash down this old chalice,
 Whence libations ran of yore.
 See ! the wine crawls in the dust
 Worm-like—as your glories must !
 Since Pan is dead.

Get to dust, as common mortals,
 By a common doom and track !
 Let no Schiller from the portals
 Of that Hades call you back,—
 Or instruct us to weep all
 At your antique funeral—
 Pan, Pan is dead.

By your beauty, which confesses
 Some chief Beauty conquering you,—
 By our grand heroic guesses,
 Through your falsehood, at the True,—
 We will weep *not* . . . /—earth shall roll
 Heir to each god's aureole—
 And Pan is dead.

Earth outgrows the mythic fancies
 Sung beside her in her youth ;
 And those debonair romances
 Sound but dull beside the truth.
 Phœbus' chariot-course is run !
 Look up, poets, to the sun !
 Pan, Pan is dead.

Christ hath sent us down the angels ;
 And the whole earth and the skies
 Are illumed by altar-candles
 Lit for blessed mysteries.
 And a Priest's Hand, through creation,
 Waveth calm and consecration—
 And Pan is dead.

Truth is fair : should we forego it ?
 Can we sigh right for a wrong ?
 God Himself is the best Poet,
 And the Real is His song.
 Sing His truth out fair and full,
 And secure His beautiful—
 Let Pan be dead.

Truth is large. Our aspiration
 Scarce embraces half we be.
 Shame ! to stand in His creation
 And doubt Truth's sufficiency !—
 To think God's song unexcelling
 The poor tales of our own telling—
 When Pan is dead.

What is true and just and honest,
 What is lovely, what is pure—
 All of praise that hath admonisht,—
 All of virtue, shall endure :
 These are themes for poets' uses,
 Stirring nobler than the Muses—
 Ere Pan was dead.

O brave poets, keep back nothing,
 Nor mix falsehood with the whole !
 Look up Godward ! speak the truth in
 Worthy song from earnest soul !
 Hold, in high poetic duty,
 Truest Truth the fairest Beauty !
 Pan, Pan is dead.

MY LAST DUCHESS.

FERRARA.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

THAT's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive. I call
 That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
 "Frà Pandolf" by design: for never read
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
 How such a glance came there; so, not the first
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
 Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
 Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half-flush that dies along her throat:" such stuff
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
 A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
 Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
 Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
 The dropping of the daylight in the West,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
 She rode with round the terrace—all and each
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good! but thanked
 Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
 In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
 Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set

Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
 — E'en then would be some stooping ; and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her ; but who passed without
 Much the same smile ? This grew ; I gave commands ;
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise ? We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed ;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbrück cast in bronze for me ?

[*From "Dramatic Romances" (Smith, Elder & Co., London).]*

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX."

[16—.]

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
 "Good speed !" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
 "Speed !" echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

II.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit.
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

III.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, " Yet there is time ! "

IV.

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
'To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray :

V.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

VI.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, " Stay spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix "—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

VII.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff ;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight !

VIII.

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

IX.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

X.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

[From "*Dramatic Lyrics*" (Smith, Elder & Co., London).]

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

II.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall,—"
 Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

III.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

IV.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon !
 The Marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him !" The chief's eye flashed ; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

V.

The chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes.
 "You're wounded !" "Nay," the soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 "I'm killed, Sire !" And his chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

[From "*Dramatic Romances*" (Smith, Elder & Co., London).]

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

I SAID—Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
Since now at length my fate I know,
Since nothing all my love avails,
Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,
 Since this was written and needs must be—
My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness !
Take back the hope you gave,—I claim
Only a memory of the same,
—And this beside, if you will not blame,
 Your leave for one more last ride with me.

II.

My mistress bent that brow of hers ;
Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs
When pity would be softening through,
Fixed me a breathing-while or two
 With life or death in the balance : right !
The blood replenished me again ;
My last thought was at least not vain :
I and my mistress, side by side
Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So, one day more am I deified.
 Who knows but the world may end to-night ?

III.

Hush ! if you saw some western cloud
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed
By many benedictions—sun's
And moon's and evening star's at once—
 And so, you, looking and loving best,
Conscious grew, your passion drew
Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too,
Down on you, near and yet more near,
Till flesh must fade for heaven was here !—
Thus leant she and lingered—joy and fear !
 Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

IV.

Then we began to ride. My soul
Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll
Freshening and fluttering in the wind.
Past hopes already lay behind.

What need to strive with a life awry?
Had I said that, had I done this,
So might I gain, so might I miss.
Might she have loved me? just as well
She might have hated, who can tell!
Where had I been now if the worst befell?
And here we are riding, she and I.

V.

Fail I alone, in words and deeds?
Why, all men strive and who succeeds?
We rode; it seemed my spirit flew,
Saw other regions, cities new,
As the world rushed by on either side.
I thought,—All labour, yet no less
Bear up beneath their unsuccess.
Look at the end of work, contrast
The petty done, the undone vast,
This present of theirs with the hopeful past!
I hoped she would love me; here we ride.

VI

What hand and brain went ever paired?
What heart alike conceived and dared?
What act proved all its thought had been?
What will but felt the fleshly screen?
We ride and I see her bosom heave.
There's many a crown for who can reach.
Ten lines, a statesman's life in each!
The flag stuck on a heap of bones,
A soldier's doing! what atones?
They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones.
My riding is better, by their leave.

VII.

What does it all mean, poet? Well,
Your brains beat into rhythm you tell
What we felt only; you expressed
You hold things beautiful the best,

And pace them in rhyme so, side by side.
 'Tis something, nay 'tis much : but then,
 Have you yourself what's best for men?
 Are you—poor, sick, old ere your time—
 Nearer one whit your own sublime
 Than we who have never turned a rhyme?
 Sing, riding's a joy ! For me, I ride.

VIII.

And you, great sculptor—so, you gave
 A score of years to Art, her slave,
 And that's your Venus, whence we turn
 To yonder girl that fords the burn !
 You acquiesce, and shall I repine ?
 What, man of music, you grown grey
 With notes and nothing else to say,
 Is this your sole praise from a friend,
 "Greatly his opera's strains intend,
 But in music we know how fashions end !"
 I gave my youth ; but we ride, in fine.

IX.

Who knows what's fit for us ? Had fate
 Proposed bliss here should sublimate
 My being—had I signed the bond—
 Still one must lead some life beyond,
 Have a bliss to die with, dim-descried.
 This foot once planted on the goal,
 This glory-garland round my soul,
 Could I descry such ? Try and test !
 I sink back shuddering from the quest.
 Earth being so good, would heaven seem best ?
 Now, heaven and she are beyond this ride.

X.

And yet—she has not spoke so long !
 What if heaven be that, fair and strong
 At life's best, with our eyes upturned
 Whither life's flower is first discerned,
 We, fixed so, ever should so abide ?
 What if we still ride on, we two,
 With life for ever old yet new,

Changed not in kind but in degree,
 The instant made eternity,—
 And heaven just prove that I and she
 Ride, ride together, forever ride?

[From "*Dramatic Romances*" (Smith, Elder & Co., London).]

EVELYN HOPE.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead !
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;
 She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
 Beginning to die too, in the glass ;
 Little has yet been changed, I think :
 The shutters are shut, no light may pass
 Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

II.

Sixteen years old when she died !
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name :
 It was not her time to love ; beside,
 Her life had many a hope and aim,
 Duties enough and little cares,
 And now was quiet, now astir,
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

III.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope ?
 What, your soul was pure and true,
 The good stars met in your horoscope,
 Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
 And, just because I was thrice as old
 And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
 Each was nought to each, must I be told ?
 We were fellow mortals, nought beside ?

IV.

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love :
I claim you still, for my own love's sake !
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few :
Much is to learn, much to forget,
Ere the time be come for taking you.

V.

But the time will come, at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay ?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

VI.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes ;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me :
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope !
What is the issue ? let us see !

VII.

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while !
My heart seemed full as it could hold ;
There was place and to spare for the frank young
smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young
gold.
So hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep :
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand !
There, that is our secret : go to sleep !
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

THE LOST LEADER.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
 Lost all the others, she lets us devote ;
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
 So much was theirs who so little allowed :
 How all our copper had gone for his service !
 Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud !
 We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him.
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die !
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their
 graves !
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves !

II.

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence ;
 Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre ;
 Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
 Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
 One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
 One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God !
 Life's night begins : let him never come back to us !
 There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
 Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
 Never glad confident morning again !
 Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
 Menace our heart ere we master his own ;
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
 Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne !

[From "Dramatic Lyrics" (Smith, Elder & Co., London).]

A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

O GALUPPI, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find !
I can hardly misconceive you ; it would prove me deaf and blind ;
But although I take your meaning, 'tis with such a heavy mind !

II.

Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it
brings.
What, they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants were
the kings,
Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with
rings ?

III.

Ay, because the sea's the street there ; and 'tis arched by . . .
what you call
. . . Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where they kept the
carnival :
I was never out of England—it's as if I saw it all.

IV.

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in
May ?
Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-day,
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say ?

V.

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red,—
On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed,
O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might base his
head ?

VI.

Well, and it was graceful of them : they'd break talk off and
afford
—She, to bite her mask's black velvet, he, to finger on his sword,
While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord ?

VII.

What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh
 on sigh,
 Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions—
 “Must we die?”
 Those commiserating sevenths—“Life might last! we can but
 try!”

VIII.

“Were you happy?”—“Yes”—“And are you still as happy?”—
 “Yes. And you?”
 —“Then more kisses!”—“Did *I* stop them, when a million
 seemed so few?”
 Hark, the dominant’s persistence till it must be answered to!

IX.

So, an octave struck the answer. Oh, they praised you, I dare
 say!
 “Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and gay!
 I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play!”

X.

Then they left you for their pleasure: till in due time, one by
 one,
 Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well
 undone,
 Death stepped tacitly and took them where they never see the
 sun.

XI.

But when I sit down to reason, think to take my stand nor swerve,
 While I triumph o’er a secret wrung from Nature’s close reserve,
 In you come with your cold music till I creep thro’ every nerve.

XII.

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was
 burned:
 “Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice
 earned.
 The soul, doubtless, is immortal,—where a soul can be discerned.

XIII.

"Yours for instance: you know physics, something of geology,
Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their degree;
Butterflies may dread extinction,—you'll not die, it cannot be!

XIV.

"As for Venice and her people, merely born to bloom and drop,
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were the
crop:
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

XV.

"Dust and ashes!" So you creak it, and I want the heart to
scold.
Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the
gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown
old.

[From "*Dramatic Lyrics*" (Smith, Elder & Co., London).]

PORPHYRIA'S LOVER.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

THE rain set early in to-night,
The sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
And did its worst to vex the lake,
I listened with heart fit to break.

II.

When glided in Porphyria; straight
She shut the cold out and the storm,
And kneeled and made the cheerless grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;
Which done, she rose, and from her form

III.

Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
And, last, she sat down by my side
And called me. When no voice replied,

IV.

She put my arm about her waist,
And made her smooth white shoulder bare,
And all her yellow hair displaced,
And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,
And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair,—

V.

Murmuring how she loved me—she,
Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,
To set its struggling passion free
From pride, and vainer ties dissever,
And give herself to me for ever.

VI.

But passion sometimes would prevail,
Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain
A sudden thought of one so pale
For love of her, and all in vain :
So, she was come through wind and rain.

VII.

Be sure I looked up at her eyes
Happy and proud ; at last I knew
Porphyria worshipped me ; surprise
Made my heart swell, and still it grew
While I debated what to do.

VIII.

That moment she was mine, mine, fair,
Perfectly pure and good : I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around,

IX.

And strangled her. No pain felt she ;
I am quite sure she felt no pain.
As a shut bud that holds a bee,
I warily oped her lids : again
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.

X.

And I untightened next the tress
About her neck ; her cheek once more
Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss :
I propped her head up as before.
Only, this time my shoulder bore

XI.

Her head, which droops upon it still :
The smiling rosy little head,
So glad it has its utmost will,
That all it scorned at once is fled,
And I, its love, am gained instead !

XII.

Porphyria's love : she guessed not how
Her darling one wish would be heard.
And thus we sit together now.
And all night long we have not stirred,
And yet God has not said a word !

[From "*Dramatic Romances*" (Smith, Elder & Co., London).]

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

MORNING, evening, noon and night,
"Praise God !" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well,
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, "Praise God!"

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son:

"As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise Him, that great way, and die!"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day,

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well;

And morning, evening, noon and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew:
The man put off the stripling's hue:

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay:

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, "A praise is in mine ear ;
There is no doubt in it, no fear :

"So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways :
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day : he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite :

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed ;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer :

And, rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here ; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak ; it dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped !

"Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ :
Resume the craftsman and the boy !"

Theocrite grew old at home ;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died :
They sought God side by side.

[From "*Dramatic Romances*" (Smith, Elder & Co., London).]

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

MERRILY swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
Bob-o'-link,¹ bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat :
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Look what a nice new coat of mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :

¹ An American bird of passage.

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart, and prince of braggarts, is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Never was I afraid of man ;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can !
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care ;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
 Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee.

THE BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
 Lay in the Field of Blood ;
 'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
 Beside the body stood.

The breath of the World came and went
 Like a sick man's in rest ;
 Drop by drop on the World's eyes
 The dews fell cool and blest.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
 That made a gentle moan—
 "I will bury underneath the ground
 My flesh and blood and bone.

"I will bury them deep beneath the soil,
 Lest mortals look thereon
 And when the wolf and raven come
 The body will be gone !"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
 So grim, and gaunt, and gray,
 Raised the body of Judas Iscariot,
 And carried it away.

Half he walk'd, and half he seem'd
 Lifted on the cold wind ;
 He did not turn, for chilly hands
 Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto
It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
And a wind that blew so cold.

The next place that he came unto
It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in,
It floated light as wool.

The third place that he journeyed to
It was the Brig of Dread,
And the great torrents rushing down
Were deep, and swift, and red.

He dared not fling the body in
For fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water
To thrust it back to him.

For days and nights he wander'd on,
All thro' the Wood of Woe ;
And the nights went by like moaning wind,
And the days like drifting snow.

For months and years, in grief and tears,
He walk'd the silent night ;
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Perceived a far-off light.

And the soul of Judas Iscariot
Crawl'd to the distant gleam ;
And the mists came down, and the rain was blown
Against him with a scream.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
Before a lighted hall.

The shadows of the wedding guests
Did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretch'd along the snow.

The Bridegroom in His robe of white
Sat at the table-head—
"Oh, who is he that moans without?"
The blessèd Bridegroom said.

And one look'd forth from the lighted hall,
And answer'd fierce and low,
"Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
With a light in His hand.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And He was clad in white,
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so broad and bright.

The Bridegroom shaded His eyes and look'd,
And His face was bright to see—
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With thy body's sins?" said He.

And the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood there black, and bare—
"I have wandered many nights and days;
There is no light elsewhere."

But the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright—
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night!"

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And He waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that He waved His hands
The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touch'd the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

And the body of Judas Iscariot
 Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
 Were like its winding-sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,
 And beckoned, smiling sweet ;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
 Stole in, and fell at His feet.

[From "*Poetical Works*" (Chatto & Windus, London). By Special
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THE GREEN GNOME.

A MELODY.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

RING, sing ! ring, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !
Chime, rhyme ! chime, rhyme ! through the dales and dells !
Rhyme, ring ! chime, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !
Chime, sing ! rhyme, ring ! over fields and fells !

And I gallop'd and I gallop'd on my palfrey white as milk,
My robe was of the sea-green woof, my serk was of the silk,
My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my shoe,
My eyes were like two harebells bathed in shining drops of dew ;
My palfrey, never stopping, made a music sweetly blent
With the leaves of autumn dropping all around me as I went ;
And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind me peal and play,
Fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seem'd to die away ;
And beside a silver runnel, on a lonely heap of sand,
I saw the green Gnome sitting, with his cheek upon his hand ;
Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry and bound,
And drew me from my palfrey white, and set me on the ground :
O crimson, crimson, were his locks, his face was green to see,
But he cried, " O light-hair'd lassie, you are bound to marry me ! "
He claspt me round the middle small, he kissed me on the cheek,
He kissed me once, he kissed me twice—I could not stir or speak ;
He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice—but when he kissed again,
I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for men !

Ring, sing ! ring, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !
Chime, rhyme ! chime, rhyme ! through the dales and dells !
Rhyme, ring ! chime, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !
Chime, sing ! rhyme, ring ! over fields and fells !

O faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids to pray,
 So faintly, faintly, faintly, rang the bells afar away ;
 And as I named the Blessed Name, as in our need we can,
 The ugly green green Gnome became a tall and comely man !
 His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes were black as
 sloes,

His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his hose ;
 A pensive light from Faëryland still linger'd on his cheek,
 His voice was like the running brook when he began to speak :
 " O you have cast away the charm my step-dame put on me,
 Seven years I dwelt in Faëryland, and you have set me free !
 O I will mount thy palfrey white, and ride to kirk with thee,
 And by those sweetly shining eyes we twain will wedded be ! "

Back we gallop'd, never stopping, he before and I behind,
 And the autumn leaves were dropping, red and yellow, in the wind,
 And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart was high and proud,
 As nearer, nearer, nearer, rang the kirk bells sweet and loud,
 And we saw the kirk before us, as we trotted down the fells,
 And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of the bells !

Ring, sing ! ring, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !
 Chime, rhyme ! chime, rhyme ! through the dales and dells !
 Rhyme, ring ! chime, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !
 Chime, sing ! rhyme, ring ! over fields and fells !

[From "*Poetical Works*" (Chatto & Windus, London). By Special
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PHIL BLOOD'S LEAP.

A TALE OF THE GOLD-SEEKERS.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

WE were seeking gold in the Texan hold, and we'd had a blaze of
 luck,
 More rich and rare the stuff ran there at every foot we struck ;
 Like men gone wild we t'iled and t'iled, and never seemed to tire,
 The hot sun beamed, and our faces streamed with the sweat of a
 mad desire.

I was Captain then of the mining men, and I had a precious life,
 For a wilder set I never met at derringer and knife ;
 Nigh every day there was some new fray, a bullet in someone's
 brain,
 And the viciouslest brute to stab and to shoot, was an Imp of
 Hell from Maine.

Phil Blood. Well, he was six foot three, with a squint to make
you skeer'd,
His face all scabb'd, and twisted and stabb'd, with carrotty hair
and beard ;
Sour as the drink in Bitter Chink, sharp as a grizzly's squeal,
Limp in one leg, for a leaden egg had nick'd him in the heel.

But game to the bone was Phil, I'll own, and he always fought
most fair,
With as good a will to be killed as kill, true grit as any there :
Of honour too, like me or you, he'd a scent, though not so keen,
Would rather be riddled thro' and thro', than do what he thought
mean.

But his eddication to his ruination had not been over nice,
And his stupid skull was choking full of vulgar prejudice ;
With anything white he'd drink, or he'd fight in fair and open
fray ;
But to murder and kill was his wicked will, if an Injin came his
way !

"A serpent's hide has pison inside, and an Injin's heart's the
same,
If he seems your friend for to gain his end, look out for the
serpent's game ;
Of the snakes that crawl, the worst of all is the snake in a skin of
red,
A spotted Snake, and no mistake !" that's what he always said.

Well, we'd jest struck our bit of luck, and were wild as raving
men,
When who should stray to our camp one day, but Black Panther,
the Cheyenne ;
Drest like a Christian, all a-grin, the old one joins our band,
And tho' the rest look'd black as sin, he shakes *me* by the hand.

Now, the poor old cuss had been good to us, and I knew that he
was true—
I'd have trusted him with life and limb as soon as I'd trust *you* ;
For tho' his wit was gone a bit, and he drank like any fish,
His heart was kind, he was well-inclined, as even a white could
wish.

Food had got low, for we didn't know the run of the hunting-
ground,
And our hunters were sick, when, jest in the nick, the friend in
need was found ;

And I reckon that day and the next we didn't want for food,
And only one in the camp looked vex—that Imp of Hell, Phil
Blood.

Nothing would please his contrary idees! an Injin made him rile!
He didn't speak, but I saw on his cheek a kind of an ugly smile;
And I knew his skin was hatching sin, and I kept the Panther
apart,
For the Injin he was too blind to see the dirt in a white man's
heart!

Well, one fine day, we a-resting lay at noon-time by the creek,
The red sun blazed, and we felt half-dazed, too beat to stir or
speak;
I dreamed and dozed with eyes half-closed, and felt like a three-
year child,
And, a plaitain blade on his brow for a shade, even Phil Blood
look'd mild.

Back, jest then, came our hunting men, with the Panther at their
head,
Full of his fun was every one, and the Panther's eyes were red,
And he skipt about with grin and shout, for he'd had a drop that
day,
And he twisted and twirled, and squeal'd and skirl'd, in the
foolish Injin way.

To the waist all bare Phil Blood lay there, with only his knife in
his belt,
And I saw his bloodshot eyeballs stare, and I knew how fierce he
felt,—
When the Injin dances with grinning glances around him as he lies,
With his painted skin and his monkey grin,—and leers into Phil's
eyes!

Then before I knew what I should do Phil Blood was on his feet,
And the Injin could trace the hate in his face, and his heart
began to beat;
And, "Git out o' the way," he heard them say, "for he means to
hev your life!"
But before he could fly at the warning cry, he saw the flash of the
knife.

"Run, Panther run!" cried each mother's son, and the Panther
took the track;
With a wicked glare, like a wounded bear, Phil Blood sprang at
his back,
Up the side so steep of the cañon deep the poor old critter sped,
And the devil's limb ran after him, till they faded overhead.

A pathway led from the beck's dark bed up to the crags on high,
And along that path the Injin fled, swift as a man could fly.
Some shots were fired, for I desired to keep the white beast back ;
But I missed my man, and away he ran on the flying Injin's track.

Right above you, the crags, Lord love you ! are bare as this here
hand,
And your eyes you wink at the bright blue chink, as looking up
you stand.
If a man should pop in that trap at the top, he'd never rest arm
or leg,
Till neck and crop to the bottom he'd drop—and smash on the
stones like an egg !

"Come back, you cuss ! come back to us ! and let the critter be !"
I screamed out loud, while the men in a crowd stood grinning at
them and me . . .
But up they went, and my shots were spent, and at last they
disappeared,—
One minute more, and we gave a roar, for the Injin had leapt,
and *cleared* !

A leap for a deer, not a man, to clear,—and the bloodiest grave
below !
But the critter was smart and mad with fear, and he went like a
bolt from a bow !
Close after him came the devil's limb, with his eyes as dark as
death,
But when he came to the gulch's brim, I reckon he paused for
breath !

For breath at the brink ! but—a white man shrink, when a red
had passed so neat ?
I knew Phil Blood too well to think he'd turn his back dead
beat !
He takes one run, leaps up in the sun, and bounds from the
slippery ledge,
And he clears the hole, but—God help his soul ! just touches the
tother edge !

One scrambling fall, one shriek, one call, from the men that
stand and stare,—
Black in the blue where the sky looks thro', he staggers, dwarf'd
up there ;
The edge he touches, then sinks, and clutches the rock—our
eyes grow dim—
I turn away—what's that they say ?—he's a-hanging on to the
brim !

... On the very brink of the fearful chink a ragged shrub there
grew,
And to that he clung, and in silence swung betwixt us and the
blue,
And as soon as a man could run I ran the way I'd seen them
flee,
And I came mad-eyed to the chasm's side, and—what do you
think I see?

All up? Not quite. Still hanging? Right! But he'd torn
away the shrub;
With lolling tongue he clutch'd and swung—to what? ay, that's
the rub!
I saw him glare and dangle in air,—for the empty hole he
trod,—
Help'd by a *pair of hands* up there!—The Injin's? Yes, by
God!

I held my breath—so nigh to death Phil Blood swung hand
and limb,
And it seem'd to us all that down he'd fall, with the Panther after
him,
But the Injin at length put out his strength—and another minute
past,—
—Then safe and sound to the solid ground he drew Phil Blood,
at last!!

Saved? True for you! By an Injin too!—and the man he
meant to kill!
There all alone, on the brink of stone, I see them standing
still;
Phil Blood gone white, with the struggle and fright, like a great
mad bull at bay,
And the Injin meanwhile, with a half-skeer'd smile, ready to
spring away.

What did Phil do? Well, I watched the two, and I saw Phil
Blood turn back,
Bend over the brink and take a blink right down the chasm
black,
Then stooping low for a moment or so, he sheath'd his bowie
bright,
Then threw it down, and watch'd with a frown, as the knife
sank out of sight!

Hands in his pockets, eyes downcast, silent, thoughtful and
grim,
While the Panther, grinning as he passed, still kept his eyes on
him,
Phil Blood strolled slow to his mates below, down by the
mountain track,
With his lips set tight and his face all white, and the Panther
at his back.

I reckon they stared when the two appeared ! but never a word
Phil spoke,
Some of them laughed and others jeered,—but he let them have
their joke ;
He seemed amazed, like a man gone dazed, the sun in his eyes
too bright,
And for many a week, in spite of their cheek, he never offered
to fight.

And after that day he changed his play, and kept a civiller
tongue,
But whenever an Injin came that way, his contrairy head
he hung ;
And whenever he heard the lying word, "*It's a LIE !*" Phil Blood
would groan ;
"*Dirt is Dirt and Snakes is Snakes, but an Injin's flesh and
bone !*"

[From "*Poetical Works*" (Chatto & Windus, London). By Special
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FRA GIACOMO.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

ALAS, Fra Giacomo,
Too late ! but follow me . . .
Hush ! draw the curtain—so !
She is dead, quite dead, you see.
Poor little lady ! she lies,
All the light gone out of her eyes !
But her features still wear that soft,
Gray, meditative expression,
Which you must have noticed oft,
Thro' the peephole, at confession.

How saintly she looks, how meek !
 Though this be the chamber of death,
 I fancy I feel her breath,
 As I kiss her on the cheek.
 Too holy for *me*, by far !—
 As cold and as pure as a star,
 Not fashioned for kissing and pressing,
 But made for a heavenly crown ! . . .
 Ay, Father, let us go down—
 But first, if you please, your blessing.

II.

. . . Wine? No! Come, come, you must !
 Blessing it with your prayers,
 You'll quaff a cup, I trust,
 To the health of the Saint upstairs.
 My heart is aching so !
 And I feel so weary and sad,
 Through the blow that I have had !
 You'll sit, Fra Giacomo ? . . .

III.

Heigho ! 'tis now six summers
 Since I saw that Angel and married her—
 I was passing rich, and I carried her
 Off in the face of all comers . . .
 So fresh, yet so brimming with Soul !
 A sweeter morsel, I swear,
 Never made the dull black coal
 Of a monk's eye glitter and glare . . .
 Your pardon—nay, keep your chair !—
 A jest ! but a jest ! . . . Very true,
 It is hardly becoming to jest,
 And that Saint upstairs at rest—
 Her Soul may be listening, too !
 To think how I doubted and doubted,
 Suspected, grumbled at, flouted
 That golden-hair'd Angel, and solely
 Because she was zealous and holy !—
 Night and noon and morn
 She devoted herself to piety—
 Not that she seemed to scorn,
 Or shun, her husband's society ;
 But the claims of her Soul superseded
 All that I asked for or needed,

And her thoughts were far away
 From the level of sinful clay,
 And she trembled lest earthly matters
 Interfered with her *aves* and *paters* !
 Sweet dove ! she so fluttered, in flying
 To avoid the black vapours of Hell,
 So bent on self-sanctifying,—
 That she never thought of trying
 To save her poor husband as well !
 And while she was named and elected
 For place on the heavenly roll,
 I (beast that I was) suspected
 Her manner of saving her Soul—
 So half for the fun of the thing,
 What did I (blasphemer !) but fling
 On my shoulders the gown of a monk
 (Whom I managed for that very day
 To get safely out of the way),
 And seat me, half-sober, half-drunk,
 With the cowl drawn over my face,
 In the Father Confessor's place . . .
Eheu ! benedicite !
 In her beautiful sweet simplicity,
 With that pensive gray expression,
 She sighfully knelt at confession,—
 While I bit my lips till they bled,
 And dug my nails in my palm,
 And heard, with averted head,
 The horrible words come calm—
 Each word was a serpent's sting ;
 But, wrapt in my gloomy gown,
 I sat like a marble thing
 As she uttered *your* name. SIT DOWN !

IV.

More wine, Fra Giacomo ?
 One cup—as you love me ! No ?
 Come, drink ! 'twill bring the streaks
 Of crimson back to your cheeks.
 Come ! drink again to the Saint,
 Whose virtues you loved to paint,
 Who, stretched on her wifely bed,
 With the soft, sweet, gray expression
 You saw and admired at confession—
 Lies *poisoned*, overhead !

V.

Sit still—or, by Heaven, you die !
 Face to face, soul to soul, you and I
 Have settled accounts, in a fine
 Pleasant fashion, over our wine—
 Stir not, and seek not to fly—
 Nay, whether or not, you are mine !
 Thank Montepulciano for giving
 Your death in such delicate sips—
 'Tis not every monk ceases living
 With so pleasant a taste on his lips—
 But lest Montepulciano unsurely should kiss,
 Take this !—and this !—and this !

VI.

. . . Raise him ; and cast him, Pietro,
 Into the deep canal below :
 You can be secret, lad, I know . . .
 And, hark you, then to the convent go—
 Bid every bell of the convent toll,
 And the monks say mass for your mistress' soul.

[From "Poetical Works" (Chatto & Windus, London). By Special
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CHARMIAN.

Cleo. Charmian !

Char. Madam ?

Cleo. Give me to drink mandragora !

—Anthony and Cleopatra.

In the time when water-lilies shake
 Their green and gold on river and lake,
 When the cuckoo calls in the heart o' the heat,
 When the Dog-star foams and the shade is sweet ;
 Where cool and fresh the River ran,
 I sat by the side of the Charmian,
 And heard no sound from the world of Man.

All was so sweet and still that day !
 The rustling shade, the rippling stream,
 All life, all breath dissolved away
 Into a golden dream ;
 Warm and sweet the scented shade
 Drowsily caught the breeze and stirred,
 Faint and low through the green glade
 Came hum of bee and song of bird.

We did not break the happy spell
With tender tone or syllable.
But to ease our hearts and set thought free,
We pluckt the flowers of a red rose-tree,
And, leaf by leaf, we threw them, Sweet,
Into the River at our feet,
And in an indolent delight
Watch'd them glide onward, slowly, out of sight.

Sweet, had I spoken boldly then,
How might my love have garner'd thee !
But I had left the paths of men,
And sitting yonder, dreamily,
Was happiness enough for me !
Seeking no gift of word or kiss,
But looking in thy face, was bliss !
Plucking the rose-leaves in a dream,
Watching them glimmer down the stream,
Knowing that eastern heart of thine
Shared the dim ecstasy of mine !

Then, while we linger'd, cold and gray
Came Twilight, chilling soul and sense ;
And you arose to go away,
Full of divine indifference !
I missed the spell—I watched it break,—
And such come never twice to man :
In a less golden hour I spake,
And did *not* win thee, Charmian !

For wearily we turned away
Into the world of everyday,
And from thy heart the fancy fled
Like the rose-leaves on the River shed ;
But to me that hour is sweeter far
Than the world and all its treasures are :
Still to sit on, so close to thee,
Were Paradise enough for me !
Still to sit on, in a green nook,
Nor break the spell by word or look !
To reach out happy hands for ever,
To pluck the rose-leaves, Charmian !
To watch them fade on the gleaming River,
And hear no sound from the world of Man !

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THE STARLING.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

THE little lame tailor
Sat stitching and snarling—
Who in the world
Was the tailor's darling?
To none of his kind
Was he well-inclined,
But he doted on Jack the starling.

II.

For the bird had a tongue,
And of words good store,
And his cage was hung
Just over the door.
And he saw the people,
And heard the roar,—
Folk coming and going
Evermore,—
And he looked at the tailor,—
And swore.

III.

From a country lad
The tailor bought him,—
His training was bad,
For tramps had taught him;
On ale-house benches
His cage had been,
While louts and wenches
Made jests obscene,—
But he learn'd, no doubt,
His oaths from fellows
Who travel about
With kettle and bellows,
And three or four,
The roundest by far
That ever he swore,
Were taught by a tar.
And the tailor heard—
"We'll be friends!" said he,

"You're a clever bird,
And our tastes agree—
We both are old,
And esteem life base,
The whole world cold,
Things out of place,
And we're lonely too,
And full of care—
So what can we do
But swear?

IV.

"The devil take you,
How you mutter!—
Yet there's much to make you
Swear and flutter.
You want the fresh air
And the sunlight, lad,
And your prison there
Feels dreary and sad,
And here I frown
In a prison as dreary,
Hating the town,
And feeling weary :
We're too confined, Jack,
And we want to fly,
And you blame mankind, Jack,
And so do I !
And then, again,
By chance as it were,
We learn'd from men
How to grumble and swear ;
You let your throat
By the scamps be guided,
And swore by rote—
All just as I did !
And without beseeching,
Relief is brought us—
For we turn the teaching
On those who taught us !"

V.

A haggard and ruffled
Old fellow was Jack,
With a grim face muffled
In ragged black,

And his coat was rusty
 And never neat,
 And his wings were dusty
 With grime of the street,
 And he sidelong peer'd,
 With eyes of soot,
 And scowl'd and sneer'd,—
 And was lame of a foot !
 And he long'd to go
 From whence he came ;—
 And the tailor, you know,
 Was just the same.

VI.

All kinds of weather
 They felt confined,
 And swore together
 At all mankind ;
 For their mirth was done,
 And they felt like brothers,
 And the swearing of one
 Meant no more than the other's.
 'Twas just a way
 They had learn'd, you see,—
 Each wanted to say
 Only this—" Woe's me !
 I'm a poor old fellow,
 And I'm prison'd so,
 While the sun shines mellow,
 And the corn waves yellow,
 And the fresh winds blow,—
 And the folk don't care
 If I live or die,
 But I long for air,
 And I wish to fly !"
 Yet unable to utter it,
 And too wild to bear,
 They could only mutter it,
 And swear.

VII.

Many a year
 They dwelt in the city,
 In their prisons drear,
 And none felt pity,

And few were sparing
 Of censure and coldness,
 To hear them swearing
 With such plain boldness ;
 But at last, by the Lord,
 Their noise was stopt,—
 For down on his board
 The tailor dropt,
 And they found him dead,
 And done with snarling,
 And over his head
 Still grumbled the starling ;
 But when an old Jew
 Claim'd the goods of the tailor,
 And with eye askew
 Eyed the feathery railer,
 And, with a frown
 At the dirt and rust,
 Took the old cage down,
 In a shower of dust,—
 Jack, with heart aching,
 Felt life past bearing,
 And shivering, quaking,
 All hope forsaking,
 Died, swearing.

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THE GOAL OF LIFE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' auld lang syne ?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine ;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

ROBERT BURNS

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wandered mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidled i' the burn
 From mornin' sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roared
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier,
 And gie's a hand o' thine ;
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught
 For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

BEFORE PARTING.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
 That I may drink before I go
 A service to my bonnie lassie.
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry,
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready,
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody ;
 But it's no the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry,
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that ?
The coward-slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that ;
The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that !

What tho' on homely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king of men for a' that !

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that :
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that !

A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the airth,
May bear the gree, and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that !

THE OCEAN.

BY LORD BYRON.

OH ! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
 With one fair Spirit for my minister,
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And, hating no one, love but only her !
 Ye elements !—in whose ennobling stir
 I feel myself exalted—can ye not
 Accord me such a being ? Do I err
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?
 Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou ;—
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow :
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless and sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

SIEGE OF CORINTH.

BY LORD BYRON.

THE night is past, and shines the sun
As if that morn were a jocund one.
Lightly and brightly breaks away
The morning from her mantle grey,
And the noon will look on a sultry day.
Hark to the trump, and the drum,
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're born ;
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
And the clash, and the shout, "They come ! they come !"
The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein,
Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane ;
White is the foam of their champ on the bit ;
The spears are uplifted ; the matches are lit ;
The cannon are pointed and ready to roar,
And crush the wall they have crumbled before :
Forms in his phalanx each janizar ;
Alp at their head ; his right arm is bare,
So is the blade of his scimitar ;
The khan and the pachas are all at their post ;
The vizier himself at the head of the host.
When the culverin's signal is fired, then on ;
Leave not in Corinth a living one—
A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.
God and the prophet—Alla Hu !
Up to the skies with that wild halloo !
As the wolves, that headlong go
On the stately buffalo,
Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,
And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,
He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die :
Thus against the wall they went,
Thus the first were backward bent ;
Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,
Strew'd the earth like broken glass,
Shiver'd by the shot that tore
The ground whereon they moved no more :
Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
When his work is done on the levell'd plain ;
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,
From the cliffs invading dash
Huge fragments, sapp'd by the ceaseless flow,
Till white and thundering down they go,
Like the avalanche's snow
On the Alpine vales below ;
Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,
Corinth's sons were downward borne
By the long and oft renew'd
Charge of the Moslem multitude.
In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
Heap'd by the host of the infidel,
Hand to hand, and foot to foot :
Nothing there, save death, was mute :
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter or for victory.
"O God ! when died she ?"—"Yesternight—
Nor weep I for her spirit's flight :
None of my pure race shall be
Slaves to Mahomet and thee—
Come on !"—That challenge is in vain—
Alp's already with the slain !

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone
Contained the dead of ages gone ;
Their names were on the graven floor
But now illegible with gore ;
The carved crests, and curious hues
The varied marble's vein diffuse,
Were smeared and slippery,—stain'd, and strown
With broken swords, and helms o'erthrown :
There were dead above, and the dead below
Lay cold in many a coffin'd row ;
You might see them piled in sable state,
By a pale light through a gloomy grate ;
But War had enter'd their dark caves,
And stored along the vaulted graves
Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread
In masses by the fleshless dead :
Here, throughout the siege, had been
The Christian's chiefest magazine ;
To these a late form'd train now led,
Minotti's last and stern resource
Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

The foe came on, and few remain
To strive, and those must strive in vain :
For lack of further lives, to slake
The thirst of vengeance now awake,
With barbarous blows they gash the dead,
And lop the already lifeless head,
And fell the statues from their niche,
And spoil the shrines of offerings rich.
And from each other's rude hands wrest
The silver vessels saints had bless'd.
To the high altar on they go ;
Oh, but it made a glorious show !
On its table still behold
The cup of consecrated gold ;
Massy and deep, a glittering prize,
Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes :
That morn it held the holy wine,
Converted by Christ to his blood so divine,
Which his worshippers drank at the break of day,
To shrive their souls ere they join'd in the fray.
Still a few drops within it lay :
And round the sacred table glow
Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,
From the purest metal cast ;
A spoil—the richest, and the last.

So near they came, the nearest stretch'd
To grasp the spoil he almost reach'd,
When old Minotti's hand
Touch'd with the torch the train—
"Tis fired !
Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
The turban'd victors, the Christian band,
All that of living or dead remain,
Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd fane,
In one wild roar expired !
All the living things that heard
That deadly earth-shock disappear'd :
The wild birds flew ; the wild dogs fled,
And howling left the unburied dead ;
The camels from their keepers broke ;
The distant steer forsook the yoke—
The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,
And burst his girth and tore his rein ;
The bull-frog's note from out the marsh,
Deep-mouth'd arose, and doubly harsh ;

The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill
Where echo roll'd in thunder still ;
The jackals' troop, in gather'd cry,
Bay'd from afar complainingly,
With a mix'd and mournful sound,
Like crying babe, and beaten hound :
With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,
The eagle left his rocky nest,
And mounted nearer to the sun,
The clouds beneath him seemed so dun ;
Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,
And made him higher soar and shriek—
Thus was Corinth lost and won !

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

BY LORD BYRON.

O GOD ! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood :
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread ;
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow :
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
And grieved for those he left behind ;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray ;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most ;

And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
 I listened, but I could not hear ;
 I call'd, for I was wild with fear ;
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonished ;
 I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,
 And rushed to him :—I found him not,
 / only stirr'd in this black spot,
 / only lived, / only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;
 The last, the sole, the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath—
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe :
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas ! my own was full as chill ;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew—
 First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness too :
 I had no thought, no feeling—none—
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and grey ;
 It was not night, it was not day ;
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness without a place ;
 There were no stars, no earth, no time,
 No check, no change, no good, no crime,

But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death ;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless !

A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird ;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery ;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track ;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree ;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me !
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !
Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise ;
For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me ;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,

LORD BYRON

And left me twice so doubly lone,
 Lone as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone as a solitary cloud—

A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

By LORD BYRON.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising
 knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
 But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
 Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell ;
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could arise !

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—" The foe ! they come !
they come ! "

And wild and high the " Cameron's gathering " rose :
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope shall moulder cold and
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array !

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

BY LORD BYRON.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd :
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail :
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

BY LORD BYRON.

THE seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power !

Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour,
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear ;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear,
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all seeing but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran
In murmur'd pity, or loud roar'd applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughtered ? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure—Wherefore not ?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle plains or listed spot ?
Both are but theatres where chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie :
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony ;
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low ;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower ; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch
who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay—
There were his young barbarians all at play ;
There was their Dacian mother—he their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday :
All this rush'd with his blood.—Shall he expire,
And unavenged ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Wizard. Lochiel ! Lochiel ! beware of the day
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array ;
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in flight.
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
 But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far !
 'Tis thine, oh, Glenullin ; whose bride shall await
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate ;
 A steed comes at morning : no rider is there,
 But his bridle is red with the sign of despair.
 Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
 Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead ;
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
 Culloden ; that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright !

Wizard. Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !
 Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth
 From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the North ?
 Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
 Ah ! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
 Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
 Oh, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
 Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely, return !
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshall'd my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws !
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud ;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

Wizard. Lochiel ! Lochiel ! beware of the day !
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal ;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo ! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path !
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight—
Rise ! rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors ;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores ;
But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?
Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;
His death-bell is tolling : oh ! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims ;
Accurs'd be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter ; I trust not the tale.
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Tho' my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,

While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

YE Mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OF Nelson and the north,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
“Hearts of Oak !” our captain cried ; when each
gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom.—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave ;
“ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.”—

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wild and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,—
With the gallant good Riou,
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave ;
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry ;
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye would cross Loch Gyle,
This dark and stormy water ?"
"Oh ! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together ;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight :
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready ;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

"And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men—
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh ! haste thee, haste !" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather ;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her—
 When oh ! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing ;
 Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore—
 His wrath was turned to wailing.

For sore dismay'd through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover ;
 One lovely arm she stretch'd for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

"Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,
 "Across this stormy water ;
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter !—oh, my daughter !"

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,
 Return or aid preventing ;
 The waters wild went o'er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

THE good dame looked from her cottage
 At the close of the pleasant day,
 And cheerily called to her little son
 Outside the door at play ;
 "Come, Peter, come ! I want you to go
 While there is light to see,
 To the hut of the blind old man who lives
 Across the dike, for me ;
 And take these cakes I made for him,—
 They are hot and smoking yet ;
 You have time enough to go and come
 Before the sun is set."

Then the good wife turned to her labour,
 Humming a simple song,
 And thought of her husband, working hard
 At the sluices all day long ;

And set the turf a-blazing,
 And brought the coarse black bread ;
 That he might find a fire at night,
 And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
 With whom all day he had played,
 And the sister who had watched their sports
 In the willow's tender shade ;
 And told them they'd see him back before
 They saw a star in sight,
 Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
 In the very darkest night !

For he was a brave, bright fellow,
 With eye and conscience clear ;
 He could do whatever a boy might do,
 And he had not learned to fear.
 Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
 Nor brought a stork to harm,
 Though never a law in Holland
 Had stood to stay his arm !

And now, with his face all glowing,
 And eyes as bright as the day,
 With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
 He trudged along the way ;
 And soon his joyous prattle
 Made glad a lonesome place—
 Alas ! if only the blind old man
 Could have seen that happy face !
 Yet he somehow caught the brightness
 Which his voice and presence lent ;
 And he felt the sunshine come and go
 As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
 And the winds began to rise,
 The mother looked from her door again,
 Shading her anxious eyes ;
 And saw the shadows deepen,
 And birds to their homes come back,
 But never a sign of Peter
 Along the level track.

But she said : " He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve,—
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stooping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
" Ah ! well for us," said Peter,
" That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long !
You're a wicked sea," said Peter ;
" I know why you fret and chafe ;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes :
But our sluices keep you safe ! "

But hark ! through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound ;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
' *Tis a leak in the dike !* He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes ;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike ! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night ;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy ! he has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With strength of his single arm !

He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh ;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.

And he hears the rough wind blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succour—
His feeble voice is lost ;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post !

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea ;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company ;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed ;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying—and dead ;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last ;
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done ;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun ?
Her neighbours are bearing between them
Something straight to her door—
The child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before !

“He is dead !” she cries ; “my darling !”
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears :
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife,—
“Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life !”

So, there in the morning sunshine
 They knelt about the boy ;
 And every head was bared and bent
 In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then ; but still,
 When the sea roars like a flood,
 Their boys are taught what a boy can do
 Who is brave and true and good.
 For every man in that country
 Takes his son by the hand,
 And tells him of little Peter,
 Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
 Remembered through the years ;
 But never one whose name so oft
 Is named with loving tears.
 And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
 And told to the child on the knee,
 So long as the dikes of Holland
 Divide the land from the sea !

A FALLEN STAR.

BY ALBERT CHEVALIER.

THIRTY years ago I was a fav'rite at the " Vic."
 A finished actor, not a cuff and collar shooting stick.
 I roused the house to laughter, or called forth the silent tear,
 And made enthusiastic gods vociferously cheer.
 Those were the days, the palmy days of Histrionic Art ;
 Without a moment's notice I'd go on for any part.
 I do not wish to gas, I merely state in self-defence,
 The denizens of New Cut thought my Hamlet was immense.
 Thirty years ago ! I can hear them shout " Bravo !"
 When after fighting armies I could never show a scar.
 That time, alas ! is gone, and the light that erstwhile shone
 Was the light of a falling star.

From patrons of the circle, too, I had my meed of praise.
 The ladies all admired me in those happy, halcyon days.
 My charm of manner, easy grace, and courtly old-world air,
 Heroic bursts of eloquence, or villain's dark despair.
 I thrilled my audience, thrilled 'em as they never had been
 thrilled !
 And filled the theatre nightly as it never had been filled !

Right through the mighty gamut of emotions I could range,
 From classic Julius Cæsar to the "Idiot of the Grange."
 Thirty years ago ! I was someone in the show,
 And now I pass unrecognised in crowded street or bar.
 The firmament of fame holds no record of my name,
 The name of a fallen star !

The Dramas that I played in were not all upon the stage,
 Nor did I in an hour become the petted of the age.
 Oft in my youthful days I've sung "Hot Codlins" as the Clown,
 And turned my face away to hide the tear-drops rolling down.
 And when the pit and gallery saw I'd wiped the paint away,
 They shouted : "Go it, Joey !" "Ain't 'e funny ? Hip hooray !"
 My triumphs and my failures, my rise, and then my fall !
 They've rung the bell, the curtain's down, I'm waiting for my call !
 Bills—not those I owe—but old play-bills of the show,
 My name as Hamlet, Lear, Virginius, Shylock, Ingomar !
 The laurel on my brow—a favourite—and now
 Forgotten ! A fallen star.

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HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Besides the rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot
 of Mount Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides ; and within a
 few paces of the glaciers the *gentiana major* grows in immense numbers with
 its "flowers of loveliest blue."

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In its steep course ? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc !
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful form !
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently ! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge ! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity !
 O dread and silent Mount ! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer
 I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy :
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake,
Voice of sweet song ! Awake,
My heart, awake !
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale !
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink :
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald : wake, O wake, and utter praise !
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth ?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns, called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ? who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?

God ! let the torrents like a shout of nations,
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
God ! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice !
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
And they too have a voice ! yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest !
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm !
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
Ye signs and wonders of the element !
Utter forth God and fill the hills with praise !
Thou, too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast,
Thou, too, again, stupendous Mountain ! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth,
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices, praises God.

ROMANCE.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

THE PASSIONS *—AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined.
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
 Would prove his own expressive power.
 First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.
 Next Anger rush'd; his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings.
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings:
 With woful measures wan Despair—
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.
 But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delightful measure?
 Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden
 hair.
 And longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose:

* "The Passions": suggested by a MS. Essay by Joseph Warton.

He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat ;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from
his head.
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fix'd ;
Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
Of diff'ring themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But O how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known !
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green :
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leapt up and seized his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest ;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best :
They would have thought, who heard the strain,

They saw in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round :
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
 Why, goddess, why to us denied ?
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
 As in that loved Athenian bower,
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd !
 Can well recall what then it heard :
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording Sister's page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age :
 E'en all at once together found
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
 O bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece :
 Return in all thy simple state !
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

THE BONNIE SCOT.

BY ELIZA COOK.

THE bonnie Scot ! he hath nae got
 A hame o' sun an' light ;
 His clime hath aft a dreary day
 An' mony a stormy night ;
 He hears the blast gae crooning past,
 He sees the snawflake fa' ;
 But what o' that ? He'll tell ye still
 His land is best o' a'.

He wadna tine, for rose or vine,
 The gowans round his cot ;
 There is nae bloom like heath an' broom,
 To charm the bonnie Scot.

The roarin' din o' flood an' linn
 Is music unco sweet ;
 He loves the pine aboon his head,
 The breckans 'neath his feet :
 The lavrock's trill, sae clear and shrill,
 Is matchless to his ear ;
 What joy for him like bounding free
 To hunt the fleet, dun deer ?
 Nae wonder he sae proudly scorns
 A safer, kinder lot ;
 He kens his earth gave Wallace birth,
 That brave and bonnie Scot.

THE BENEDICTION.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

(Translated from the French.)

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
 That we took Saragossa. What a day
 Of untold horrors ! I was sergeant then.
 The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
 All shut up close, and with a treacherous look,
 Raining down shots upon us from the windows.
 " 'Tis the priest's doing ! " was the word passed round ;
 So that, although since daybreak under arms,
 Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
 If shovel hat and long black coat were seen
 Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street
 My company worked on. I kept an eye
 On every house-top, right and left, and saw
 From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth,
 Colouring the sky, as from the chimney-tops
 Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,
 Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,
 With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
 Signed crosses on the wall ; for we were bound,
 In such a dangerous defile, not to leave
 Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,

No ordered march. Our officers looked grave ;
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows
As do recruits when flinching.

All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company, but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square,
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it, black demons with shaved crowns,
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing we swept the place ; in fact, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.

There in the background solemnly the church
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
That, as I speak, it comes before me now,—
The convent built in old time by the Moors ;
The huge brown corpses of the monks ; the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam ;
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest ;
And there the altar brilliant as a shrine ;
And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
Almost afraid.

“Shoot him !” our captain cried.
Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
Heard ; but, as though he heard not, turning round,
He faced us with the elevated Host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings ;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the cross, each man of us

Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
 Than if before him the devout were ranged.
 But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
 The words came to us—

Vos benedicat

Deus Omnipotens !

The captain's order
 Rang out again and sharply : "Shoot him down !"
 The priest changed colour, though with steadfast look
 Set upwards, and indomitably stern.

Pater et Filius !

Came the words. What frenzy,
 What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
 Another shot, I know not ; but 'twas done.
 The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,
 Held himself up ; and strenuous to complete
 His benediction, in the other raised
 The consecrated Host. For the third time
 Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
 With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,
 But in the general hush distinctly heard,
Et Sanctus Spiritus !

He said ; and ending
 His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx
 Rolled bounding on the floor, and there we stood,
 Even old troopers, with our muskets grounded,
 And choking horror in our hearts, at sight
 Of such a martyr passed away to light.

[By Special Permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.]

SONG FROM "POUR LA COURONNE."

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN DAVIDSON.

AT sixteen years she knew no care ;
 How could she, sweet and pure as light ?
 And there pursued her everywhere
 Butterflies all white.

A lover looked. She dropped her eyes
 That glowed like pansies wet with dew ;
 And lo, there came from out the skies
 Butterflies all blue.

Before she guessed, her heart was gone ;
The tale of love was swiftly told ;
And all about her wheeled and shone
Butterflies of gold.

Then he forsook her one sad morn ;
She wept and sobbed, " Oh love, come back ! "
There only came to her forlorn
Butterflies all black.

[*By Special Permission of Mr. John Davidson.*]

THE ROYAL GEORGE.

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

TOLL for the Brave !
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up
 Once dreaded by our foes !
 And mingle with our cup
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main :

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er ;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine !—thy own sweet smile I see !
 The same, that oft in childhood solaced me ;
 Voice only fails ; else, how distinct they say,
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !"
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalise,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
 Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own :
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away ;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ?—It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown—
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow*, even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went ;
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor :
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightest know me safe, and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
—Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere ;

Not scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers—
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)—
Could those few pleasant days again appear—
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might—
But no!—what here we call our life is such—
So little to be loved, and thou so much—
That I should ill requite thee, to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile;
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below;
While airs, impregnated with incense, play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay—
So thou—with sails how swift!—has reached the shore.
"Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar."
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since, has anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some currents thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course,
But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth:
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.

And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,

And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

A SEA-SONG.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
I hear a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
But hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

A BALLAD OF HELL.

BY JOHN DAVIDSON.

“ A LETTER from my love to-day !
Oh, unexpected, dear appeal ! ”
She struck a happy tear away,
And broke the crimson seal.

"My love, there is no help on earth,
No help in heaven ; the dead-man's bell
Must toll our wedding ; our first hearth
Must be the well-paved floor of hell."

The colour died from out her face,
Her eyes like ghostly candles shone ;
She cast dread looks about the place,
Then clenched her teeth and read right on.

"I may not pass the prison door ;
Here must I rot from day to day,
Unless I wed whom I abhor,
My cousin, Blanche of Valencay.

"At midnight with my dagger keen,
I'll take my life ; it must be so.
Meet me in hell to-night, my queen,
For weal and woe."

She laughed although her face was wan,
She girded on her golden belt,
She took her jewelled ivory fan,
And at her glowing missal knelt.

Then rose, "And am I mad?" she said :
She broke her fan, her belt untied ;
With leather girt herself instead,
And stuck a dagger at her side.

She waited, shuddering in her room,
Till sleep had fallen on all the house.
She never flinched ; she faced her doom :
They two must sin to keep their vows.

Then out into the night she went,
And stooping crept by hedge and tree ;
Her rosebush flung a snare of scent,
And caught a happy memory.

She fell, and lay a minute's space ;
She tore the sward in her distress ;
The dewy grass refreshed her face ;
She rose and ran with lifted dress.

She started like a morn-caught ghost
Once when the moon came out and stood
To watch the naked road she crossed,
And dived into the murmuring wood.

The branches snatched her streaming cloak ;
A live thing shrieked ; she made no stay
She hurried to the trysting oak—
Right well she knew the way.

Without a pause she bared her breast,
And drove her dagger home and fell,
And lay like one that takes her rest,
And died and wakened up in hell.

She bathed her spirit in the flame,
And near the centre took her post ;
From all sides to her ears there came
The dreary anguish of the lost.

The devil started at her side,
Comely, and tall, and black as jet.
“ I am young Malespina’s bride ;
Has he come hither yet ? ”

“ My poppet, welcome to your bed.
“ Is Malespina here ? ”
“ Not he ! To-morrow he must wed
His cousin Blanche, my dear ! ”

“ You lie, he died with me to-night.”
“ Not he ! it was a plot.” “ You lie.”
“ My dear, I never lie outright.”
“ We died at midnight he and I.”

The devil went. Without a groan
She, gathered up in one fierce prayer,
Took root in hell’s midst all alone,
And waited for him there.

She dared to make herself at home
Amidst the wail, the uneasy stir.
The blood-stained flame that filled the dome,
Scentless and silent, shrouded her.

How long she stayed I cannot tell ;
But when she felt his perfidy,
She marched across the floor of hell ;
And all the damned stood up to see.

The devil stopped her at the brink :
She shook him off ; she cried, “ Away ! ”
“ My dear, you have gone mad, I think.”
“ I was betrayed : I will not stay.”

Across the weltering deep she ran ;
 A stranger thing was never seen :
 The damned stood silent to a man ;
 They saw the great gulf set between.

To her it seemed a meadow fair ;
 And flowers sprang up about her feet ;
 She entered heaven ; she climbed the stair ;
 And knelt down at the mercy-seat.

Seraphs and saints with one great voice
 Welcomed that soul that knew not fear ;
 Amazed to find it could rejoice,
 Hell raised a hoarse half-human cheer.

[From "Ballads and Songs" (John Lane). By Special Permission of the Author.]

LASCA.

BY FRANK DESPREZ.

It's all very well to write reviews,
 And carry umbrellas, and keep dry shoes,
 And say what every one's saying here,
 And wear what every one else must wear ;
 But to-night I'm sick of the whole affair,
 I want free life and I want fresh air ;
 And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
 The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,
 The melley of horns and hoofs and heads
 That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads ;
 The green beneath, and the blue above ;
 And dash and danger, and life and love,
 And Lasca !

Lasca used to ride
 On a mouse-grey mustang close to my side.
 With blue *serapé* * and bright-belled spur ;
 I laughed with joy as I looked at her !
 Little knew she of books or of creeds—
 An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs ;
 Little she cared, save to be by my side,
 To ride with me, and ever to ride,
 From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
 She was as bold as the billows that beat,
 She was as wild as the breezes that blow ;
 From her little head to her little feet,

* Cloak.

She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion : a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She was alive in every limb
With feeling, to the finger-tips ;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining soft sapphire,
One does not drink in little sips.

Why did I leave the fresh and the free,
That suited her and suited me ?
Listen awhile, and you will see ;
But this be sure—in earth or air,
God and God's laws are everywhere,
And Nemesis comes with a foot as fleet
On the Texas trail as in Regent Street.

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side and quite forgot :
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close opprest,
That the Texas Norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon ;
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop their flight ;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who fall in front of their mad stampede !

Was that thunder. No, by the Lord !
I spring to my saddle without a word.
One foot on mine, and she clung behind,
Away ! on a wild chase down the wind !
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared,
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on :
There was one chance left, and you have but one :
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse ;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance ;
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,

You may thank your stars ; if not, good-bye
 To the open air and the open sky,
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande !

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
 For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
 Down came the mustang, and down came we,
 Clinging together, and—what was the rest ?
 A body that spread itself on my breast,
 Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
 Then came thunder in my ears,
 As over us surged the sea of steers,
 Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
 And when I could rise,
 Lasca was dead.

I hollowed a grave a few feet deep,
 And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep ;
 And there she is lying, and no one knows,
 And the summer shines and the winter snows ;
 For many a day the flowers have spread
 A pall of petals over her head ;
 And I wonder why I do not care
 For things that are like the things that were.
 Does half my life lie buried there
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande ?

[*By Special Permission of Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, of Bristol.*]

THE C'RRECT CARD.

A RACING LYRIC.

BY FRANK DESPREZ.

"C'RRECT card, sir? C'rrect card, sir? What! You've seen
 my face before?
 Well, I dare say as how you have, sir; and so have many more;
 But they passes me by without a word—but perhaps it's just
 as well:
 A poor crippled chap like me, sir, ain't fit company for a swell.
 But I've seen the time when they all was proud with me to be
 talking seen—
 When I rode for Lord Arthur Forester and wore the black
 and green.

"How did it happen? I'll tell you, sir. You knew little Fanny Flight—
Old Farmer Flight's one daughter—always so pretty and bright? You used to joke with her sometimes, sir, and say as if you she'd marry,
You'd set up a 'pub' together, an' pitch your folks to Old Harry. You was just down for the holidays, sir, from Oxford, where you was at school;
But *you* only played at being in love, while *I* . . . was a cursed fool!

"Well, there was lots of 'em after her, sir, what with her ways and her face;
But I was in earnest, you see, sir, and rode a waiting race. 'Twas one fine April morning, when she came out to see us train, And just as she stood with her little hand holding on by my horse's mane,
I felt as how I could do it, and came with a rush, you see, An' I said to her—all of a tremble, sir—'Fan, will you marry me?'
And she blushed, an' smiled, an' whinnied, and after a bit she agreed
That, as soon as I found the money to pay for our keep and feed, Why, we'd run in harness together. We'd ha' made a tidyish pair;
For I weren't a bad-looking colt at the time, an' *she*—such a nice little mare!
Such a mouth! such a forehead! such action! Ah! well, let 'em say what they may,
That's the sort to make running with us, sir—but there, sir! they never can *stay*.

"Well, the time went on, and I rode my best, an' they called me a 'cuteish chap,
And Lord Arthur put me up to ride for the Leicestershire Handicap.
Lord Arthur, he was a *gentleman*—never was stingy or mean—An' he said, 'I'll give you five hundred, my man, if you win with the black and green.'
Well, the horse I rode was Rasper; perhaps you remember him well?
Black, all but one white foot, sir; *and* a temper!—he'd pull like h—l;
But jump like a bird if he had a mind—plenty of power and pace—
And I knew he had it in him and I swore I'd win the race.

"The night before the race came off I went down to Farmer Flight's—
They'd got to expect me regular now on Tuesday and Friday nights—
And I told her what Lord Arthur said, and how, if I chanced to win,
We'd go into double harness on the strength of his lordship's tin.
An' she put my colours in her hair and her arms around my neck,
And I felt . . . well, there, sir! a chap's a fool as can't keep his feelings in check.
But then, you see, sir, I *was* a fool—a big one as ever was seen—
But then I was only twenty when I rode in the black and green.

"I got up early next morning, an' felt as light as a feather,
And I went to start for the stables; and mother she asked me whether
I'd not take my flask in my pocket, in case it might come in handy;
But, 'Mother,' I says, 'when a chap's in love, he don't feel to want any brandy.'
And I thought, as I put on a new pair o' spurs and a jacket brañ new and clean,
That I'd give long odds that I'd pull it off—ten to one on the black and green.

"Well, Lord Arthur gave me my orders and a leg up on to my horse,
And I just had taken my canter, an' was coming back up the course,
When who should I spy but Fanny, in a stylish sort of trap,
Talking away like blazes to a dark, long-whiskered chap!
But I hadn't time to think of more, for we got the word to start,
And Rasper gave a thundering tear that nearly pulled out my heart;
An' then I pulled him together, for mine was a waiting race,
And I knew that what was to win it was Rasper's turn of pace.

"Well, I got round all right the first time; the fences were easy enough—
At least, to a couple like *we* were; the only one that was tough
Was a biggish hedge, with a post and rails; but the taking-off was fair,
And I shouldn't call it a dangerous jump, as long as you took it with care.
And Rasper!—that very morning I said to Lord Arthur, I said,

I think as that horse there could jump a *church* if he took the thing into his head';
An' that morning he went like a lady, and looked as bright as a bean,
And I knew, if it only lasted, I'd win with the black and green.

"I was riding Rasper easy, when, just as we passed the stand,
It struck me the carriage that Fanny was in was somewhere upon my right hand;
And I took a pull at Rasper and a glance towards that side,
And I saw what made me forget the race and forget the way to ride—

Only a kiss! An' what's a kiss to the like of him and her?
But I couldn't help letting Rasper feel that I wore a long-necked spur;

An' though I set my teeth to be cool and steadied him with the rein,
I knew that the devil in Rasper was up, and couldn't be laid again;
An' the very next fence, though I kept him straight, and he went at after the rest,

I could feel that he meant to do his worst; and I couldn't ride my best.

For, you know, when a man feels desperate-like, he's no more head than a child;

And it's all *up* with a jock, you see, if he goes at his fences wild.

"Over the next fence—over the next—till I thought, as my teeth I set,

If I only could keep my head to my work, I might pull through with it yet;

And I took a pull at Rasper, an' fell back a bit to the tail,
For I'd never forgot the one difficult spot—the hedge with the post and rail.

How it all comes back! We're in the field—now for a rattling burst,

For the race is half won by the horse and man that crosses that fence the first.

I run up to my horses and pass them—I've given Rasper his head;
I can hear, some lengths behind me, the trampling and the tread;
And now I send him at it, firmly but not too fast—

He stops—lays his ears back—REFUSES! *The devil's come out at last!*

And I dig in the steel and let him feel the sting of stout whale-bone,

And I say, 'You *shall* do it, you devil! if I break your neck and my own.'

And the brute gives a squeal, and rushes at the post and
rail like mad—

No time to rise him at it—not much use if I had ;

And then . . . well, I feel a crash and a blow, and hear a
woman scream,

And I seem to be dying by inches in a horrid sort of a dream.

“No, thank ye—I’d rather not, sir. You see they ain’t all
like you ;

These gents as has plenty of money don’t care who they gives it to ;

But as for stopping an’ saying a word, an’ hearing a fellow’s tale,

They’d rather give him a crown, sir, or stand him a quart of ale.

But it brings back old times to be talking to you. Ah ! the
jolly old times as I’ve seen,

When I rode for Lord Arthur (c’rrect card, sir ?), and wore the
black and green ! ”

[By Special Permission of Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, of Bristol.]

CONSTANCY.

BY CHARLES DIBDIN.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board ;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored,

Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore to be once more
Safe moored with thee !
Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And surges roaring from below,
Shall my signal be to think on thee,
And this shall be my song :
Blow high, blow low—

And on that night, when all the crew,
The memory of their former lives
O’erflowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I’ll heave a sigh and think on thee,
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burden of my song shall be :
Blow high, blow low—

THE PERFECT SAILOR.

BY CHARLES DIBDIN.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful, below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair ;
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft !
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed,
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.

MOLLY TREFUSIS.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

"Now the Graces are four, and the Venuses two,
And ten is the number of Muses ;
For a Muse and a Grace and a Venus are you,
My dear little Molly Trefusis."

So he wrote, the old bard of an "old magazine,"
As a study is not without use is,
If we wonder a moment who she may have been,
This same "Little Molly Trefusis."

She was Cornish. We know that at once by the "Tre";
 Then of guessing it scarce an abuse is,
 If we say that where Bude bellows back to the sea
 Was the birthplace of Molly Trefusis.

And she lives in the era of patches and bows,
 Not knowing what rouge or ceruse is;
 For they needed (I trust) but her natural rose,
 The lilies of Molly Trefusis.

And I somehow connect her (I frankly admit
 That the evidence hard to produce is)
 With Bath in its hey-day of Fashion and Wit,
 This dangerous Molly Trefusis.

I fancy her, radiant in ribbon and knot,
 (How charming that old-fashioned puce is!)
 All blooming in laces, fal-lals and what not,
 At the Pump Room—Miss Molly Trefusis.

I fancy her reigning—a Beauty—a Toast,
 Where Bladud's medicinal cruse is;
 And we know that at least of one Bard it could boast,
 The Court of Queen Molly Trefusis.

He says she was "Venus." I doubt it; besides,
 (Your rhymer so helplessly loose is!)
 His "little" could scarce be to Venus applied,
 If fitly to Molly Trefusis.

No, no. It was Hebe he had in his mind;
 And fresh as the handmaid of Zeus is,
 And rosy, and rounded, and dimpled you'll find,
 Was certainly Molly Trefusis!

Then he calls her "a Muse." To the charge I reply
 That we all of us know what a Muse is;
 It is something too awful,—too acid,—too dry,
 For sunny-eyed Molly Trefusis.

But "a Grace!" There I grant he was probably right;
 (The rest but a verse-making ruse is)
 It was all that was graceful,—intangible,—light,
 The beauty of Molly Trefusis.

Was she wooed? Who can hesitate much about that
 Assuredly more than obtuse is ;
 For how could the poet have written so pat
 " *My dear little Molly Trefusis.*"

And was wed? That I think we must plainly infer,
 Since of suitors the common excuse is
 To take to them Wives. So it happened to her,
 Of course,—“little Molly Trefusis !”

To the Bard? 'Tis unlikely: Apollo, you see,
 In practical matters a goose is,
 'Twas a knight of the shire, and a hunting J.P.
 Who carried off Molly Tre fusis !

And you'll find, I conclude, in the *Gentleman's Mag.*,
 At the end where the pick of the news is,
 "On the (blank) at 'the Bath,' to Sir Hilary Bragg,
 With a Fortune, Miss Molly Trefusis."

Thereupon . . . but no further the student may pry ;
 Love's temple is dark as Eleusis,
 So here, at the threshold, we part, you and I,
 From "dear little Molly Trefusis."

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE OLD SEDAN CHAIR.

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

It stands in the stable-yard, under the eaves,
 Propped up by a broom-stick, and covered with leaves :
 It once was the pride of the gay and the fair,
 But now 'tis a ruin,—that old Sedan chair !

It is battered and tattered,—it little avails
 That once it was lacquered, and glistened with nails ;
 For its leather is cracked into lozenge and square,
 Like a canvas by Wilkie,—that old Sedan chair !

See,—here came the bearing-straps ; here were the holes
 For the poles of the bearers—when once there were poles ;
 It was cushioned with silk, it was wadded with hair,
 As the birds have discovered,—that old Sedan chair !

"Where's Troy?" says the poet! Look—under the seat,
Is a nest with four eggs,—'tis the favoured retreat
Of the Muscovy hen, who has hatched, I dare swear,
Quite an army of chicks in that old Sedan chair!

And yet—can't you fancy a face in the frame
Of the window,—some high-headed damsel or dame,
Be-patched and be-powdered, just set by the stair,
While they raise up the lid of that old Sedan chair!

Can't you fancy Sir Plume as beside her he stands,
With his ruffles adroop on his delicate hands,
With his cinnamon coat, with his laced solitaire,
As he lifts her out light from that old Sedan chair.

Then it swings away slowly. Ah, many a league
It has trotted 'twixt sturdy-legged Terence and Teague;
Stout fellows!—but prone, on a question of fare,
To brandish the poles of that old Sedan chair!

It has waited by portals where Garrick has played;
It has waited by Heidegger's "Grand Masquerade";
For my Lady Codille, for my Lady Bellair,
It has waited—and waited, that old Sedan chair!

Oh, the scandals it knows! Oh, the tales it could tell
Of Drum and Ridotto, of Rake and of Belle,—
Of Cock-fight and Levee, and (scarcely more rare!)
Of Fête-days at Tyburn, that old Sedan chair!

"Heu! quantum mutata," I say as I go.
It deserves better fate than a stable-yard, though;
We must furbish it up, and despatch it,—“With Care”—
To a Fine Art Museum—that old Sedan chair!

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

TU QUOQUE.

AN IDYLL IN THE CONSERVATORY.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

NELLIE.

IF I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, when persons I affected,
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
I would not dance with *odious* Miss M'Tavish
If I were you !

FRANK.

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer
Whiff of the best,—the mildest “honey-dew,”
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
Even to write the “Cynical Review” ;—

FRANK.

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

Really ! You would ? Why, Frank, you're quite delightful,—
Hot as Othello, and as black of hue ;
Borrow my fan. I would not look so *frightful*,
If I were you !

FRANK.

“It is the cause.” I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu !
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

Go, if you will. At once ! And by express, sir !
Where shall it be ? To China—or Peru ?
Go. I should leave inquirers my address, sir,
If I were you !

FRANK.

No,—I remain. To stay and fight a duel
 Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do—
 Ah, you are strong,—I would not then be cruel,
 If I were you !

NELLIE.

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted,—

FRANK.

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue,—

NELLIE.

If I confess that I a wee-bit pouted ?—

FRANK.

I should admit that I was *piqué*, too.

NELLIE.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
 If I were you !

[Waltz—*Exeunt*.][*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

BEFORE SEDAN.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

"The dead hand clasped a letter."

—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HERE, in this leafy place,
 Quiet he lies,
 Cold, with his sightless face
 Turned to the skies ;
 'Tis but another dead ;
 All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—
 Kings must have slaves ;
 Kings climb to eminence
 Over men's graves :
 So this man's eye is dim ;—
 Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
 There, at his side?
 Paper his hand had clutched
 Tight ere he died ;—
 Message or wish, may be ;—
 Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
 Here could have smiled !—
 Only the tremulous
 Words of a child ;—
 Prattle, that has for stops
 Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
 Morning and night,
 His—her dead father's—kiss ;
 Tries to be bright,
 Good to mamma, and sweet.
 That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
 Slumbered the pain !
 Ah, if the hearts that bled
 Slept with the slain !
 If the grief died ;—But no ;—
 Death will not have it so.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

"GOOD-NIGHT, BABETTE !"

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

"Si vieillesse pouvait !—"

SCENE.—*A small neat Room. In a high Voltaire chair sits a white-haired old gentleman.*

MONSIEUR VIEUXBOIS.

BABETTE.

M. VIEUXBOIS (*turning querulously*).

DAY of my life ! Where *can* she get ?

BABETTE ! I say ! BABETTE !—BABETTE !

BABETTE (*entering hurriedly*).

Coming, M'sieu' ! If M'sieu' speaks
 So loud, he won't be well for weeks !

AUSTIN DOBSON

M. VIEUXBOIS.

Where have you been ?

BABETTE.

Why M'sieu' knows :—
 April !... Ville-d'Avray !... Ma'am'selle ROSE !

M. VIEUXBOIS.

Ah ! I am old,—and I forget.
 Was the place growing green, BABETTE ?

BABETTE.

But of a greenness !—yes, M'sieu' !
 And then the sky so blue !—so blue !
 And when I dropped my *immortelle*,
 How the birds sang !

(*Lifting her apron to her eyes.*)
 This poor Ma'am'selle !

M. VIEUXBOIS.

You're a good girl, BABETTE, but she,—
 She was an Angel, verily.
 Sometimes I think I see her yet
 Stand smiling by the cabinet ;
 And once, I know, she peeped and laughed
 Betwixt the curtains...

Where's the draught ?

(*She gives him a cup.*)

Now I shall sleep, I think, BABETTE ;—
 Sing me your Norman *chansonnette*.

BABETTE (*sings*).

"Once at the *Angelus*
 (*Ere I was dead*),
Angels all glorious
Came to my Bed ;—
Angels in blue and white
Crowned on the Head."

M. VIEUXBOIS (*drowsily*).

"She was an Angel "... "Once she laughed "...
 What, was I dreaming ?...

Where's the draught ?

BABETTE (*showing the empty cup*).
 The draught, M'sieu' ?

M. VIEUXBOIS.

How I forget !
I am so old ! But sing, BABETTE !

BABETTE (*sings*).

*" One was the Friend I left
Stark in the snow ;
One was the wife that died
Long—long ago ;
One was the Love I lost...
How could she know ? "*

M. VIEUXBOIS (*murmuring*).

Ah, PAUL !...old PAUL !...EULALIE too !
And ROSE...And O ! " the sky so blue ! "

BABETTE (*sings*).

*" One had my mother's eyes,
Wistful and mild ;
One had my father's face ;
One was a child :
All of them bent to me,—
Bent down and smiled ! "*

(He is asleep !)

M. VIEUXBOIS (*almost inaudibly*).

" How I forget ! "
" I am so old ! "... " Good-night, BABETTE ! "
[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

HE lived in that past Georgian day,
When men were less inclined to say
That " Time is Gold," and overlay
 With toil their pleasure ;
He held some land, and dwelt thereon,—
Where, I forget,—the house is gone ;
His Christian name, I think, was John,—
 His surname, Leisure.

Reynolds has painted him,—a face
Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace,
Fresh-coloured, frank, with ne'er a trace
 Of trouble shaded ;

The eyes are blue, the hair is drest
 In plainest way,—one hand is prest
 Deep in a flapped canary vest,
 With buds brocaded.

He wears a brown old Brunswick coat,
 With silver buttons,—round his throat,
 A soft cravat ;—in all you note
 An elder fashion,—
 A strangeness, which, to us who shine
 In shapely hats,—whose coats combine
 All harmonies of hue and line,
 Inspires compassion.

He lived so long ago, you see !
 Men were untravelled then, but we,
 Like Ariel, post o'er land and sea
 With careless parting ;
 He found it quite enough for him
 To smoke his pipe in " garden trim,"
 And watch, about the fish tank's brim,
 The swallows darting.

He liked the well-wheel's creaking tongue,—
 He liked the thrush that stopped and sung,—
 He liked the drone of flies among
 His netted peaches ;
 He liked to watch the sunlight fall
 Athwart his ivied orchard wall ;
 Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call
 Beyond the beeches.

His were the times of Paint and Patch,
 And yet no Ranelagh could match
 The sober doves that round his thatch
 Spread tails and sidled ;
 He liked their ruffling, puffed content,—
 For him their drowsy wheelings meant
 More than a Mall of Beaux that bent,
 Or Belles that bridled.

Not that, in truth, when life began
 He shunned the flutter of the fan ;
 He too had maybe " pinked his man "
 In Beauty's quarrel ;
 But now his " fervent youth " had flown
 Where lost things go ; and he was grown
 As staid and slow-paced as his own
 Old hunter, Sorrel.

Yet still he loved the chase, and held
That no composer's score excelled
The merry horn, when Sweetlip swelled
 Its jovial riot ;
But most his measured words of praise
Caressed the angler's easy ways,—
His idly meditative days,—
 His rustic diet.

Not that his "meditating" rose
Beyond a sunny summer doze ;
He never troubled his repose
 With fruitless prying ;
But held, as law for high and low,
What God withholds no man can know,
And smiled away inquiry so,
 Without replying.

We read—alas, how much we read !—
The jumbled strifes of creed and creed
With endless controversies feed
 Our groaning tables ;
His books—and they sufficed him—were
Cotton's "Montaigne," "The Grave" of Blair,
A "Walton"—much the worse for wear,
 And "Æsop's Fables."

One more,—“The Bible.” Not that he
Had searched its page as deep as we ;
No sophistries could make him see
 Its slender credit ;
It may be that he could not count
The sires and sons to Jesse's fount,—
He liked the "Sermon on the Mount,"—
 And more, he read it.

Once he had loved, but failed to wed,
A red-cheeked lass who long was dead ;
His ways were far too slow, he said,
 To quite forget her ;
And still when time had turned him gray,
The earliest hawthorn buds in May
Would find his lingering feet astray,
 Where first he met her.

"*In Cælo Quies*" heads the stone
On Leisure's grave,—now little known,
A tangle of wild-rose has grown
 So thick across it ;

The "Benefactions" still declare
 He left the clerk an elbow-chair,
 And "12 Pence Yearly to prepare
 A Christmas Posset."

Lie softly, Leisure ! Doubtless you,
 With too serene a conscience drew
 Your easy breath, and slumbered through

The gravest issue ;

But we, to whom our age allows
 Scarce space to wipe our weary brows,
 Look down upon your narrow house,
 Old friend, and miss you !

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE CURÉ'S PROGRESS.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

MONSIEUR the Curé down the street
 Comes with his kind old face,—
 With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
 And his green umbrella-case.

You may see him pass by the little "*Grande Place*,"
 And the tiny "*Hôtel-de-Ville*" ;
 He smiles as he goes to the *fleuriste* Rose,
 And the *pompier* Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "*Marché*" cool,
 Where the noisy fish-wives call ;
 And his compliment pays to the "*belle Thérèse*,"
 As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,
 And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
 Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes
 In his tails for a *pain d'épice*.

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit,
 Who is said to be heterodox,
 That will ended be with a "*Ma foi, oui !*"
 And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard,
 To the furrier's daughter Lou ;
 And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red
 And a "*Bon Dieu garde, M'sieu !*"

SARAH DOUDNEY

But a grander way for the *Sous-Préfet*,
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne ;
And a mock " off-hat " to the Notary's cat,
And a nod to the Sacristan :—

For ever through life the Curé goes
With a smile on his kind old face—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella-case.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

THE pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth ;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed ;
The plea for mercy gently breathed
When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss ;
If with a firm unchanging faith,
And holy trust on high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell ;
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel but never tell ;

SARAH DOUDNEY

The hard repulse that grieves the heart
 Whose hopes were bounding high,
 In an unfading record kept—
 These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
 Must find some work to do ;
 Lose not a chance to waken love—
 Be firm, and just, and true ;
 So shall a light that cannot fade
 Beam on thee from on high,
 And angel-voices say to thee—
 “ These things shall never die.”

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE LESSON OF THE WATER-MILL.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

LISTEN to the water-mill ;
 Through the livelong day,
 How the clicking of its wheel
 Wears the hours away !
 Languidly the autumn wind
 Stirs the forest leaves,
 From the field the reapers sing,
 Binding up their sheaves ;
 And a proverb haunts my mind
 As a spell is cast—
 “ The mill cannot grind
 With the water that is past.”

Autumn winds revive no more
 Leaves that once are shed,
 And the sickle cannot reap
 Corn once gathered ;
 Flows the ruffled streamlet on,
 Tranquil, deep, and still ;
 Never gliding back again
 To the water-mill ;
 Truly speaks that proverb old,
 With a meaning vast—
 “ The mill cannot grind
 With the water that is past.”

Take the lesson to thyself,
True and loving heart ;
Golden youth is fleeting by,
Summer hours depart ;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day,
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away !
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while love shall last—
“The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.”

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will !
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill ;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon thy way,
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy “to-day” ;
Power, and intellect, and health
May not always last—
“The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.”

O the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by !
O the good *that might have been*—
Lost, without a sigh !
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard ;
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take, and hold it fast—
“The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.”

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

CORPORAL DICK'S PROMOTION.

A BALLAD OF '82.

BY SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE Eastern day was well-nigh o'er
When, parched with thirst and travel sore,
Two of McPherson's flanking corps
 Across the Desert were tramping.
They had wandered off from the beaten track
And now were wearily harking back,
Ever staring round for the signal jack
 That marked their comrades camping.

The one was Corporal Robert Dick,
Bearded and burly, short and thick,
Rough of speech and in temper quick,
 A hard-faced old rapsallion.
The other, fresh from the barrack square,
Was a raw recruit, smooth-cheeked and fair,
Half grown, half drilled, with the weedy air
 Of a draft from the home battalion.

Weary and parched and hunger-torn,
They had wandered on from early morn,
And the young boy-soldier limped forlorn,
 Now stumbling and now falling.
Around the orange sand-curves lay,
Flecked with boulders, black or grey,
Death-silent, save that far away
 A kite was shrilly calling.

A kite? Was *that* a kite? The yell
That shrilly rose and faintly fell?
No kite's, and yet the kite knows well
 The long-drawn wild halloo.
And right athwart the evening sky
The yellow sand-spray spurtled high,
And shrill and shriller swelled the cry
 Of "Allah ! Allahu !"

The Corporal peered at the crimson West,
Hid his pipe in his khaki vest.
Growled out an oath and onward pressed,
 Still glancing over his shoulder.

"Bedouins, mate!" he curtly said;
"We'll find some work for steel and lead,
And maybe sleep in a sandy bed,
Before we're one hour older.

"But just one flutter before we're done.
Stiffen your lip and stand, my son;
We'll take this bloomin' circus on:
Ball-cartridge load! Now, steady!"
With a curse and a prayer the two faced round,
Dogged and grim they stood their ground,
And their breech-blocks snapped with a crisp clean sound
As the rifles sprang to the "ready."

Alas for the Emir Ali Khan!
A hundred paces before his clan,
That ebony steed of the prophet's breed
Is the foal of death and of danger.
A spurt of fire, a gasp of pain,
A blueish blur on the yellow plain,
The chief was down, and his bridle rein
Was in the grip of the stranger.

With the light of hope on his rugged face,
The Corporal sprang to the dead man's place,
One prick with the steel, one thrust with the heel,
And where was the man to outride him?
A grip of his knees, a toss of his rein,
He was settling her down to her gallop again,
When he stopped, for he heard just one faltering word
From the young recruit beside him.

One faltering word from pal to pal,
But it found the heart of the Corporal.
He had sprung to the sand, he had lent him a hand,
"Up, mate! They'll be 'ere in a minute;
Off with you! No palaver! Go!
I'll bide be'ind and run this show.
Promotion has been cursed slow,
And this is my chance to win it."

Into the saddle he thrust him quick,
Spurred the black mare with a bayonet prick,
Watched her gallop with plunge and with kick
Away o'er the desert careering.

Then he turned with a softened face,
And loosened the strap of his cartridge-case,
While his thoughts flew back to the dear old place
In the sunny Hampshire clearing.

The young boy-private, glancing back,
Saw the Bedouins' wild attack,
And heard the sharp Martini crack.

But as he gazed, already
The fierce fanatic Arab band
Was closing in on every hand,
Until one tawny swirl of sand,
Concealed them in its eddy.

A squadron of British horse that night,
Galloping hard in the shadowy light,
Came on the scene of that last stern fight,
And found the Corporal lying
Silent and grim on the trampled sand,
His rifle grasped in his stiffened hand,
With the warrior pride of one who died
'Mid a ring of the dead and the dying.

And still when twilight shadows fall,
After the evening bugle call,
In bivouac or in barrack-hall,
His comrades speak of the Corporal,
His death and his devotion.
And there are some who like to say
That perhaps a hidden meaning lay
In the words he spoke, and that the day
When his rough bold spirit passed away
Was the day that he won promotion.

[From "*Songs of Action.*" By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

BY SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE.

THE sun is bright, the sky is clear,
Above the crowded course,
As the mighty moment draweth near
Whose issue shows *the horse.*

The fairest of the land are here
To watch the struggle of the year,
The dew of beauty and of mirth
Lies on the living flowers of earth,
And blushing cheek and kindling eye
Lend brightness to the sun on high ;
And every corner of the north
Has poured her hardy yeomen forth ;
The dweller by the glistening rills
That sound among the Craven hills ;
The stalwart husbandman who holds
His plough upon the eastern wolds ;
The sallow, shrivelled artisan,
Twisted below the height of man,
Whose limbs and life have mouldered down
Within some foul and clouded town,
Are gathering thickly on the lea,
Or streaming from far homes to see
If Yorkshire keeps her old renown ;
Or if the dreaded Derby horse
Can tear the laurel from her course ;
With the same look in every face,
The same keen feeling, they retrace
The legends of each ancient race.

.

Clear peals the bell ; at that known sound,
Like bees, the people cluster round ;
On either side upstarting then,
One close dark wall of breathing men,
Far down as eye can reach is seen
Along yon vivid strip of green,
Where, keenly watched by countless eyes,
'Mid hopes and fears and prophecies,
Now fast, now slow, now here, now there,
With hearts of fire and limbs of air,
Snorting and prancing—sidling by
With arching neck and glancing eye,
In every shape of strength and grace,
The horses gather for the race ;
Soothed for a moment all, they stand
Together, like a sculptured band,
Each quivering eyelid flutters thick,
Each face is flushed, each heart beats quick ;
And all around dim murmurs pass,
Like low winds moaning on the grass.

SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE

Again—the thrilling signal sound—
And off at once, with one long bound,
Into the speed of thought they leap,
Like a proud ship rushing to the deep.

A start ! a start ! they're off, by heaven,
Like a single horse, though twenty-seven,
And 'mid the flash of silks we scan
A Yorkshire jacket in the van ;
Hurrah ! for the bold bay mare !

I'll pawn my soul her place is there,
Unheaded to the last,
For a thousand pounds, she wins unpast—
Hurrah ! for the matchless mare !

A hundred yards have glided by,
And they settle to the race,
More keen becomes each straining eye,
More terrible the pace.
Unbroken yet o'er the gravel road
Like maddening waves the troop has flowed,
But the speed begins to tell ;
And Yorkshire sees, with eyes of fear,
The Southron stealing from the rear.
Ay ! mark his action well !
Behind he is, but what repose !
How steadily and clean he goes !
What latent speed his limbs disclose !
What power in every stride he shows !
They see, they feel, from man to man
The shivering thrill of terror ran,
And every soul instinctive knew
It lay between the mighty two.
The world without, the sky above,
Have glided from their straining eyes—
Future and past, and hate and love,
The life that wanes, the friend that dies.
E'en grim remorse who sits behind
Each thought and motion of the mind,
These now are nothing, Time and Space
Lie in the rushing of the race ;
As with keen shouts of hope and fear
They watch it in its wild career.
Still far ahead of the glittering throng,
Dashes the eager mare along,

And round the turn and past the hill,
Slides up the Derby winner still.
The twenty-five that lay between
Are blotted from the stirring scene,
And the wild cries which rang so loud
Sink by degrees throughout the crowd
To one deep humming, like the roar
Of seas along a distant shore.

In distance dwindling to the eye
Right opposite the stand they lie,
And scarcely seem to stir ;
But though so indistinct and small,
You hardly see them move at all,
There are not wanting signs, which show
Defeat is busy as they go.
Look how the mass, which rushed away
As full of spirit as the day,
So close compacted for a while,
Is lengthening into single file.
Now inch by inch it breaks, and wide
And spreading gaps the line divide.

Care sits on every lip and brow.
"Who leads? who fails? how goes it now?"

Look to yon turn ! Already there
Gleams the pink and black of the fiery mare,
And through *that*, which was but now a gap,
Creeps on the terrible white cap.
Half-strangled in each throat, a shout,
Wrung from their fevered spirits out,
Bounds through the crowd like muffled drums,
"His jockey moves him on. He comes!"
Then momentarily, like gusts, you heard,
"He's sixth—he's fifth—he's fourth—he's third;"
And on, like some glancing meteor-flame,
The stride of the Derby winner came.

And during all that anxious time,
The earnestness became sublime.

Thus, through the reeling field he flew,
And near and yet more near he drew ;
Each leap seems longer than the last,
Now—now—the second horse is past,

And the keen rider of the mare,
 With haggard looks of feverish care,
 Hangs forward on the speechless air,
 By steady stillness nursing in
 The remnant of her speed to win.
 One other bound—one more—'tis done ;
 Right up to her the horse has run,
 And head to head, and stride for stride,
 Newmarket's hope and Yorkshire's pride
 Like horses harnessed side by side,

Are struggling to the goal.

Ride ! gallant son of Ebor, ride !
 For the dear honour of the north,
 Stretch every bursting sinew forth,

Put out thy inmost soul—

And with knee and thigh, and tightened rein
 Lift in the mare by might and main ;
 The feelings of the people reach
 What lies beyond the springs of speech,
 So that there rises up no sound
 From the wide human life around ;
 One spirit flashes from each eye,
 One impulse lifts each heart throat-high,
 One short and panting silence broods
 O'er the wildly-working multitudes,
 As on the struggling coursers press,
 So deep the eager silentness,
 That underneath their feet the turf
 Seems shaken, like the eddying surf

When it tastes the rushing gale ;
 And the singing fall of the heavy whips,
 Which tear away the flesh in strips,

As the tempest tears the sail,
 On the throbbing heart and quivering ear,
 Strike vividly distinct and near.

But hark ! what an arrowy rush is there,
 "He's beat ! he's beat !—by heaven, the mare !"

Just on the post, her spirit rare,
 When Hope herself might well despair ;
 When Time had not a breath to spare ;
 When bird-like dash shoots clean away,
 And by half a length has gained the day,
 Then, how to life that silence wakes !
 Ten thousand hats thrown up on high
 Send darkness to the echoing sky,
 And like the crash of hill-pent lakes,

Out-bursting from their deepest fountains,
Among the rent and reeling mountains,
At once, from thirty thousand throats,
Rushes the Yorkshire roar,
And the name of their northern winner floats
A league from the course and more.

THE SPANISH MOTHER.

SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED BY A VETERAN FRENCH OFFICER.

BY SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE.

YES! I have served that noble chief throughout his proud career,
And heard the bullets whistle past in lands both far and near—
Amidst Italian flowers, below the dark pines of the north,
Where'er the Emperor willed to pour his clouds of battle forth.

'Twas *then* a splendid sight to see, though terrible I ween,
How his vast spirit filled and moved the wheels of the machine;
Wide-sounding leagues of sentient steel, and fires that lived to kill,
Were but the echo of his voice, the body of his will.

But *now* my heart is darkened with shadows that rise and fall,
Between the sunlight and the ground to sadden and appal;
The woful things both seen and done, we heeded little then,
But they return, like ghosts, to shake the sleep of aged men.

The German and the Englishman were each an open foe,
And open hatred hurled us back from Russia's blinding snow,
Intenser far, in blood-red light, like fires unquenched, remain
The dreadful deeds wrung forth by war from the brooding soul
of Spain.

I saw a village in the hills, as silent as a dream,
Nought stirring but the summer sound of a merry mountain
stream;
The evening star just smiled from heaven, with its quiet silver
eye,
And the chestnut woods were still and calm, beneath the
deepening sky.

But in that place, self-sacrificed, nor man nor beast we found,
Nor fig-tree on the sun-touched slope, nor corn upon the
ground;—
Each roofless hut was black with smoke, wrenched up each
trailing vine,
Each path was foul with mangled meat, and floods of wasted wine.

We had been marching, travel-worn, a long and burning way,
And when such welcoming we met after that toilsome day,
The pulses in our maddened breasts were human hearts no more,
But, like the spirit of a wolf, hot on the scent of gore.

We lighted on one dying man, they slew him where he lay ;
His wife, close clinging, from the corpse they tore and wrenched
away ;

They thundered in her widowed ears, with frowns and cursings
grim,

“ Food, woman, food and wine, or else we tear thee limb from
limb.”

The woman shaking off *his* blood, rose raven-haired and tall,
And our stern glances quailed before one sterner far than all ;
“ Both food and wine,” she said, “ I have ; I meant them for
the dead,
But ye are living still, and so let them be yours instead.”

The food was brought, the wine was brought, out of a secret place,
But each one paused aghast, and looked into his neighbour's face ;
Her haughty step and settled brow, and chill indifferent mien,
Suited so strangely with the gloom and grimness of the scene :

She glided here, she glided there, before our wondering eyes,
Nor anger showed, nor shame, nor fear, nor sorrow, nor surprise ;
At every step from soul to soul a nameless horror ran,
And made us pale and silent as that silent murdered man.

She sate, and calmly soothed her child into a slumber sweet ;
Calmly the bright blood on the floor crawled red around our feet ;
On placid fruits and bread lay soft the shadows of the wine,
And we like marble statues glared—a chill unmoving line,

All white, all cold ; and moments thus flew by without a breath,
A company of living things where all was still—but death—
My hair rose up from roots of ice, as there unnerved I stood
And watched the only thing that stirred—the ripple of the blood.

That woman's voice was heard at length, it broke the solemn spell,
And human fear displacing awe upon our spirits fell—

“ Ho ! slayers of the sinewless, ho ! trampleers of the weak !
What ! shrink ye from the ghastly meats and life-bought wine
ye seek ?—

“ Feed and begone, I wish to weep—I bring you out my store ;
Devour it—waste it all—and then, pass, and be seen no more—
Poison ! is that your craven fear ? ” she snatched a goblet up,
And raised it to her queenlike head, as if to drain the cup—

But our fierce leader grasped her wrist, "No ! woman, no !" he said,

"A mother's heart of love is deep.—Give it your child instead." She only smiled a bitter smile,—“Frenchmen, I do not shrink ; As pledge of my fidelity—behold the infant drink.”—

He fixed on hers his broad black eye, scanning the inmost soul, But her chill fingers trembled not as she returned the bowl. And we, with lightsome hardihood dismissing idle care, Sat down to eat and drink and laugh, over our dainty fare.

The laugh was loud around the board, the jesting wild and light— But *I* was fevered with the march, and drank no wine that night ; I just had filled a single cup, when through my very brain Stung, sharper than a serpent's tooth, an infant's cry of pain—

Through all that heat of revelry, through all that boisterous cheer, To every heart its feeble moan pierced, like a frozen spear. “Ay,” shrieked the woman, darting up, “I pray you trust again A widow's hospitality, in our unyielding Spain.

“Helpless and hopeless, by the light of God himself I swore To treat you as you treated *him*—that body on the floor. Yon secret place *I* filled, to feel, that if ye did not spare, The treasure of a dread revenge was ready hidden there.

“A mother's love is deep, no doubt, ye did not phrase it ill, But in your hunger, ye forgot that hate is deeper still. The Spanish woman speaks for Spain, for her butchered love the wife— To tell you, that an hour is all *my* vintage leaves of life.”

I cannot paint the many forms by wild despair put on, Nor count the crowded brave who sleep under a single stone ; I can but tell you, how before that horrid hour went by, I saw the murderess beneath the self-avengers die—

But though upon her wrenched limbs they leapt like beasts of prey, And with fierce hands as madmen tore the quivering life away, Triumphant hate and joyous scorn, without a trace of pain, Burned to the last, like sullen stars, in that haughty eye of Spain.

And often now it breaks my rest, the tumult vague and wild, Drifting, like storm-tost clouds, around the mother and her child— While she, distinct in raiment white, stands silently the while, And sheds through torn and bleeding hair the same unchanging smile.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

BY SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE.

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore ;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.

To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame :
He only knows, that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go ;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow ;
The smoke, above his father's door,
In grey soft eddyings hung :
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself, so young ?

Yes, honour calls !—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;
Vain, those all-shattering guns ;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

BY JOHN DRYDEN.

'TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne ;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crowned) ;
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair !
Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the power of mighty love !
A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound ;
A present deity ! they shout around :
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god ;
Affects to nod
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums

Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face :
 Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes !
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again,
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain !
 The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And while he heaven and earth defied
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood ;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth exposed he lies
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of Chance below,
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree ;
 'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sang, is toil and trouble,
 Honour but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying :

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
So love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again :
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sank upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark ! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head :
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise !
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew !
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to their Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud with a furious joy :
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen fired another Troy !
Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown :
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

BY LADY DUFFERIN.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side
 On a bright May mornin' long ago,
 When first you were my bride ;
 The corn was springin' fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high—
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,
 And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
 The day is bright as then,
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again ;
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath, warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep list'ning for the words
 You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near,
 The church where we were wed, Mary,
 I see the spire from here.
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest—
 For I've laid you, darling ! down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends ;
 But, oh ! they love the better still,
 The few our Fátber sends !

And you were all *I* had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride :
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone.
There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for *my* sake !
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh ! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more !

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true !
But I'll not forget *you*, darling !
In the land I'm goin' to ;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland
Were it fifty times as fair !

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies ;
And I think I'll see the little stile
Where we sat side by side :
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

ON THE ROAD.

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

I's boun' to see my gal to-night—
 Oh, lone de way, my dearie !
 De moon ain't out, de stars ain't bright—
 Oh, lone de way, my dearie !
 Dis hoss o' mine is pow'ful slow,
 But when I does git to yo' do'
 Yo' kiss 'll pay me back, an' mo',
 Dough lone de way, my dearie.

De night is skeery-lak an' still—
 Oh, lone de way, my dearie !
 Cept fu' dat mou'nful whippo'will—
 Oh, lone de way, my dearie !
 De way so long wif dis slow pace,
 'T 'u'd seem to me lak savin' grace
 Ef you was on a nearer place,
 Fu' lone de way, my dearie !

I hyeah de hootin' of de owl—
 Oh, lone de way, my dearie !
 I wish dat watch-dog wouldn't howl—
 Oh, lone de way, my dearie !
 An' evaht'ing bofe right an' lef',
 Seem p'in'tly lak hit put itse'f
 In shape to skeer me half to def—
 Oh, lone de way, my dearie !

I whistles so's I won't be feared—
 Oh, lone de way, my dearie !
 But anyhow I's kin o' skeered,
 Fu' lone de way, my dearie !
 De sky been lookin' mighty glum,
 But you kin mek hit lighten some,
 Ef you'll jes' say you's glad I come,
 Dough lone de way, my dearie.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE IRIS.

BY MICHAEL FIELD.

THE iris was yellow, the moon was pale,
In the air it was stiller than snow,
There was even light through the vale,
But a vaporous sheet
Clung about my feet,
And I dared no farther go,
I had passed the pond, I could see the stile,
The path was plain for more than a mile,
Yet I dared no farther go.

The iris-beds shone in my face, when, whist !
A noiseless music began to blow,
A music that moved through the mist,
That had not begun,
Would never be done,
With that music I must go :
And I found myself in the heart of the tune,
Wheeling round to the whirr of the moon,
With the sheets of the mist below.

In my hands how warm were the little hands,
Strange little hands that I did not know ;
I did not think of the elvan bands,
Nor of anything
In that whirling ring—
Here a cock began to crow !
The little hands dropped that had clung so tight,
And I saw again by the pale dawnlight
The iris-heads in a row.

[From "Underneath the Bough." By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE END OF ALL.

BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

THE worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes,—or it prospers ; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

Think in this battered caravanserai,
Whose portals are alternate night and day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp
Abode his destined hour, and went his way.

They saw the lion and the lizard keep
 The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep ;
 And Bahram, that great hunter—the wild ass
 Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
 The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled ;
 That every hyacinth the garden wears
 Dropped in her lap from some once lovely head.

And this reviving herb whose tender green
 Fledges the river-lip on which we lean,—
 Ah, lean upon it lightly, for who knows
 From what once lovely lip it springs unseen !

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the cup that clears
 To-day of past regret and future fears :
 To-morrow !—why, to-morrow I may be
 Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
 That from his vintage rolling Time hath prest,
 Have drunk their cup a round or two, before,
 And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the room
 They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
 Ourselves must we beneath the couch of earth
 Descend—ourselves to make a couch—for whom ?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
 Before we too into the dust descend ;
 Dust into dust, and under dust, to lie
 Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and—sans end !

[*From the Persian of Omar Khayyam.*]

THE MINSTREL GUEST.

BY ELSIE FOGERTY.

ROGER of Shrewsbury turned his face
 With a bitter groan to his arras'd wall ;
 Sick and in dolour was Roger the Earl,
 And never a saint would hear his call :
 “ Sweet saints of Heaven have pittie on me
 And heal my bodie of leprousie.”

Nor squire nor vassal sat by his bed,
Save Walter, the minstrel, who loved him still,
And touched and fingered softly his lute,
As David to free Saul's soul from ill.

Roger Bedeleronn slept in pain,
And there fell on his soul a vision fain.
And, lo ! in his dream an angel stood
And laid his hand on the Holy Rood.

"Hie thee to Araske, Roger the Earl,
And kneel at the steps of our Lady's shrine ;
There burneth the candell that never teined,
And its power shall heale this sickness of thine
[Sweet saints of Heaven have mercy on me,
And heale my bodie of leprousie].

"For that candell shone by the manger stall
Where Marie Mother the Christe childe laid,
And it teined of itself as the daylight grew,
And Marie before her first-born pray'd.

"And mayst thou but see that taper bright,
And a droppe of its wax on the hands alight,
It shall heale thy bodie of leprousie
As the saints in Heaven have pittie on thee."

So Roger knelt at our Lady's shrine,
And beside him knelt his vassals nine,
And ever by day and night they prayed,
Yet ever the healing gift was stayed.

But Walter the minstrel sat apart
And fingered his lute with a heavy heart,
For a minstrel wight is an idle thing,
Fitted only to harp and sing :
"Sweet saints in Heaven have pittie on me,
And heale my master of leprousie."

"Now let each alone his vigil keep
Before the shrine till the dawn grow white,
For it is but the eye of a single faith
That may blessed be by that taper's light."

On the chapell's dark a radiance grew,
And each in his heart the vision knew,
Yet none to the healing wax might win
That should cleanse the Earl of his secret sin
[May the saints in Heaven have pittie on thee
Till thy soul be cleansed of that leprousie].

Wroth in his heart was Roger the Earl,
And he turned him away from the sacred shrine.
"We have humbled our souls to the shaveling's word
Why tarrieth yet the gift divine?"

Then was he aware how one weeping knelt,
And Walter the minstrel caught at his belt;
"Lord Roger, or ever ye turn ye away,
Let *me* kneel at our Lady's shrine and pray."

But pride was strong in Earl Roger's heart,
And he heard the minstrel in evil part.
"Noble my knights and of high degree,
Who have fared on this quest for my leprousie.
If the healing gift be not theirs of right,
Will it fall to an idle minstrel wight?"

"Noble thy knights and of great degree,
Yet none that loveth his lord like me;
Though my hands be skilless to pray or to fight,
For the lute's dear sake have I kept them white;
And my soul, might it profit thy soul in its need,
For thy sake, my master, were lost indeed."

Then the tears sprang thick in Earl Roger's eyes
For shame at the love he had scorned to prize.
"So kneel and pray at our Lady's shrine,
For my pride hath hindered the gift divine;
But the saints in Heaven may hearken to thee
And my soul be cleansed of that leprousie."

So Walter prayed in the growing dark
Till the vision flamed a living spark.
"Oh, the saints are a great and a mighty folk,
Could they look on so poor a wight as I,
Who have but love and my master's need
To lift my faltering hand on high.
By His love on the rood that died for me
May my master be healed of his leprousie."

Then out of the darkness glowed a hand
With its whiteness seared by a crimson brand,
And it bent the candle and held it low
Till the wax upon Walter's hands might flow.

So Roger grew whole and clean once more,
And far and wide bade the minstrel band
Come where Walter sate in his master's stead
And ruled his brethren with even hand.

And ever at Easter the "minstrel's light"
Shone out on our Lady's altar bright;
And the Earl and his minstrel, side by side,
Knelt close in a prayer that was purged of pride.
"Sweet saints of Heaven be praised by me
Whom our Lord hath freed from his leprousie."

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

HEART OF OAK.

BY DAVID GARRICK.

COME cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we steer,
The prize more than all to an Englishman dear;
To honour we call you as freemen, not slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?
Heart of oak are our ships,
Heart of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us we cannot do more.
Heart of oak are our ships,
Heart of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again:

Still Britain shall triumph, her ships plough the sea,
Her standard be Justice, her watchword "Be free";
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,
"Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our king!"
Heart of oak are our ships,
Heart of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

BY F. H. GASSAWAY.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN towered on our right,
Far off the river lay ;
And over on the wooded height
We kept their lines at bay.

At last the muttering guns were stilled,
The day died slow and wan ;
At last the gunners' pipes were filled,
The sergeants' yarns began.

When, as the wind a moment blew
Aside the fragrant flood,
Our brushwood razed, before our view
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,
From fireside fresh she seemed ;
Of such a little one in heaven
I know one soldier dreamed.

And as she stood, her little hand
Went to her curly head,
In grave salute, " And who are you ? "
At length the sergeant said.

" Where is your home ? " he growled again.
She lisped out, " Who is me ?
Why, don't you know I'm little Jane,
The pride of Battery B ?

" My home ? Why, that was burnt away,
And pa and ma is dead ;
But now I ride the guns all day,
Along with Sergeant Ned.

" And I've a drum that's not a toy,
A cap with feathers too ;
And I march beside the drummer-boy
On Sundays at review.

" But now our baccy's given out
The men can't have their smoke,
And so they're cross ; why, even Ned
Won't play with me, and joke !

"And the big colonel said to-day—

I hate to hear him swear—

'I'd give a leg for a good smoke
Like the Yanks have over there.'

"And so I thought when beat the drum,

And the big guns were still,

I'd creep beneath the tent, and come
Out here across the hill.

"And beg, good Mr. Yankee-men,

You'd give me some Long Jack ;

Please do, when we get some again,
I'll surely bring it back.

"And so I came ; for Ned, says he,

'If you do what you say,

You'll be a general yet maybe,
And ride a prancing bay.'"

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er,—

You should have heard her laugh,

As each man from his scanty store
Shook out a generous half.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down

A score of grimy men,

Until the sergeant's husky voice

Said, "'Tention, squad !" and then

We gave her escort til' good-night

The little waif we bid,

Then watched her toddle out of sight,

Or else 'twas tears that hid

Her baby form, nor turned about

A man, nor spoke a word,

Until at length a far faint shout

Upon the wind we heard.

We sent it back, and cast sad eyes

Upon the scene around,

That baby's hand had touched the ties

That brother's once had bound.

That's all, save when the dawn awoke

Again the work of hell,

And through the sullen clouds of smoke

The screaming missiles fell.

Our colonel often rubbed his glass,
 And marvelled much to see,
 Not a single shell that whole day fell
 In the camp of Battery B.

THE DANDY FIFTH.

By F. H. GASSAWAY.

'Twas the time of the working-men's great strike,
 When all the land stood still
 At the sudden roar from the hungry mouths
 That labour could not fill ;
 When the thunder of the railroad ceased,
 And startled towns could spy
 A hundred blazing factories
 Painting each midnight sky.

Through Philadelphia's surging streets
 Marched the brown ranks of toil,
 The grimy legions of the shops,
 The tillers of the soil ;
 White-faced militia-men looked on,
 And women shrank with dread ;
 'Twas muscle against money then—
 'Twas riches against bread.

Once, as the mighty mob tramped on,
 A carriage stopped the way,
 Upon the silken seat of which
 A young patrician lay.
 And as, with haughty glance, he swept
 Along the jeering crowd,
 A white-haired blacksmith in the ranks
 Took off his cap and bowed.

That night the Labour League was met,
 And soon the chairman said :
 "There hides a Judas in our midst ;
 One man who bows his head,
 Who bends the coward's servile knee
 When capital rolls by."
 "Down with him ! Kill the traitor cur !"
 Rang out the savage cry.

Up rose the blacksmith, then, and held
Erect his head of grey—

“I am no traitor, though I bowed
To a rich man’s son to-day ;
And though you kill me as I stand—
As like you mean to do—

I want to tell you a story short,
And I ask you’ll hear me through.

“I was one of those who enlisted first,
The old flag to defend,
With Pope and Halleck, with Mac’ and Grant,
I followed to the end ;
And ’twas somewhere down on the Rapidan,
When the Union cause looked drear,
That a regiment of rich young bloods
Came down to us from here.

“Their uniforms were by tailors cut,
They’d hampers of good wine ;
And every squad had a nigger, too,
To keep their boots in shine ;
They’d nought to say to us dusty ‘vets,’
And through the whole brigade,
We called them the kid-gloved Dandy Fifth
When we passed them on parade.

“Well, they were sent to hold a fort
The Rebs tried hard to take ;
’Twas the key of all our line, which naught
While it held out could break.
But a fearful fight we lost just then,
The reserve came up too late ;
And on that fort, and the Dandy Fifth,
Hung the whole division’s fate.

“Three times we tried to take them aid,
And each time back we fell,
Tho’ once we could hear the fort’s far guns
Boom like a funeral knell ;
Till at length Joe Hooker’s corps came up,
An’ then straight through we broke ;
How we cheered as we saw those dandy coats
Still back of the drifting smoke.

"With the bands at play and the colours spread
 We swarmed up the parapet,
 But the sight that silenced our welcome shout
 I shall never in life forget.
 Four days before had their water gone—
 They had dreaded that the most—
 The next their last scant ration went
 And each man looked a ghost,

"As he stood, gaunt-eyed, behind his gun,
 Like a crippled stag at bay,
 And watched starvation—but not defeat—
 Draw nearer every day.
 Of all the Fifth, not fourscore men
 Could in their places stand,
 And their white lips told a fearful tale,
 As we grasped each bloodless hand.

"The rest in the stupor of famine lay,
 Save here and there a few
 In death sat rigid against the guns,
 Grim sentinels in blue;
 And their Col'nel, *he* could not speak nor stir,
 But we saw his proud eye thrill
 As he simply glanc'd at the shot-scar'd staff
 Where the old flag floated still!

"Now, I hate the tyrants who grind us down,
 While the wolf snarls at our door,
 And the men who've risen from us—to laugh
 At the misery of the poor;
 But I tell you, mates, while this weak old hand
 I have left the strength to lift,
 It will touch my cap to the proudest swell
 Who fought in the Dandy Fifth!"

"BAY BILLY."

By F. H. GASSAWAY.

"TWAS the last fight at Fredericksburg,—
 Perhaps the day you reck—
 Our boys, the Twenty-second Maine,
 Kept Early's men in check.
 Just where Wade Hampton boomed away
 The fight went neck and neck.

All day we held the weaker wing,
And held it with a will ;
Five several stubborn times we charged
The battery on the hill,
And five times beaten back, re-formed,
And kept our columns still.

At last from out the centre fight
Spurred up a general's aide.
"That battery *must* silenced be !"
He cried, as past he sped.
Our colonel simply touched his cap,
And then with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more
The grand old fellow came.
No wounded man but raised his head
And strove to gasp his name,
And those who could not speak nor stir
"God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,
That hero grey and grim ;
Right well he knew that fearful slope
We'd climb with none but him,
Though while his white head led the way
We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not half-way up,
When 'midst the storm of shell,
Our leader, with his sword upraised,
Beneath our bay'nets fell ;
And, as we bore him back, the foe
Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept,
And when the bugle said,
"Up, charge, again !" no man was there
But hung his dogged head.
"We've no one left to lead us now,"
The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggard line,
The colonel's horse we spied—
Bay Billy, with his trappings on,
His nostrils swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
His master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh, that seemed to say,
Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-second charge
If I am not in front?"

Like statues we stood rooted there,
And gazed a little space;
Above that floating mane we missed
The dear familiar face;
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us hearts of grace.

No bugle-call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done;
Down all the battered line we felt
A lightning impulse run;
Up, up the hill we followed Bill,
And captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly 'mid living and the dead,
We sought our leader dumb;
It seemed as if a spectre steed
To win that day had come.

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies,
As if to e'en the sleepers there
It said awake, arise!—
Though nought but the last trump of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay,
Stretched out the long brigade;
Trimly upon the furrowed field
The troops stood on parade,
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-second's men
Were in their place that morn,
And Corp'ral Dick, who yester-morn
Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touch'd my elbow in the ranks,
For all between were gone.

Ah ! who forgets that dreary hour
When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
The solemn sergeant tries—
One feels that thumping of the heart
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in falt'ring tone and slow
The last few names were said,
Across the field some missing horse
Toiled up with weary tread.
It caught the sergeant's eye, and quick
Bay Billy's name was read.

Yes ! there the old bay hero stood,
All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front, from end to end,
The troops presented arms !

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
Could still our mighty cheer,
And ever from that famous day,
When rung the roll-call clear
Bay Billy's name was read, and then,
The whole line answered " Here ! "

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

BY THOMAS GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll :
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ;

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath you aged thorn.

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE ROMANCE OF BRITOMARTE.

AS RELATED BY SERGEANT LEIGH ON THE NIGHT HE GOT
 HIS CAPTAINCY AT THE RESTORATION.

BY ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

I'LL tell you a story : but pass the "jack,"
 And let us make merry to-night, my men.
 Aye, those were the days when my beard was black—
 I like to remember them now and then ;
 Then Miles was living, and Cuthbert there—
 On his lip was never a sign of down ;
 But I carry about some braided hair,
 That has not yet changed from the glossy brown
 That it show'd the day when I broke the heart
 Of the bravest of destriers, "Britomarte."

Sir Hugh was slain (may his soul find grace !)
 In the fray that was neither lost nor won
 At Edgehill—then to St. Hubert's Chase
 Lord Goring despatch'd a garrison—
 But men and horses were ill to spare,
 And ere long the soldiers were shifted fast.
 As for me, I never was quartered there
 Till Marston Moor had been lost ; at last,
 As luck would have it, alone, and late
 In the night, I rode to the northern gate.

I thought, as I pass'd through the moonlit park,
 On the boyish days I used to spend
 In the halls of the knight lying stiff and stark—
 Thought on his lady, my father's friend,
 (Mine, too, in spite of my sinister bar,
 But with that my story has nought to do);
 She died the winter before the war—
 Died giving birth to the baby Hugh.
 He pass'd ere the green leaves clothed the bough,
 And the orphan girl was the heiress now.

When I was a rude and a reckless boy,
 And she a brave and a beautiful child,
 I was her page, her playmate, her toy;
 I have crown'd her hair with the field-flowers wild,
 Cowslip and crowfoot, and coltsfoot bright;
 I have carried her miles when the woods were wet;
 I have read her romances of dame and knight;
 She was my princess, my pride, my pet.
 There was then this proverb us twain between,
 For the glory of God and Gwendoline.

She had grown to a maiden wonderful fair,
 But for years I had scarcely seen her face.
 Now, with troopers Holdsworth, Huntly, and Clare,
 Old Miles kept guard at St. Hubert's Chase,
 And the chatelaine was a Mistress Ruth,
 Sir Hugh's half-sister, an ancient dame;
 But a mettlesome soul had she forsooth,
 As she show'd when the time of her trial came.
 I bore despatches to Miles and to her,
 To warn them against the bands of Kerr.

And mine would have been a perilous ride
 With the rebel horsemen—we knew not where
 They were scattered over that country-side,—
 If it had not been for my brave brown mare.
 She was iron-sinew'd and satin-skin'd,
 Ribb'd like a drum and limb'd like a deer,
 Fierce as the fire and fleet as the wind;
 There was nothing she couldn't climb or clear.
 Rich lords had vex'd me, in vain, to part,
 For their gold and silver, with Britomarte.

Next morn we muster'd scarce half a score
 With the serving men, who were poorly arm'd;
 Five soldiers, counting myself, no more;
 And a culverin, which might well have harm'd

Us, had we used it, but not our foes—

When, with horses and foot, to our doors they came,
And a psalm-singer summon'd us (through his nose),

And deliver'd—"This, in the people's name,
Unto whoso holdeth this fortress here,
Surrender ! or bide the siege—John Kerr."

'Twas a mansion built in a style too new,

A castle by courtesy—he lied

Who called it a fortress, yet, 'tis true,

It had been indifferently fortified ;

We were well provided with bolt and bar ;

And while I hurried to place our men,

Old Miles was call'd to a council of war

With Mistress Ruth and with *her*, and when

They had argued loudly and long, those three,
They sent, as a last resource, for me.

In the chair of state sat erect Dame Ruth ;

She had cast aside her embroidery :

She had been a beauty, they say, in her youth,

There was much fierce fire in her bold black eye.

"Am I deceived in you both ?" quoth she.

"If one spark of her father's spirit lives

In this girl here—so, this Leigh, Ralph Leigh,

Let us hear what counsel the springald gives."

Then I stammer'd, somewhat taken aback—

(Simon, you ale-swiller, pass the "jack").

The dame wax'd hotter—"Speak out, lad, say,

Must we fall in that canting caitiff's power ?

Shall we yield to a knave and a turncoat ? Nay,

I had liefer leap from our topmost tower.

For a while we can surely await relief :

Our walls are high and our doors are strong."

This Kerr was indeed a canting thief—

I know not rightly, some private wrong

He had done Sir Hugh, but I know this much,

Traitor or turncoat he suffer'd as such.

Quoth Miles, "Enough ! your will shall be done ;

Relief may arrive by the merest chance,

But your house ere dusk will be lost and won ;

They have got three pieces of ordnance."

Then I cried, "Lord Guy, with four troops of horse,

Even now is bidding at Westbrooke town ;

If a rider could break through the rebel force,
He would bring relief ere the sun goes down ;
Through the postern door could I make one dart
I could baffle them all upon Britomarte."

Miles mutter'd, "Madness!" Dame Ruth look'd grave,
Said, "True, though we cannot keep one hour
The courtyard, no, nor the stables save,
They will have to batter piecemeal the tower,
And thus—" But suddenly she halted there.
With a shining hand on my shoulder laid,
Stood Gwendoline. She had left her chair,
And, "Nay, if it needs must be done," she said,
"Ralph Leigh will gladly do it, I ween,
For the glory of God and of Gwendoline."

I had undertaken a heavier task
For a lighter word. I saddled with care,
Nor cumber'd myself with corselet nor casque
(Being loth to burden the brave brown mare).
Young Clare kept watch on the wall—he cried:
"Now, haste, Ralph! this is the time to seize,
The rebels are round us on every side,
But here they straggle by twos and threes."
Then out I led her, and up I sprung,
And the postern door on its hinges swung.

I had drawn this sword—you may draw it and feel,
For this is the blade that I bore that day—
There's a notch even now on the long grey steel,
A nick that has never been rasp'd away.
I bow'd my head and I buried my spurs,
One bound brought the gliding green beneath ;
I could tell by her back-flung flatten'd ears,
She had fairly taken the bit in her teeth—
(What, Jack, have you drain'd your namesake dry,
Left nothing to quench the thirst of a fly?)

These things are done, and are done with, lad,
In far less time than your talker tells.
The sward with their hoof strokes shook like mad,
And rang with their carbines and petronels ;
And they shouted, "Cross him and cut him off,"
"Surround him," "Seize him," "Capture the clown,
Or kill him," "Shall he escape to scoff
In your faces?" "Shoot him or cut him down."
And their bullets whistled on every side :
Many were near us and more were wide.

Not a bullet told upon Britomarte ;
Suddenly snorting, she launched along ;
So the osprey dives where the seagulls dart,
So the falcon swoops where the kestrels throng ;
And full in my front one pistol flash'd
And right in my path their sergeant got.
How our jack boots jarr'd, how our stirrups clash'd,
While the mare like a meteor past him shot ;
But I clove his skull with a backstroke clean,
For the glory of God and of Gwendoline.

And, as one whom the fierce wind storms in the face
With spikes of hail and with splinters of rain,
I, while we fled through St. Hubert's Chase,
Bent till my cheek was amongst her mane,
To the north full a league of the deer-park lay,
Smooth, springy turf, and she fairly flew,
And the sound of their hoof-strokes died away,
And their far shots faint in the distance grew.
Loudly I laugh'd, having won the start,
At the folly of following Britomarte.

They had posted a guard at the northern gate—
Some dozen of pikemen and musketeers.
To the tall dark palings I turn'd her straight ;
She veer'd in her flight as the swallow veers.
And some blew matches and some drew swords,
And one of them wildly hurl'd his pike,
But she clear'd by inches the oaken boards,
And she carried me yards beyond the dyke ;
Then gaily over the long green down
We gallop'd, heading for Westbrooke town.

The green down slopes to the great grey moor,
The grey moor sinks to the gleaming Skelt—
Sudden and sullen, and swift and sure,
The whirling water was round my belt.
She breasted the bank with a savage snort,
And a backward glance of her bloodshot eye,
And Our Lady of Andover's flash'd like thought,
And flitted St. Agatha's nunnery,
And the firs at The Ferngrove fled on the right,
And Falconer's Tower on the left took flight.

And over the Ravenswold we raced—
We rounded the hill by The Hermit's Well—
We burst on the Westbrooke Bridge—"What haste?
What errand?" shouted the sentinel.

"To Beelzebub with the Brewer's knave!"

"*Carolus Rex* and he of the Rhine!"

Galloping past him, I got and gave

In the gallop password and countersign,
All soak'd with water and soil'd with mud,
With the sleeve of my jerkin half drench'd in blood.

Now, Heaven be praised that I found him there—

Lord Guy. He said, having heard my tale,

"Leigh, let my own man look to your mare,

Rest and recruit with our wine and ale;

But first must our surgeon attend to you;

You are somewhat shrewdly stricken no doubt."

Then he snatched a horn from the wall and blew,

Making "Boot and Saddle" ring sharply out.

"Have I done good service this day?" quoth I.

"Then I will ride back in your troop, Lord Guy."

In the street I heard how the trumpets peal'd,

And I caught the gleam of a morion

From the window—then to the door I reel'd;

I had lost more blood than I reckon'd upon;

He eyed me calmly with keen grey eyes—

Stern grey eyes of a steel blue grey—

Said, "The wilful man can never be wise,

Nathless the wilful must have his way,"

And he pour'd from a flagon some fiery wine,

I drain'd it and straightway strength was mine.

I was with them all the way on the brown—

"Guy to the rescue!" "God and the King!"

We were just in time, for the doors were down;

And didn't our sword-blades rasp and ring?

And didn't we hew and didn't we hack?

The sport scarce lasted minutes ten—

(Aye, those were the days when my beard was black;

I like to remember them now and then)—

Though they fought like fiends, we were four to one,

And we captured those that refused to run.

We have not forgotten it, Cuthbert, boy!

That supper scene when the lamps were lit;

How the women (some of them) sobbed for joy,

How the soldiers drank the deeper for it;

How the Dame did honours, and Gwendoline,

How grandly she glided into the hall,
How she stoop'd with the grace of a girlish queen,
And kiss'd me gravely before them all ;
And the stern Lord Guy, how gaily he laugh'd,
Till more of his cup was spilt than quaff'd.

Brown Britomarte lay dead in her straw
Next morning—we buried her—brave old girl !
John Kerr, we tried him by martial law,
And we twisted some hemp for the trait'rous churl ;
And she—I met her alone—said she,
“ You have risk'd your life, you have lost your mare,
And what can I give in return, Ralph Leigh ? ”
I replied, “ One braid of that bright brown hair.”
And with that she bow'd her beautiful head,
“ You can take as much as you choose,” she said.

And I took it—it may be, more than enough—
And I shore it rudely, close to the roots.
The wine or wounds may have made me rough,
And men at the bottom are merely brutes.
Three weeks I slept at St. Hubert's Chase ;
When I woke from the fever of wounds and wine
I could scarce believe that the ghastly face
That the glass reflected was really mine.
I sought the hall—where a wedding *had been*—
The wedding of Guy and of Gwendoline.

The romance of a grizzled old trooper's life,
May make you laugh in your sleeves : laugh out,
Lads ; we have most of us seen some strife ;
We have all of us had some sport, no doubt.
I have won some honour and gain'd some gold,
Now that our King returns to his own ;
If the pulses beat slow, if the blood runs cold,
And if friends have faded and loves have flown,
Then the greater reason is ours to drink,
And the more we swallow the less we shall think.

At the battle of Naseby, Miles was slain
And Huntly sank from his wounds that week
We left young Clare upon Worcester plain—
How the Ironside gash'd his girlish cheek.
Aye, strut, and swagger, and ruffle anew,
Gay gallants, now that the war is done

They fought like fiends (give the fiend his due)—

We fought like fops, it was thus they won.

Holdsworth is living for aught I know,

At least he was living two years ago.

And Guy—Lord Guy—so stately and stern,

He is changed, I met him at Winchester;

He has grown quite gloomy and taciturn.

Gwendoline!—why do you ask for her?

Died, as her mother had died before—

Died giving birth to the baby Guy!

Did my voice shake? Then am I fool the more.

Sooner or later we all must die:

But, at least, let us live while we live to-night,

The *days* may be dark, but the *lamps* are bright.

For to me the sunlight seems worn and wan:

The sun, he is losing his splendour now—

He can never shine as of old he shone

On her glorious hair and glittering brow.

Ah! those *days that were*, when my beard was black,

Now I have only the *nights that are*.

What, landlord, ho! bring in haste burnt sack,

And a flask of your fiercest usquebaugh.

You, Cuthbert! surely you know by heart

The story of *her* and of Britomarte.

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THE LOSS OF THE "EURYDICE."

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

TIRED with the toil that knows no end,

On wintry seas long doomed to roam,

They smiled to think that March could lend

Such radiant winds to waft them home;

Long perils overpast,

They stood for port at last,

Close by the fair familiar water-way,

And on their sunlit lee

All hearts were glad to see

The crags of Culver through the shining day;

While every white-winged bird,

Whose joyous cry they heard,

Seemed wild to shout the welcome that it bore

Of love from friends on shore.

Ah ! brief their joy, as days are brief
In March, that loves not joy nor sun ;
O bitter to the heart of grief
The port that never shall be won !
Fair ship, with all sail set,
Didst thou perchance forget
The changing times and treacherous winds of Spring ?
And could those headlands gray
Rehearse no tale to-day
Of wrecks they have seen, and many a grievous thing ?
Thy towering cliff, Dunnose,
Full many a secret knows—
Cry out in warning voice ! too much they dare ;
Death gathers in the air !

A wind blew sharp out of the north,
And o'er the island-ridges rose
A sound of tempest going forth,
And murmur of approaching snows ;
Then through the sunlit air
Streamed dark the lifted hair
Of storm-cloud, gathering the light's eclipse,
And fiercely rose and fell
The shriek of waves, the knell
Of seamen, and the doom of wandering ships ;
As with an eagle's cry
The mighty storm rushed by,
Trailing its robe of snow across the wave,
And gulfed them like a grave.

It passed ; it fell ; and all was still ;
But, homebound wanderers, where were they ?
The wind went down behind the hill,
The sunset gilded half the bay ;
Ah ! loud bewildered sea,
Vain, vain our trust in thee
To bring our kinsfolk home, through storm and tide !
So sharp and swift the blow
Where now they rest whom thou didst hear and guide ;
Our human hearts may break,
Cold Ocean, for thy sake—
Thou not the less canst paint in colours fair
The eve of our despair.

Not hard for heroes is the death
That greets them from the cannon's lips,
When heaven is red with flaming breath,
And shakes with roar of sundering ships :

When through the thunder-cloud
 Sounds to them, clear and loud,
 The voice of England calling them by name;
 And as their eyes grow dim
 They hear their nation's hymn,
 And know the prelude of immortal fame;
 But sad indeed is this,
 The meed of war to miss,
 To die for England, yet in dying know
 They leave no name but woe.

They cannot rest through coming years,
 In any ground that England owns,
 And billows saltier than our tears
 Wash over their unhonoured bones;
 Yet in their hearts they rest
 Not less revered and blest
 Than those, their brothers, who in fighting fell;
 Nor shall our children hear
 Their name pronounced less dear,
 When England's roll of gallant deeds we tell;
 For ever shall our ships,
 There, at the Solent's lips,
 Pass out to glory over their still bed,
 And praise the silent dead.

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THE SERENADE.

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

THE lemon petals gently fall
 Within the windless Indian night,
 The wild liana'd waterfall
 Hangs, lingering like a ghostly light;
 Drop down to me, and linger long, my heart's entire delight.

Among the trees, the fiery flies
 Move slowly in their robes of flame;
 Above them, through the liquid skies,
 The stars in squadrons do the same;
 Move through the garden down to me, and softly speak my name!

By midnight's moving heart that shakes
The coloured air and kindling gloom,
By all the foams that beauty takes
In fruit, in blossom, in perfume,
Come down and still the aching doubts that haunt me and consume!

Else if the chilly morning break,
And thou hast heard my voice in vain,
Unmoved as is a forest lake
That through the branches hears the rain,
Beware lest Love himself pass by to bless thee, and—refrain!

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THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST. DOROTHY.

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

A MAIDEN wandering from the east,
A saint immaculately white,
I saw in holy dream last night,
Who rode upon a milk-white beast;
Across the woods her shadow fell,
And wrought a strange and silent spell,
A miracle.

With firm-set eyes, and changeless face,
She passed the cities one by one;
Her hair was clouded like the sun,
And shed a glory round the place;
Where'er she came, she was so fair,
That men fell down and worshipped there
In silent prayer.

And ever in her sacred hands
She bore a quaintly carved pyx,
Of serpentine and sardonyx,
The wonder of those eastern lands;
Wherein were laid, preserved in myrrh
The gifts of vase and thurifer
She bore with her.

And after many days she came
To that high mountain, where she built
The towers of Sarras, carved and gilt
And fashioned like thin spires of flame :
Then like a traveller coming home,
She let her mild-eyed palfrey roam,
And upward clomb.

Oh ! then methought the turrets rang
With shouting joyous multitudes,
And through the tumult, interludes
Of choral hosts, that played and sang ;
Such welcome, since the world hath been,
To singer, prophetess, or queen,
Was never seen.

The golden gates were opened wide ;
The city seemed a lake of light,
For chrysopras and chrysolite
Were wrought for walls on every side ;
Without the town was meet for war,
But inwardly each bolt and bar
Shone like a star.

Then, while I wondered, all the sky
Above the city broke in light,
And opened to my startled sight
The heavens immeasurably high,
A glorious effluence of air,
And shining ether, pure and rare,
Divinely fair.

And, rising up amid the spires,
I saw the saintly maiden go,
In splendour like new-fallen snow,
That robs the sun-rise of its fires ;
So pure, so beautiful she was,
And rose like vapoury clouds that pass
From dewy grass.

Between her hands, the pyx of gold
She held up like an offering sent
To Him, who holds the firmament
And made the starry world of old ;
It glimmered like the golden star
That shines on Christmas eve afar,
Where shepherds are.

And clouds of angels, choir on choir,
Bowed out of heaven to welcome her
And poured upon her nard and myrrh,
And bathed her forehead in white fire,
And waved in air their gracious wings,
And smote their kindling viol-strings,
In choral rings.

But she, like one who swoons and sees
A vision just before he dies,
With quivering lips and lustrous eyes,
Gazed up the shining distances ;
But soon the angels led her on
Where fiercer cloudy splendour shone,
And she was gone.

And then a voice cried :—" This is she
Who, through great tribulation, trod
A thorny pathway up to God,
The blessed virgin Dorothy.
Still to the blessed Three in One
Be glory, honour, worship done
Beneath the sun ! "

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FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

FOUNDED UPON AN INCIDENT OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN
UNDER NAPOLEON IN THE WINTER OF 1812.

BY CLIFFORD HARRISON.

ON in the snow—on in the snow—
Blinded and numbed, the soldiers go.
With footfall silenter than theirs
Death dogs their steps : and, unawares,
Strikes down his victims one by one,
Pursuit is distanced : doom begun.
Frost-bitten fingers, stiff with cold,
Seem frozen to the gun they hold.
The icicles hang on beard and hair ;
The breath like smoke goes out in the air :

CLIFFORD HARRISON

Till reason and thought begin to wane,
 And only the dull, blind sense of pain,
 And the instinct of Duty till Death, remain.
 On in the snow—on in the snow—
 The cruel, drifting, deadly snow,—
 They march in silence, with muffled tread :
 Till one of them stumbles,—and drops behind, dead !
 And the others shudder, and glance around—
 For they hear, growing nearer, an ominous sound
 In the woods—the dismal howl
 Of the wolves that after them stealthily prowl.
 By open waste :—by dreary wood—
 By rivers black and frozen flood—
 On in the snow—on in the snow—
 Ever, with thinning ranks, they go.

The Prince Emilius looked on his band,
 And his heart seemed like to break.
 These were the men, who, for his sake,
 Had left their Fatherland,
 A thousand men in all,
 To follow his bugle-call,
 Three months before !—a thousand men :—
 And of that thousand now he counted ten !

“Halt !” cried the Prince. The spectral band
 Stood still, awaiting his command.
 With tight-clenched hands Emilius stood.
 Far off, a wolf howled in the wood :
 And one lad, leaning on his comrade’s arm,
 Cried out he saw his home—the farm—
 The sunny hill-slope, clothed with vine—
 And heard the murmur of the Rhine !
 He called his sweetheart’s name, and then
 Fell prone. And, looking on his men,
 The Prince said,—“It is best we face
 The truth. We shall not leave this place.
 The end has come. God knoweth best :—
 To live we must have rest :—to rest
 Is death :—together let us die.
 See ! yonder empty hut close by :—
 Thither let us repair—and sleep.
 Our slumber will be long and deep !
 ’Tis worse than useless, further strife !
 You well have borne your part in life ;

Bear it in death as well. On high
Perchance I'll rise to testify
To your unflinching loyalty.
My brothers ! though we lay us down
Defeated, and without renown,
There we shall wear the Victor's crown."
Silent they stood, and silently they heard,
They could not answer : none could speak a word.
But when, " Is it agreed ? " Emilius said,
Each man looked up at him, and bowed the head.

Then Prince Emilius went to every man,
Slim youth, or stern-browed veteran,
And kissed him, holding fast his hand :
He dared not speak lest he should be unmanned.
So, moving toward the hut, he pushed the door
Open ; then looking on them all once more,
He flung himself upon the cold earth floor.
He heard the soldiers pause outside the hut,—
They came in slowly,—then the door was shut—
And all grew still and dark as death.
Soon as they heard the deep-drawn breath
Which told them Prince Emilius slept
(For they a wakeful watch had kept),
They all rose up, and softly crept
Up toward the sleeping man.
For even in the moment's span
Ere they came in, they'd laid their plan
In hurried whispers. Each began
To strip off coat and cloak : this done,
They placed them lightly, one by one,
Upon the young Prince lying there.
They shivered in the icy air ;
But round and over him they laid
Their own warm clothes until they made
A covering that might frost defy.
Then they crept out, all silently :
And, in the snow, beneath that freezing sky,—
Some, hand in hand,—all clustered near the door—
They laid them down, and slept—to wake no more.

The long, still hours of sleep,
Silence, and darkness deep,
Seemed frozen into endless night.
Over the sky a cold, sad light

Had turned the world to deathlike grey,
 When the Prince woke. Another day!
 Is it a dream? he looks around.
 Alone!—He calls:—no answer—not a sound!
 How has he lived through all the night?
 And how withstood the deadly blight
 Of frost as he lay there asleep?
 What's this? He lies beneath a heap
 Of cloaks and coats! In heart and limb
 He feels new life. His senses swim,—
 A sudden light breaks in on him;
 He struggles up from off the floor;
 He staggers quickly toward the door—
 He bursts it open—rushes out—and lo!
 The men, half hidden in the shroudlike snow.
 In one swift glance he reads the truth, and then
 The cry goes up,—“My men! my faithful men!”

Faithful, and not in vain! As if their thought
 Its own fulfilment wrought
 By sheer intensity and strength,
 The rescue came at length.
 French soldiers, ere the hour was gone,
 Came past, and with them he went on.
 For him thus saved the years to come
 Brought light and honour without stain;
 And shouts of welcome brought him home
 In triumph to his own again.

Yet oft, in golden summer-time,
 In his own Rhineland, when his ears
 Would catch the well-remembered chime
 Of bells he knew in boyhood's years,
 His eyes would fill with sudden tears,
 And he would see that hut that stood,
 Deep in the rugged Russian wood;
 And, by the hut One, all in white,
 Upon whose brows an aureole light
 Would from the skies descend;
 Who slowly o'er the earth would bend,
 And write upon the shroudlike snow:—
 “For greater love no man can show
 Than lay his life down for his friend.”

[From “*In Hours of Leisure*.” By Special Permission of the Author and
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JIM BLUDSO OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE.

BY COLONEL JOHN HAY.

WALL, no ! I can't tell whar he lives,
 Becase he don't live, you see ;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
 Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
 That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
 The night of the Prairie Belle ?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
 Is all pretty much alike,—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
 And another one here, in Pike.
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
 And an awkward hand in a row ;
But he never funk'd, and he never lied,—
 I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
 To treat his engine well ;
Never be passed on the river ;
 To mind the pilot's bell ;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—
 A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
 And her day come at last,—
The Movastar was a better boat,
 But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she came tearin' along that night—
 The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
 And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
 And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
 For that willer-bank on the right.

COLONEL JOHN HAY

There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
 Over all the infernal roar,
 "I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
 Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
 And they all had trust in his cussedness,
 And knowed he would keep his word.
 And, sure's you're born, they all got off
 Afore the smokestacks fell,—
 And Bludso's ghost went up alone
 In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint,—but at jedgment
 I'd run my chance with Jim,
 'Longside of some pious gentlemen
 That wouldn't shook hands with him.
 He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
 And went for it thar and then;
 And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
 On a man that died for men.

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LITTLE BREECHES.

BY COLONEL JOHN HAY.

I DON'T go much on religion,
 I never ain't had no show;
 But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
 On the handful o' things I know.
 I don't pan out on the prophets
 And free-will and that sort of thing,—
 But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
 Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
 And my little Gabe come along,—
 No four-year-old in the county
 Could beat him for pretty and strong,—
 Peart and chipper and sassy,
 Always ready to swear and fight,—
 And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
 Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store ;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started,—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches, and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie !
I was almost froze with skeer ;
But we roused up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
Of my fellow-critter's aid ;—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bónes,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Whar they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white ;
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
“I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me.”

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm :
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And fotching him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?"—*Marmion*.

THE stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land !
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam ;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light !
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England !
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours !
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn ;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England !
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves ;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England !
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall !

And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God !

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee ;—
Their graves are scattered far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow :
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep,
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain :
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth !—
Alas, for love ! if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O Earth !

GOING A-MAYING.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

GET up, get up for shame! The blooming morn
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorn :
 See how Aurora throws her fair
 Fresh-quilted colours through the air :
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
 The dew-bespangled herb and tree !
 Each flower has wept and bowed toward the east,
 Above an hour since, yet you not drest,
 Nay, not so much as out of bed ?
 When all the birds have matins said,
 And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation, to keep in,
 Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
 Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
 To come forth like the spring-time fresh and green
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For jewels for your gown or hair :
 Fear not ; the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you :
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
 Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
 Come, and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
 And Titan on the eastern hill
 Retires himself, or else stands still
 Till you come forth ! Wash, dress, be brief in praying :
 Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark
 How each field turns a street, each street a park,
 Made green and trimmed with trees ! see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough
 Or branch ! each porch, each door, ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street
 And open fields, and we not see't ?

Come, we'll abroad : and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day,
But is got up and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth ere this is come
Back and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatched their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream :
And some have wept and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
Many a green-gown has been given,
Many a kiss, both odd and even :
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament :
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked : yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time !
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun.
And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,
Once lost can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

CHURCH-MICE.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

Two little church-mice !
Some good folk they laught—
"Going to be married !
Why they must be daft "

Two little church-mice !
 Some good folk they sighed—
 "Not a rap to bless them with !
 How will they provide,

"Two little church-mice,
 For servants, house, and dress ?
 Isn't it a painful thing ?
 Quite immoral ? Yes.

"Two little church-mice,
 With nought but health and brains
 In the way of capital—
 Fools for their pains !

"Two little church-mice !
 Much they know about
 All the troubles of the world,
 Sooth, a mighty rout !

"Two little church-mice
 Tempting Providence !
 Won't they have a time of it,
 Learning common sense !

"Two little church-mice !
 Won't they find it sweet—
 Bread and cheese for working-days,
 Beef for Sunday treat !"

Two little church-mice—
 All folk know it's nice,
 When young folk from older folk
 Meekly take advice !

But these little church-mice,
 Very bad of them,
 Gaed their ain gait quietly
 And let who would condemn.

For the two little church-mice
 Found it less a bother
 To do without all sorts of things
 Than do without each other.

The two little church-mice,
 In rain as well as sun,
 Stick to text which sayeth *Two*
Are better than is one.

And the two little church-mice
Find, whate'er befall,
What poets call the cruel world
Is not so bad at all.

Two little church-mice—
What about them? oh!
They are happy little mice,
That is all I know.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

A WOLF STORY.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

INSTINCT or reason, which, good sirs? Oh, instinct in brutes,
you say!
And reason only in lordly man! Well, think of it as you may,
I'll tell you of something not unlike to reason I saw one day.
Is it only men that are makers of law? Perhaps! Yet hearken
a bit;
I'll tell you a tale; say you if e'er you have heard a stranger than
it.

It was many and many a league away from the place where now
we are;
And many a year ago it happed, in the land of the Great White
Czar.
It was morn; I remember how cold it felt out under a low pale
sky,
When we moored our boat on the river-bank, my comrade Leigh
and I;
And the plunge in the water, unwarmed of the sun, was less for
desire than pluck,
And we hurried on our clothes again, and longed for our
breakfast luck;
When, all of a sudden, he clutched my arm, and pointed across.
And there
We stood up side by side and watched, and as mute as the dead
we were.

We saw the grey wolf's fateful spring, and we saw the death of
the deer;
And the grey wolf left the body alone, and swift as the feet of fear
His feet sped over the brow of the hill, and we lost the sight of
him,

Who had left the dead deer there on the ground, uneaten body
or limb.

So, when he vanished out of our sight, we rowed our boat across,
And lifted the carcass, and rowed again to the other side.

“The loss

For you, good Master Wolf, much more than the gain for us
will be !

’Twere half a pity to spoil your sport except that we fain would see
The reason why, with hunger unstaunched, you left your quarry
behind ;

Red-toothed, red-mawed, foregone your meal ! Sir Wolf, we’ll
know your mind !”

Hungry and cold we watched and watched to see him return on
his track.

At last we spied him a-top of the hill, the same grey wolf come
back,

No more alone, but a leader of wolves, the head of a gruesome
pack.

He came right up to the very place where the dead deer’s body
had lain,

And he sniffed and looked for the prey of his claws, the beast
that himself had slain ;

The beast at our feet, and the river between, and the searching
all in vain !

He threw up his muzzle and slunk his tail, and whined so pitifully,
And the whole pack howled, and fell on him—we hardly could
bear to see.

Breaker of civic law or pact, or however they deemed of him,
He knew his fate, and he met his fate, for they tore him limb
from limb.

I tell you, we felt as we ne’er had felt since ever our days began ;
Less like men that had cozened a brute than men that had
murdered a man.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

O FOR one hour of youthful joy !
Give back my twentieth spring !
I’d rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
Than reign a gray-beard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age !
Away with Learning's crown !
Tear out life's Wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down !

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame !
Give me some giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame !

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And, calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track,
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back,
To find the wished-for day ? "

"Ah, truest soul of womankind !
Without thee what were life ?
One bliss I cannot leave behind :
I'll take—my—precious—wife ! "

—The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
*The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too !*

"And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears ?
Remember, all their gifts have fled,
With those dissolving years."

"Why, yes ; " for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys ;

"I could not bear to leave them all—
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen—
"Why, this will never do ;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too ! "

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke
The household with its noise,—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

WHAT WE ALL THINK.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THAT age was older once than now,
In spite of locks untimely shed,
Or silvered on the youthful brow ;
That babes make love and children wed.

That sunshine had a heavenly glow,
Which faded with those "good old days"
When winters came with deeper snow,
And autumns with a softer haze.

That—mother, sister, wife, or child—
The "best of women" each has known.
Were school-boys ever half so wild ?
How young the grandpapas have grown !

That *but for this* our souls were free,
And *but for that* our lives were blest ;
That in some season yet to be
Our cares will leave us time to rest.

Whene'er we groan with ache or pain—
Some common ailment of the race,—
Though doctors think the matter plain,—
That ours is "a peculiar case."

That when like babes with fingers burned
We count one bitter maxim more,
Our lesson all the world has learned,
And men are wiser than before.

That when we sob o'er fancied woes,
The angels hovering overhead
Count every pitying drop that flows,
And love us for the tears we shed.

That when we stand with tearless eye
And turn the beggar from our door,
They still approve us when we sigh,
"Ah, had I but *one thousand more* !"

Though temples crowd the crumbled brink
O'erhanging truth's eternal flow,
Their tablets bold with *what we think*,
Their echoes dumb to *what we know* :

That one unquestioned text we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above,
Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed
Can burn or blot it : GOD IS LOVE !

UNSATISFIED.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"ONLY a housemaid !" She looked from the kitchen,—
Neat was the kitchen, and tidy was she ;
There at her window a sempstress sat stitching ;
"Were I a sempstress, how happy I'd be !"

"Only a Queen !" She looked over the waters,—
Fair was her kingdom and mighty was she ;
There sat an Empress, with Queens for her daughters ;
"Were I an Empress, how happy I'd be !"

Still the old frailty they all of them trip in !
Eve in her daughters is ever the same ;
Give her all Eden, she sighs for a pippin ;
Give her an Empire, she pines for a name !

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

GRANDMOTHER'S mother : her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less ;
Girlish bust, but womanly air ;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair,
Lips that lover has never kissed ;
Taper fingers and slender wrist ;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade ;
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene.
Hold up the canvas full in view,—
Look ! there's a rent the light shines through,

Dark with a century's fringe of dust,—
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust !
Such is the tale the lady old
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell,—
One whose best was not over well ;
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed ;
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colours of red and white,
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn,—
Dorothy Q. was a lady born !
Ay ! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name ;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy ! Dorothy Q. !
Strange is the gift that I owe to you ;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring,—
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land ;
Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life !

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill ?
Should I be I, or would it be
One-tenth another to nine-tenth me ?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES :
Not the light gossamer stirs with less ;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,

And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long !
There were tones in the voice that whispered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover,—and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone,—
Edward's and Dorothy's—all their own,—
A goodly record for Time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago !
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me live ?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid !
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household name ;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

By THOMAS HOOD.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work ! work ! work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof !
It's oh ! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work !

"Work—work—work
 Till the brain begins to swim ;
 Work—work—work
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream !

"Oh, Men, with Sisters dear !
 Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives !
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives !
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death ?
 That Phantom of grisly bone,
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own—
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep ;
 O God ! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap !

"Work—work—work !
 My labour never flags ;
 And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread—and rags.
 That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
 A table—a broken chair—
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there !

"Work—work—work !
 From weary chime to chime,
 Work—work—work—
 As prisoners work for crime !
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
 As well as the weary hand.

“ Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

“ Oh ! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal !

“ Oh ! but for one short hour !
A respite however brief !
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread ! ”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich !—
She sang this “ Song of the Shirt.”

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

’Twas in the prime of summer-time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school :
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin ;
To a level mead they came, and there,
They drave the wickets in :
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can ;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch Heaven's blessed breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease :
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide.
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp :
“ O God ! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp ! ”

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo ! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book !

“ My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable ?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable ? ”
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
“ It is ‘ The Death of Abel. ’ ”

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again ;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain ;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves ;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves ;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves ;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod ;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain :
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain !

“And well,” quoth he, “I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life's sacred stream !
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in my dream !

“One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old ;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold :
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold !

“Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone !

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill !

"And, lo ! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame ;—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :
I took the dead man by his hand,
And call'd upon his name !

"O God ! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain !
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain !

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice ;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price ;
A dozen times I groan'd ; the dead
Had never groaned but twice !

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging Sprite :—
'Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight !'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme :—
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream !

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool !
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

“O Heaven ! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim !
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn :
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim !

“And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread ;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed ;
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red !

“All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep ;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep :
For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of Hell to keep !

“All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time :
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime !

“One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave ;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave !

“Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

“Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing ;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing :
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran ;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began :
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man !

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other-where ;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there :
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep :
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones !

"O God ! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake:

"And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow ;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now !"
The fearful Boy look'd up and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist ;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !
The lilac where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
Where I used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

BREDON* HILL.

By A. E. HOUSMAN.

IN summer-time on Bredon
 The bells they sound so clear ;
 Round both the shires they ring them,
 In steeples far and near,
 A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning
 My love and I would lie,
 And see the coloured counties,
 And hear the larks so high
 About us in the sky,

The bells would ring to call her
 In valleys miles away :
 "Come all to church, good people ;
 Good people, come and pray !"
 But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer
 Among the springing thyme,
 "Oh, peal upon our wedding,
 And we will hear the chime,
 And come to church in time."

But when the snows at Christmas
 On Bredon top were strown,
 My love rose up so early
 And stole out unbeknown,
 And went to church alone.

They tolled the one bell only,
 Groom there was none to see,
 The mourners followed after,
 And so to church went she,
 And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon,
 And still the steeples hum :
 "Come all to church, good people !"
 Oh, noisy bells, be dumb ;
 I hear you, I will come.

* Pronounced Breedon.

[From "A Shropshire Lad" (Grant Richards, London). By Special
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POOR FOLK.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

I.

'Tis night, the hut, though poor, keeps out the wind ;
The room is dark, yet something there you find
Which like a ray amid the twilight falls ;
The fishing-nets are hung about the walls,
And in a nook, where pots and plates in line
Upon a cupboard shelf obscurely shine,
Stands a large bed, with curtains hung around,
Hard by a mattress spread upon the ground,
Where, like a nest of souls, five children sleep ;
The hearth, where ashes still some fire keep,
On bed and ceiling cast a reddish ray ;
A woman, thoughtful, pale, kneels down to pray :
Their mother. She's alone ; and out of doors
The ocean, white with foam, its wailing pours
To sky, night, rock, to howling winds and wild.

II.

The man's at sea ; a sailor from a child,
With gloomy chance doth a fierce war sustain :
For he must be afloat in squall and rain.
The children cry for food, and off he hies
At eve, when billows to the gunwale rise.
Unhelped, alone, his bark he steers and tends.
Meanwhile, the wife at home the canvas mends,
Fits on the hooks, the broken nets repairs,
And for the fish-soup in the cauldron cares.
Then prays to God, while the five children sleep.
He, tossed upon the ever-rolling deep,
Fares on the boundless main, and through the night
Hard toil, in cold and blackness, void of light ;
'Mid breakers, where the frantic billows race.
In the broad sea is the best fishing place,
Uncertain, dark, capricious, apt to change,
Where fish with silver fins delight to range.
This spot, as their own room scarce twice as wide,
In a December night, 'mid fog and tide,
Upon the shifting wilderness to find
How must he currents calculate and wind !
What plans—what skilful reckonings it takes

The waves glide by his boat like glassy snakes,
 The gulf rolls on, and bursts its mighty folds,
 The rigging creaks, and strains, and barely holds.
 He thinks of Jeanne while icy billows toss—
 She weeps and calls on him. So speed and cross
 Each night their thoughts, those soul birds through the skies

III.

She prays. The gull, with its harsh mocking cries,
 Scares her ; and 'mid the rocks, shattered by storms,
 The ocean fills her with dismay. Strange forms
 Pass thro' her mind. The sailors on the sea
 Who swept across the furious billows be,
 And in its case, like blood in th' artery,
 The cold clock ticks, casting in mystery
 Drop after drop, time, winter, summer's heat,
 And in the boundless world each several beat
 Opens to souls, that hawks or doves become,
 On either side the cradle and the tomb.

She thinks and dreams. "What poverty we know !
 Barefoot the children e'en in winter go !
 Black bread alone and never white we taste !
 O God !" The wind roars like a furnace blast:
 The coast sounds like an anvil, and you see
 In the black storm the constellations flee,
 Like clouds of sparks that from the hearth arise.
 It is the hour, midnight (gay dancer) plies
 Folly's wild game, with mask and glances glad ;
 It is the hour, midnight (dark brigand) clad
 In shade and rain, and in the stormy north,
 Takes the poor shivering sailor, and hurls forth
 And breaks on monstrous rocks that ocean crown.
 Horror ! the man whose voice the waters drown
 Feels rent and wrecked his vessel as it sinks ;
 Feels 'neath him gape th' abyss and night ; and thinks
 On the old iron ring, of the safe quay.

These gloomy visions wring her heart, and she
 Trembles, dismayed, and weeps.

IV.

O wretched wives
 Of sailors ! Dreadful 'tis to say, " My lives—
 Father, Sons, Brothers, Lover—all most dear
 My heart, blood, flesh, are in that chaos there."

Waves like wild beasts devour their human prey.
O God, that waves with such dear heads should play !
With husband, master, and the shipboy child.
That the wan wind, blowing its clarions wild,
Unknits above them his long, haggard hair ;
And that, perhaps, e'en now such woes they bear,
And that one ne'er is sure how they may be,
And that for guard against the boundless sea,
Against the gulf of night, where shines no star,
A plank, a sail, their sole protections are.
Dark Care ! They run across the shingly track ;
The tide mounts, and they cry, " Give me them back."
Vain words, alas ! What answer can be brought,
From the storm-tumbled sea, to anxious thought.

Jeanne's heart is torn.—Her husband helped by none
In that fierce night ; 'neath that black shroud alone !
Too young the boys to help. " Would strong they were,"
The mother cries, " their father's toil to share ;"
One day, when with their father, you will plain,
Weeping fast tears, " Would they were young again."

V.

Lantern and cloak she takes : 'tis time to learn
If the sea calms—if yet he may return—
If breaks the dawn—and if the signal shows.
She starts ! not yet the breeze of morning blows ;
Nought can be seen, no single line of white,
In all the gathered blackness of the night.
It rains—nothing more black than morning rain ;
'Tis as though day with trembling doubt was ta'en,
And dawn, like infants, weeps and wails at birth,
No light from any window shines, or hearth.

Struck all at once her eyes, that seek the way,
A sight that presaged undefined dismay—
A gloomy hovel, ruined all, and waste ;
No light ! no fire ! the door sways in the blast ;
The roof hung tottering on the mouldy walls,
And rent the hideous thatch by northern squalls—
The straw foul, yellow, as when waters rot.
" Hold ! this poor widow I had clean forgot !
Ill and alone," she cries, " my husband late
Found her. I needs must go and see her state."

She raps and listens, but none answer there,
 And Jeannette shivers in the cold sea air.
 "Sick, and her hungry children! What distress!
 She has but two, but she is husbandless."
 She raps again.—"Ho! neighbour! answer me."
 The house is silent still.—"Ah God," says she,
 "How sound she sleeps—in vain I knock and cry;"
 But then the door, by some deep mystery,
 As though inanimate things could pity feel,
 Opened itself, its secret to reveal.

VI.

She entered; then her lamp its light shed o'er
 The dark dumb house, beside the sounding shore.
 Rain torrents through the ceiling forced their way.

At the room's end a dreadful object lay—
 A woman, ghastly, still, stretched out, who had
 Bare feet, glazed sightless eyes, and scarce was clad—
 A corpse, once a strong happy mother—now
 Dishevelled spectre of dead want and woe—
 All the poor leave, after their long hard fight.
 Half hid upon the straw, and half in sight,
 Her livid arm, her hand already green,
 Hung down, and horror sped those lips between
 Whence had the fleeting soul that bitter cry
 Of death thrown forth—heard by eternity.

Close to the bed their mother lay upon,
 Two babes, a little daughter and a son,
 In the same cot slumbered with peaceful smile.
 The mother, feeling death's approach the while,
 Her shawl, her gown, upon the children flings,
 That in the shadow which death's presence brings,
 Decay of heat she might from them withhold,
 And they be warm, while she herself grew cold.

VII.

How in their cradle sleep they both; and how
 Their breathing peaceful is, and calm their brow.
 Seems it as nought those orphans' sleep could fray—
 Not e'en the trumpet of the judgment day;
 For, blameless, they dare stand the Judge before.

The rain abroad does like a deluge pour :
 From the rent ceiling, which admits the squall,
 At times a drop does on that dead brow fall,
 And gliding to the cheek becomes a tear.
 The surge like an alarum clock you hear.—
 Listens the dead, as if of sense bereft ;
 For bodies, when the radiant soul has left,
 Seem the departed one to seek and reach ;—
 You think to hear the interchange of speech
 'Twixt the pale mouth, and eyes that sightless stare :
 Where is my breath, and thou, thy glances where ?

Live, love, and pick the primroses. Alas !
 Dance, laugh, inflame your heart, and drain your glass.
 As every brook to the dark ocean flows,
 One end to feast and cradle, fate bestows,
 For mother's worshipping their children's bloom,
 To kisses which the raptured heart consume,
 To songs, to smiles, to love so fair and brave—
 —The melancholy chilling of the grave.

VIII.

What is Jeanne doing in that house of death ?
 What in her cloak's wide folds hides she beneath ?
 What, as she goes away, does Jeannette take ?
 Why beats her heart, and steps unsteady quake ?
 Why hurry thus, and running like the wind,
 Seeks her own cot, and dares not look behind ?
 What with so scared a look does she conceal,
 In darkness on her bed ?—What does she steal ?

IX.

When reached her house, the cliffs more white appear,
 And close beside her bed she took a chair.
 Pale she sat down, self-blamed you would have said,
 To see her in the pillow hide her head.
 At times her lips uttered some broken speech—
 Afar the fierce sea roars upon the beach—
 " My poor, good man ! O God ! What will he say ?
 So full of cares ! What have I done to-day ?
 Five children on his hands—and labours so !
 Had he not toil enough, that I must go
 And add all this ? 'Tis he.—My fault I own,
 And if he beat me, it were rightly done.

'Tis he! No! Well! Yet seemed to move the door,
 As though he came. See! what ne'er was before—
 I fear to see my good man come again."
 Thus did she saddened and in thought remain,
 Plunging more deep in grief, and anguish tost,
 In endless cares as in abysses lost.
 She now not even hears the noise without,
 Of cormorants, that like black criers shout,
 And fury of the winds, and waves, and tide.

With sudden clasp the door flies open wide,
 And rays of light within the cabin lets ;
 The fisherman, hauling in his dripping nets,
 Appeared, right glad, and said, "Your sailor's here."

X.

"'Tis thou," cried Jeanne. And to her breast as near
 Her husband clasped as lovers wont to strain ;
 And warmly kissed, all soaked with seas and rain,
 The while he said—"Yes, wife, I'm here!" and showed
 In his frank brow, on which the embers glowed,
 How pleased he was that safe with Jeanne he stood.
 "I'm robbed," he cried ; "the sea's a brigand wood."
 "What weather was it?" "Bad!" "What fishing?" "Bad!
 But now I kiss you, and that makes me glad.
 I've nothing caught at all, my net is torn ;—
 The devil surely in the wind was borne.
 What night!—in such a storm I could but think,
 As snap my cable, that the boat would sink.
 And thou, what wast thou doing all the while?"
 Jeanne shuddered—at a loss—unused to guile.
 "I," said she ; "just as usual—nothing more ;
 I sewed, and heard the sea like thunder roar.
 I feared—the winter's cold—'tis all the same."
 She trembled like to one who feels to blame ;
 Then added—"By-the-bye, our neighbour's dead.
 She died—no matter—yesterday, 'tis said,
 At eve—after you started for the night.
 She leaves behind two children—babies quite.
 One is called William, and one Madeleine ;
 He cannot walk, she scarcely prattles plain.
 The poor good soul great want had struggled through."

The man looked grave, and in the corner threw
 His navy cap, all drenched ; and, as he sat,
 "The devil!" twice exclaimed—and scratched his pate.

"We had five children ; this will seven make .
 Already in bad times we'd nought to take
 For supper, now and then ; what to do now ?
 Worse luck, 'tis not my fault ! And, anyhow,
 'Tis the good God's concern. These be strange haps.
 Why did He take the mother from these scraps,
 No bigger than my fist ?—such haps be rude,
 And need book-learning to be understood.
 So small, you cannot say—'To work betake.'
 Wife, go and fetch them—if they're now awake,
 Alone and with the dead—how great their fear !
 Their mother rapping at the door we hear.
 Let's open to her babes—we'll mix them all ;
 Upon our knees, at even, shall they crawl,
 Brother and sister to our other five ;
 And when He sees we must for all contrive—
 For the small girl, and this small boy as well—
 Kind God with larger draughts my nets will swell.
 For me, I'll doubly work—and water drink.—
 'Tis said : go fetch them ;—but you're loath, I think.
 In general you run more quickly far."—

She drew the curtain—"Husband ! here they are !"

[*Translated by Dean Carrington. By Special Permission of the Translator and Messrs. Walter Scott & Co., Limited.*]

ON A BARRICADE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

UPON a barricade, across the streets,
 Where blood of criminal and hero meets,
 Ta'en with the men, a child of twelve or less !
 "Were you one of them—you ?" The boy said "Yes."
 "Well," said the officer, "then you'll be shot ;
 Wait for your turn." The child saw on the spot
 All his companions 'neath the wall fall low.
 To the officer he cried, "Sir, let me go,
 And take this watch to mother, who's at home."
 "You wish to 'scape."—"No ! I'll come back."—"This
 scum
 Are cowards.—Where do you live ?"—"There, by the well ;
 And, Captain, I'll return—the truth I tell."
 "Be off, young scamp." The child ran off, and then
 At the plain trick laughed officer and men.—

Death's rattle mingling with their laugh was heard ;
 But the laugh ceased when suddenly appeared
 The child, with bloodless cheek but dauntless eye,
 And, leaning 'gainst the wall, said, " Here am I !"
 Death fled ashamed.—The Captain said, " Be free.

Child !—I know not in storms, where mingled be
 All things right, wrong, knave, hero—in this fray,
 What made you take a part :—But this I say,
 Your soul, untaught, was yet sublimely great,
 Good, brave—who in the very jaws of fate,
 First to your mother walked—then to the grave !
 Children have candour—men remorse may have.
 No fault of yours to march where others led ;
 But noble, valiant thou ! who chose instead
 Of safety, life, spring, dawn, and boyish play,
 The black blank wall where slain thy comrades lay."

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THE VANISHED CITY.

BY VICTOR HUGO

WATER is never idle. Thousand years,
 Ere Adam was, that spectre with white hairs,
 Our ancestor—so your descent you trace—
 When giants still mixed with the human race—
 In times whereof Tradition speaketh not,
 A brick-built city stood upon the spot
 Where now the north wind stirs the ocean foam.
 That city was of mad excess the home :
 Pale lightnings did at times its riot threat ;
 What now is sea was a wide plain as yet ;
 Ships voyage now where chariots rolled before,
 And hurricanes replace the Kings of yore.
 For, to make deserts, God, who rules mankind,
 Begins with kings, and ends the work by wind.
 This folk, this ant-hill, rumour, gossip, noise,
 This troop of souls, by sorrow moved, and joys,
 Sounded as in a tempest hums a swarm—
 The neighbouring ocean caused them no alarm.

This city had its Kings ; Kings proud and great,
 Who heads had 'neath them, as the reapers wheat.

Were they bad ?—No !—But they were Kings. And Kings
Are men o'er-high, whom a vague terror wrings.
In wrong they pleasure seek, and fears allay,
And are, 'mid beasts of burden, beasts of prey.
“ 'Tis not their fault ! ” the Sage, with pity, cries,
“ They would be better if born otherwise.”
Men still are men. The despot's wickedness
Comes of ill teaching, and of power's excess—
Comes of the purple he from childhood wears :
Slaves would be tyrants if the chance were theirs.
This ancient city then was built of brick,
With ships, bazaars, and lofty towers thick ;
Arches, and palaces for music famed,
And brazen monsters which their gods they named.
Cruel, and gay, this town whose squares and streets,
Showed gibbets which the crowd with laughter greets ;
Hymns of forgetfulness they sing, for man
Is but a breath, and only lasts a span—
The avenues by sparkling lakes were closed ;
The King's wives bathed, their naked charms exposed
In parks where peacocks all their stars display.
Hammers that drive the sleeper's rest away,
Pounded on anvils black, from dawn to night,
And vultures preened their feathers, and alight
Upon the Temples, by no fears deterred,
For savage idols love the cruel bird ;
Tigers with Hydras suit—the eagles know
That they no ancient customs overthrow
If, when blood flows from th' altar to the sod,
They come, and share the slaughter with the god.
Pure gold the altar of that Fane august ;
The cedar roof was clenched, for fear of rust,
With wooden pegs for nails, and night and day
Did hautbois, clarions, cymbals loudly play
For fear their savage god should fall asleep ;
Such life, such deeds that mighty city steep,
There women flock for riot vile, and pelf.

One day the ocean 'gan to stir itself
Gently, devoid of rage, beside the town :
It silently gnawed through the rocks, and down
Without noise, shock, or the least movement rough,
Like a grave workman who has time enough.
In vain a man his ear fixed to the ground
Had closely listened ; he had heard no sound ;
The water dumbly, softly wears, destroys ;

Over deep silence, raves the city's noise,
 So that at eve, at Nature's shuddering hour,
 When (like an Emir of tyrannic power)
 Sirius appears, and on the horizon black,
 Bids countless stars pursue their mighty track,
 The clouds the only birds that never sleep,
 Collected by the winds through heaven's steep—
 The moon, the stars, the white-cap't hills descry
 Houses, domes, pillars, arches, suddenly
 With the whole city, people, army all,
 Their King who sang and feasted in his hall,
 And had not time to rise up from the board—
 Sink into nameless depth of darkness poured,
 And whilst at once, heaped up from top to base,
 Towers, palaces are gulfed without a trace,
 A hoarse, a savage murmuring arose,
 And you behold like a vast mouth unclosed,
 A hole, whence spouts a stream of foaming wrath,
 Gulf where the town falls in, the sea comes forth.

And then all vanished!—waves roll o'er the plain,—
 —Now you see nothing but the deep, wide main,
 Stirred by the winds, alone beneath the skies.—

Such is the shock of ocean's mysteries!

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THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
 And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the court:
 The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side;
 And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped to make
 his bride.

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
 Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.
 Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with
 their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled one on another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air;
Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen, we're better here than
there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd
the same:

She thought, "The count, my lover, is as brave as brave can be;
He surely would do desperate things to show his love of me!"

"Kings, ladies, lovers, all look on; the chance is wondrous fine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"
She dropp'd her glove to prove his love: then looked on him
and smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild!

The leap was quick; return was quick; he soon regained his place;
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face;
"Well done!" cried Francis, "bravely done!" and he rose from
where he sat:

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity sets love a task like that!"

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF
LINCOLNSHIRE (1571).

BY JEAN INGELOW.

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three ;
" Pull, if ye never pulled before ;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
" Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.' "

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all—
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall :
And there was nought of strange beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes ;
The level sun like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies,
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

" Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha ! " calling,
Ere the early dewes were falling
Farre away I heard her song.
" Cusha ! Cusha ! " all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—

" Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head ;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I begin to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong ;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene ;
And lo ! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the countryside
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I hearde afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth ;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kindly message free,
"The Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be ?
What danger lowers by land or sea ?
They ring the tune of Enderby !

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down ;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne ;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring ' The Brides of Enderby ' ?"

I looked without, and lo ! my sonne
Came riding down with might and main :
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth ! Elizabeth !"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing up the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped,
It swept with thund'rous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed
Shook all her trembling banks amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
 From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;
 And I—my sonne was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy beaçon glowed ;
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
 " O come in life, or come in death !
 O lost ! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more ?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;
 The waters laid thee at his doore,
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !
 To manye more than myne and mee :
 But each will mourn his own (she saith),
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

BY JOHN KEATS.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot,
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
 O for a breaker full of the warm South,

Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stainèd mouth !
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs ;
 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.
 Already with thee ! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves ;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain

While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self.
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCE

BY JOHN KEATS.

O WHAT can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a fairy's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

"I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

"I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy's song.

"She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
'I love thee true!'

"She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

"And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dreamt—ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamt
On the cold hill's side.

"I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—'La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

"And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake
And no birds sing."

THE HEART OF LOVE.

BY LAWRENCE KELLIE.

IN the city of wealth where all men strive,
Where the honest work while the knaves contrive,
And the poor exist so the rich may thrive,
Shines the sun in the heart of love !

By the meadow lands where the cattle graze,
And the kingcup reigns o'er the feathered sprays,
By the running stream where the grayling strays,
Shines the sun in the heart of love !

Thro' the woody glens where the throstle sings,
Where the moss abounds, and the ivy clings,
And the children gather the sweetest things,
Shines the sun in the heart of love !

O'er the crags and fells of the mountain height,
When the moonbeams pierce thro' the realms of night,
And the wanderer lost bemoans his plight,
Shines the sun in the heart of love !

By the riverside where the cottage stands,
Near the fishing town, with its gleaming sands,
When the sail is furled, and the crew disbands,
Shines the sun in the heart of love !

At the grim churchyard with its dismal knell,
When the storm comes down at the even bell,
With the bitter pangs of a last farewell,
Shines the sun in the heart of love !

In the great Forever when echoes ring,
From the pure white throne where the angels sing,
And where God is Love, and Love is the King,
Shines the sun in the Heart of Love !

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

NOT WHEN THE SUN IS SHINING.

BY LAWRENCE KELLIE.

NOT when the sun is shining !
Not when the world is gay !
With her blossoming, at the wake of spring,
And meadow and moor hold sway !

When life is joyous, and love is young,
 When the requiem has ne'er been sung,
 Before the time when our hearts are wrung,
 Not then would I love thee most !

But when the sky is clouded !
 But when the day is drear !
 In shadow cast, with the chilling blast
 In the winter of the year !
 When love is sorrow, and life is old,
 After the knell for the dead has tolled,
 Beyond the tomb in the churchyard mould,
 'Tis then I would love thee most !

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

WELCOME, wild North-easter !
 Shame it is to see
 Odes to every zephyr ;
 Ne'er a verse to thee.
 Welcome, black North-easter !
 O'er the German foam ;
 O'er the Danish moorlands,
 From thy frozen home.
 Tired we are of summer,
 Tired of gaudy glare,
 Showers soft and steaming,
 Hot and breathless air.
 Tired of listless dreaming,
 Through the lazy day :
 Jovial wind of winter
 Turns us out to play !
 Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
 Crisp the lazy dyke ;
 Hunger into madness
 Every plunging pike.
 Fill the lake with wild-fowl ;
 Fill the marsh with snipe ;
 While on dreary moorlands
 Lonely curlew pipe.
 Through the black fir-forest
 Thunder harsh and dry,

Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark ! The brave North-easter !
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can over-ride you ?
Let the horses go !
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast ;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go ! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard gray weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester ?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas :
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives out English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come ; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew ;
Blow, thou wind of God !

CHARLES KINGSLEY

THE WEIRD LADY.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE swevens came up round Harold the Earl,
Like motes in the sunnè beam ;
And over him stood the Weird Lady,
In her charmèd castle over the sea,
Sang "Lie thou still and dream."

"Thy steed is dead in his stall, Earl Harold,
Since thou hast been with me ;
The rust has eaten thy harness bright,
And the rats have eaten thy greyhound light,
That was so fair and free."

Mary Mother she stooped from heaven ;
She wakened Earl Harold out of his sweven,
To don his harness on ;
And over the land and over the sea
He wended abroad to his own countrie,
A weary way to gon.

O but his beard was white with eld,
O but his hair was gray ;
He stumbled on by stock and stone,
And as he journeyed he made his moan
Along that weary way.

Earl Harold came to his castle wall ;
The gate was burned with fire ;
Roof and rafter were fallen down,
The folk were strangers all in the town,
And strangers all in the shire.

Earl Harold came to a house of nuns,
And he heard the dead-bell toll ;
He saw the sexton stand by a grave ;
"Now Christ have mercy, who did us save,
Upon yon fair nun's soul."

The nuns they came from the convent gate
By one, by two, by three ;
They sang for the soul of a lady bright
Who died for the love of a traitor knight :
It was his own lady.

He stayed the corpse beside the grave ;
 " A sign, a sign ! " quod he.
" Mary Mother who rulest heaven,
Send me a sign if I be forgiven
 By the woman who so loved me."

A white dove out of the coffin flew ;
 Earl Harold's mouth it kist ;
He fell on his face, wherever he stood ;
And the white dove carried his soul to God
 Or ever the bearers wist.

A FAREWELL.

TO C. E. G.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
 No lark could pipe in skies so dull and gray ;
Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I'll leave you,
 For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
 Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down.
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
 Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever ;
 Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long ;
And so make Life, and Death, and that For Ever,
 One grand sweet song.

A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

KAMAL is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride :
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and
 the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides :

"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides ?"

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar,
"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.

At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair—

But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,

So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,

By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.

But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,

For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain are sown with Kamal's men."

The Colonel's son has taken horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of the gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,

Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai—

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.

"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride."

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars as a lady plays with a glove.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,—
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider
free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was
there to strive—
“’Twas only by favour of mine,” quoth he, “ye rode so long
alive ;
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of
tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his
knee.
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row ;
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could
not fly.”

Lightly answered the Colonel's son :—“ Do good to bird and
beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a
feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could
pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on
the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle
are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair—thy brethren wait to sup—
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and call
them up !
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and
stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back ! ”

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
“ No talk shall be of dogs,” said he, “ when wolf and grey wolf
meet.
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath.
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn
with Death ? ”
Lightly answered the Colonel's son :—“ I hold by the blood of
my clan ;
Take up the mare for my father's gift—By God she has carried a
man ”

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled her nose in his breast,

"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth the younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,

"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take the mate from a friend?"

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the risk of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"

With that he whistled his only son, who dropped from a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring and he looked like a lance in rest.

"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop of the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side as shield to shoulder rides.

Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,

Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.

And thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,

And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line,

And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—

Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur."

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt;

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,

On the hilt and the haft of the Kyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of a mountaineer.

"Ha' done ! ha' done !" said the Colonel's son. "Put up the steel at your sides !
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides !"

O, east is east, and west is west, and never the two shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat.
But there is neither east nor west, border nor breed nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from
the ends of the earth.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

WINDS of the World, give answer ! They are whimpering to and fro—
And what should they know of England who only England know?—
The poor little street-bred people that vapour and fume and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English Flag.

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster anew with dirt ?
An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's shirt ?
We may not speak of England ; her Flags to sell or share.
What is the Flag of England ? Winds of the World, declare !

The North Wind blew :—"From Bergen my steel-shod vanguards go ;
I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe ;
By the great North Lights above me I work the will of God,
And the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger fills with cod.

"I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors with flame,
Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies came ;
I took the sun from their presence, I cut them down with my blast,
And they died, but the Flag of England blew free ere the spirit passed.

"The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long Arctic night,
The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the Northern Light ;
What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my bergs to dare,
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it is there !"

The South Wind sighed :—" From the Virgins my mid-sea course
was ta'en

Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,
Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the long-backed
breakers croon

Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked lagoon.

"Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer keys,
I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the scud in the breeze—
Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag was flown.

"I have wrenched it free from the halliard to hang for a wisp on
the Horn ;

I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned and rolled and
torn ;

I have spread its fold o'er the dying, adrift in a hopeless sea ;
I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the slave set free.

"My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling albatross,
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the Southern Cross.
What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my reefs to dare,
Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is there !"

The East Wind roared :—" From the Kuriles, the Bitter Seas, I
come.

And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the English home.
Look—look well to your shipping ! By the breath of my mad
typhoon

I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your best at
Kowloon !

"The reeling junks behind me and the racing seas before,
I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered Singapore !
I set my hand on the Hoogli ; as a hooded snake she rose,
And I heaved your stoutest steamers to roost with the startled
crows.

"Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for England's
sake—

Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid—
Because on the bones of the English the English Flag is stayed.

"The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild-ass knows,
The scared white leopard winds it across the taintless snows.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my sun to dare,
Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is there!"

The West Wind called:—"In squadrons the thoughtless galleons
fly
That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred people die.
They make my might their porter, they make my house their
path,
And I loose my neck from their service and overwhelm them all in
my wrath.

"I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is drawn from the hole,
They bellow one to the other, the frightened ship-bells toll:
For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud with my breath,
And they see strange bows above them and the two go locked to
death.

"But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether by dark or day,
I heave them whole to the conger or rip their plates away,
First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes by.

"The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen dew has
kissed—
The morning stars have hailed it, a fellow-star in the mist.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my breath to dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

FROM "SHEMUS O'BRIEN."

BY J. SHERIDAN LEFANU.

THE mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky—
But whom are the men standin' idle to meet?
An' why do the crowd gather fast in the street?
What come they to talk of? What come they to see?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?
O, Shemus O'Brien, pray fervent and fast—
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last.
Pray fast and pray strong, for the moment is nigh,
When—strong, proud, an' great as you are—you must die!

At last they threw open the great prison gate,
 An' out came the sheriffs an' sojers in state ;
 An' a cart in the middle, an' Shemus was in it—
 Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minnit ;
 An' as soon as the people saw Shemus O'Brien,
 Wid prayin' an' blessin' and all the girls cryin',
 A wild wailing sound kem on all by degrees,
 Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.
 On—on—to the gallows the sherriffs are gone,
 And the car and the sojers go steadily on.
 And at every side swellin' around iv the cart,
 A wild sorrowful sound that would open your heart.

Now, undher the gallows the car takes its stand,
 An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand ;
 An' the priest havin' blessed him, gets down on the ground,
 And Shemus O'Brien throws one look around.
 Then the hangman drew near, an' the people grew still,
 Young faces turn sickly, an' warm hearts turn chill ;
 An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
 For the grip of the life-strangling cord to prepare—
 An' the good priest has left him,—havin' said his last prayer.

But the good priest did more—for his hands he unbound ;
 And with one daring spring, Jim has leaped to the ground !
 Bang ! bang ! go the carbines, an' clash go the sabres ;
 He's not down ! he's alive ! now attend to him, neighbours !
 By one shout from the people the heavens are shaken—
 One shout that the dead of the world might awaken !
 Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
 But if you want hangin' 'tis yourselves ye must hang.
 To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe glin,
 An' the divil's in the dice if you catch him agin.

THE MAKING OF SONG.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

A POET prayed, and the answer came—
 "Thou shalt sing, and thy song shall bring thee fame,
 But this must thou give for thy silver tongue,
 Thrice three sorrows for each new song."

The poet was young, and the world all bloom—
 "Give me the song, let the sorrows come !"

And so it befell that his boyhood's pain
Was thrice more bitter and thrice again,
But his tears were pearls, and his sobs were song,
And the solace great if the sorrow long.

Then youth with its splendid moon i' the sky,
And its wonder-maiden and love, drew nigh,
And the heart of the poet grew so glad
He forgot his song in the joy he had.
But the maiden died—then he thought to die,
But his song awoke him, and up in the sky,
For each little shining tear he shed,
He set a great shining star instead—
His singing ended, his tears were dry.

Then years went by, and he took a wife,
So dear she stood him in place of life,
And, as the blossoms come to the tree,
So came a little babe to be.
But the blossom withered in springtime frost,
And the poet sang of the thing they lost—
—"But ah, my wife, had they taken thee!"

Death heard the song, and he came one night,
And the wife lay dead in the morning light.
Now, O poet, what comfort now?
Dost thou not weep for thy boyish vow?
Yea, the poet bowed his stricken head—
—"Now let me die, for my life is dead."

Yet, as days wore on, little leaf by leaf
Budded once more on the tree of grief,
And note by note the accustomed song
Rose, as of old, more deep, more strong;
Though something told to the listening ears
That it bubbled up from a fount of tears.

One more sorrow remained untried;
God took back his song—*then* the poet died.

[From "*English Poems.*" By Special Permission of the Author.]

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

BY MRS. LACOSTE.

INTO a ward of the whitewash'd halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day—
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-vein'd brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low ;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride, you know ;
Somebody's hand had rested there ;
Was it a mother's, soft and white ?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light ?

God knows best ; he has somebody's love ;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there ;
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he march'd away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand ;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to their heart ;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.

Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear ;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head—
“Somebody’s Darling slumbers here.”

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

A LAY OF A CRACKED FIDDLE.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

WHEN I was quite a tiny mite,
And life a joyful ditty,
I used to know a poor old wight
Who fiddled through the city.
Alas ! it’s thirty years ago—
Time *is* so quaint and flighty !
And now I’ve mites myself, you know
And not so very mity.
And he’s unvexed by flat and sharp ;
He’s guessed the awful riddle,
And, haply, got a golden harp
In place of that old fiddle.

And yet, methinks, I see him now—
So clear the memory lingers—
His long grey hair, his puckered brow,
His trembling, grimy fingers,
The comforter that dangled down
Beyond his waist a long way,
The beaver hat with battered crown,
He’d pause to brush—the wrong way,
The brown surtout that still could brag
Its buttons down the middle,
And, crowning all, the greenish bag
That held the sacred fiddle.

Two tunes he played, and only two,
One over, one beginning ;
“God Save the Queen’s” collapse we knew
Was “Kitty Clover’s” inning.
How startingly the bow behaved—
Curvetted, jerked, and bounded—
The while our gracious Queen was saved,
And knavish tricks confounded !

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

And oh ! the helpless, hopeless woe,
 Brimful and running over,
 In (*very slow*) the o—o—oh
 Of bothering Kitty Clover !

And so he'd jerk and file and squeak
 Like twenty thousand hinges,
 While every sympathetic cheek
 Was racked with shoots and twinges.
 The lawyer left his lease or will,
 The workman stopped his hammer,
 The druggist ceased to roll the pill,
 And ran to calm the clamour.
 From doors and windows jingled down
 A dancing shower of copper,
 Accompanied by many a frown,
 And sometimes speech improper.

He gathered up the grudging dole,
 And sought a different station,
 But always with a bitter soul,
 And deep humiliation.
 For what though music win you pence,
 If praise it fail to win you ?
 If fees are paid to hurry hence,
 And never to continue ?
 "Bad times for art," he'd sometimes say
 To any youthful scholar ;
 "They'd rather grub for brass to-day,
 Than listen to Apoller."

And so with quaint, pathetic face,
 Aggrieved and disappointed,
 The minstrel moved from place to place,
 And mourned the times disjointed.
 His hat was browner than of yore,
 His grizzled head was greyer,
 And none had ever cried, "Encore,"
 Or praised the poor old player.
 I came to feel (and was not wrong)—
 His day was nearly over—
 He'd not be bothered very long
 By cruel Kitty Clover.

One day, within a shady square,
 Where people lounged or sat round,
 He'd played his second woful air,
 And now he took the hat round.

He met with many a gibe and grin,
With coarser disaffection,
The while he tottered out and in,
Receiving the collection.
At length he stopped, with downcast eye,
Beneath a lime-tree's cover,
Where sat a maiden, sweet and shy,
Beside her handsome lover.

Half-hidden in her leafy place,
The modest little sitter
Just glanced into the fiddler's face,
And read his story bitter.
Unskilled in life and worldly ways,
By womanhood's divining,
She knew the minstrel's soul for praise
And sympathy was pining.
Herself with all a heart could need,
No dearest dream denied her,
She felt her gentle spirit bleed
For that poor wretch beside her.

She hung her head a little while,
Then, growing somewhat bolder,
She rose, and with a blush and smile,
Just touched the minstrel's shoulder.
"How charmingly you play," she said.
"How nice to be so clever !
My friend and I" (her cheeks grew red)
"Could sit entranced for ever.
I've taken lessons—all in vain ;
My touch is simply hateful.
Oh ! if you'd play those tunes again,
I'd be so very grateful."

He rosined up his rusty bow
(His eyes were brimming over),
Then (o—o—oh !) meandered slow
Through endless "Kitty Clover."
He'd suffered many a cruel wrong
Amid a sordid nation ;
He'd waited wearily and long—
At last the compensation !
What cared he now for snub and sneer
From churlish fools around him ?
In those sweet eyes he saw a tear,
And felt that fame had crowned him.

And you, my friends, may laugh or frown,
 And still I'll risk the saying,
 That angels stooped from glory down
 To hear the fiddler playing.
 And he that holds the golden pen,
 That chief of all the bright ones,
 Who registers the deeds of men,
 The wrong ones and the right ones—
 He oped the book and did record
 A sweet and gracious deed there—
 A deed performed to Christ the Lord
 That He shall smile to read there.

[From "*Ballads and Legends*," By Special Permission of the Author and
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"I MEAN TO WAIT FOR JACK."

A LESSON FOR LOVERS.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

SWEET Kate at Wyndham's Dairy, and Jack of Oldham Mill—
 Oh, long they woo'd and fond they coo'd, a faithful Jack and Jill!
 But times were bad for lass and lad, and sadly both confess'd
 'Twas not the thing to buy the ring before they'd lined the nest.
 "Courage, lad!" said Katie. "Yes, we'll have to wait;
 But though, my dear, it's twenty year, I'll take no other mate."

But England wanted Jacky, for war was in the air,
 And arms more grim were press'd on him than Katie's bonny pair.
 So all through Spain, in rough campaign, he chivied bold Mossoo,
 And fired his gun and made him run like fun at Waterloo.
 When the lads came round her, Katie bade them pack.
 "There's girls enow * for you to woo; I mean to wait for Jack."

The grey in Katie's ringlets was mingling with the brown,
 When, bump-a-thump, an eager stump came pegging through the
 town.

"It's me, you see, come back," says he, "except a leg or so;
 And safe and sound here's twenty pound; so let the parson know."
 Jangle, jingle, jangle! set the bells a-chime,
 And health and bliss to love like this that bravely bides its time

* Pronounce *enoo*, as commonly in the Midlands.

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THE ROSES KNOW.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

THE roses o'er my window grow,
 An arch of fragrant bloom.
 I make a bunch at night, you know,
 To bless my little room.
 I hardly know—I never care—
 What idle folk may pause to stare ;
 But why refuse a gentle soul
 A little bud for button-hole ?
Blush rose, blush rose,
Why that burning red ?
White rose, white rose,
Never hang your head !

One night—the last sweet night of May—
 My basket in my hand,
 I heard a footstep cross the way,
 I saw a stranger stand.
 He leaned his arms the palings o'er,
 And begged a rosebud—one—no more ;
 I gave it, with a smile and word,
 And, really, nothing else occurred.
Blush rose, blush rose,
Why that burning red ?
White rose, white rose,
Never hang your head !

But oh ! the roses bloom to-day
 With tenderer, deeper glows ;
 They whisper me from every spray,
 Because my heart's a rose.
 For yester eve—O pearl of eyes !—
 Above the rustling of their leaves,
 He said—no matter what—but oh !
 The roses know—the roses know !
Blush rose, blush rose,
Oh, the tale you heard !
White rose, white rose,
Never say a word !

WALTER'S CHOICE.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

WHEN Walter's mother took a trip
 To buy her winter gown,
 Dear ! how she made the shopmen skip,
 And haul the bundles down !
 "Now there's a red," the master said,
 "To make the neighbours stare !"
 "Why, that," said she, "perhaps may be,
 But, look you, will it wear ?
 It's very neat, and very sweet ;
 But pounds with me are rare ;
 It's well enough—but feel the stuff !
 I want a gown to wear."

When Walter stood before the glass,
 And aired his Sunday clo'es,
 "Now that," she muttered, "means a lass—
 He's courting, goodness knows !
 My boy," she said, and shook her head,
 "I pray you have a care ;
 Young men, to thrive what time they wive,
 Must choose a wife to wear.
 You must not wed for white and red
 Or bonny eyes and hair ;
 You choose a wife to last your life—
 So choose a wife to wear."

When Walter led to church his bride,
 The town was all astir,
 And, "Bless my heart !" the neighbours cried,
 "What could he see in *her* ?
 There's girls around with fifty pound—
 There's bouncing girls to spare !"
 "He's wisely wed," his mother said,
 "He chose a wife to wear.
 Sure thrift and health are more than wealth,
 And better good than fair ;
 She's gold all through, and that's enow *—
 He's got a wife to wear."

* Pronounce *enoo*.

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THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women.
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man.
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother !
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

FAIRIES ON THE LAWN.

A CHILD'S RECOLLECTION.

BY R. C. LEHMANN.

ONE night I peeped through the window, just after I went to bed ;
I ought to have been in my cot, I know, my pillow beneath my
head ;
But somebody seemed to whisper " Come ! " and so I made up
my mind,
Climbed out and tiptoed across the floor, and lifted the old red
blind.

It wasn't as dark as some nights are, for up in the purple sky
The round moon showed me her battered face; it didn't seem
very high,
And all the trees that I know so well looked funny, and far, and
white,
And all of them murmured: "Hush! hush! hush! we can't
make a noise to-night."

I wasn't afraid, not *quite* afraid, but I wasn't as bold as brass,
When I looked and I saw a shining sight out there on the silver
grass.
And, oh! I think I shall never see such a beautiful sight again,
As the wonderful shining sight I saw when I looked through the
window-pane.

In the place of the garden arbour, with its walls, and its seats of
wood,
And its thatched roof covered with creepers, a marvellous palace
stood:
I seemed to have known it always (though it couldn't be ages old),
With its pillars of rainbow crystal, and its towers of polished gold.
Then a voice said: "Look at the Fairies!" and out in a troop
they came;
I had seen them by dozens in picture-books, and these were the
very same.
The same, only much, much better, for these were alive, alive;
And the sound of their little voices was the buzz of a big bee-hive.

For, oh! they shouted and tumbled, and frisked, and fluttered,
and played;
A jolly, delightful romp they had, and nobody seemed afraid;
And I, who had held my breath so, just didn't I want to go
And join in the games they played at out there on the lawn below!

I have seen my mamma wear jewels, and these were like jewels
bright,
Like opals alive and leaping all over the grass at night—
When clear from the golden palace came sounding a trumpet's
call,
And they fell into lines like a regiment, and stood at attention all.

And wasn't there lovely music, the music that makes you cry,
The music mamma sings softly—she calls it a lullaby.
And riding a mouse-sized charger, the tiniest ever seen,
Out pranced to her faithful Fairies the beautiful Fairy Queen.

To think I should see her really—to think I should see her there,
As I peeped through the bedroom window, perched up on a
bedroom chair !

I was only a little girl, you know, and I think it was very kind
To let me look at the Fairy Queen when I lifted the old red blind.

But just as I said : “ I’ll ask her up to come to my room and play ;
And won’t we have romps at night-time, and won’t we have fun
by day ! ”

A black cloud covered the moon’s face, and I—I was back in bed
(But I never knew how I got there) with my pillow beneath my
head.

[From “ *Punch*.” By Special Permission of Mr. R. C. Lehmann and
Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.]

THE STORY OF THE MONK FELIX.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ONE morning, all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air ;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The dusk was like the Truce of God
With worldly woe and care ;
Under him lay the golden moss ;
And above him the boughs of hoary trees
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedicites ;
And from the ground
Rose an odour sweet and fragrant
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of Saint Augustine,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendours of God’s great tower
In the unknown land,

And, with his eyes cast down
 In humility, he said :
 " I believe, O God,
 What herein I have read,
 But, alas ! I do not understand ! "

And lo ! he heard
 The sudden singing of a bird,
 A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
 Dropped down,
 And among the branches brown
 Sat singing
 So sweet, and clear, and loud,
 It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing.

And the Monk Felix closed his book
 And long, long,
 With rapturous look,
 He listened to the song,
 And hardly breathed or stirred,
 Until he saw, as in a vision,
 The land Elysian,
 And in the heavenly city heard
 Angelic feet
 Fall on the golden flagging of the street.
 And he would fain
 Have caught the wondrous bird,
 But strove in vain ;
 For it flew away, away,
 Far over hill and dell,
 And instead of its sweet singing
 He heard the convent bell
 Suddenly in the silence ringing
 For the service of noonday.
 And he retraced
 His pathway homeward sadly and in haste.

In the convent there was a change !
 He looked for each well-known face,
 But the faces were new and strange ;
 New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
 New voices chanted in the choir ;
 Yet the place was the same place,
 The same dusky walls
 Of cold, gray stone,
 The same cloisters and belfry and spire.

A stranger and alone
 Among that brotherhood
 The Monk Felix stood.
 "Forty years," said a Friar,
 "Have I been Prior
 Of this convent in the wood,
 But for that space
 Never have I beheld thy face!"
 The heart of the Monk Felix fell:
 And he answered, with submissive tone,
 "This morning, after the hour of Prime,
 I left my cell,
 And wandered forth alone,
 Listening all the time
 To the melodious singing
 Of a beautiful white bird,
 Until I heard
 The bells of the convent ringing
 Noon from their noisy towers.
 It was as if I dreamed;
 For what to me had seemed
 Moments only, had been hours!"

"Years!" said a voice close by.
 It was an aged monk who spoke,
 From a bench of oak
 Fastened against the wall;
 He was the oldest monk of all.
 For a whole century
 Had he been there,
 Serving God in prayer,
 The meekest and humblest of his creatures.
 He remembered well the features
 Of Felix, and he said,
 Speaking distinct and slow:
 "One hundred years ago,
 When I was a novice in this place,
 There was here a monk, full of God's grace,
 Who bore the name
 Of Felix, and this man must be the same."

And straightway
 They brought forth to the light of day,
 A volume old and brown,
 A huge tome, bound
 In brass and wild-boar's hide,

Wherein were written down
 The names of all who had died
 In the convent, since it was edified.
 And there they found,
 Just as the old monk said,
 That on a certain day and date,
 One hundred years before,
 Had gone forth from the convent gate,
 The Monk Felix, and never more
 Had entered that sacred door.
 He had been counted among the dead !
 And they knew, at last,
 That such had been the power
 Of that celestial and immortal song,
 A hundred years had passed,
 And had not seemed so long
 As a single hour !

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

“ L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux : ‘Toujours ! jamais ! Jamais ! toujours !’ ”—JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw ;
 And from its station in the hall
 An ancient timepiece says to all,—
 “ For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! ”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
 And points and beckons with its hands
 From its case of massive oak,
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
 “ For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! ”

By day its voice is low and light ;
 But in the silent dead of night,
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
 It echoes along the vacant hall,
 Along the ceiling ; along the floor,
 And seems to say at each chamber-door,—
 " For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! "

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
 Through days of death and days of birth,
 Through every swift vicissitude
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
 " For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! "

In that mansion used to be
 Free-hearted Hospitality ;
 His great fires up the chimney roared ;
 The stranger feasted at his board ;
 But, like the skeleton at the feast,
 That warning timepiece never ceased,—
 " For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! "

There groups of merry children played,
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed :
 O precious hours ! O golden prime,
 And affluence of love and time !
 Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
 " For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! "

From that chamber, clothed in white,
 The bride came forth on her wedding-night ;
 There, in that silent room below,
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;
 And in the hush that followed the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
 " For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! "

All are scattered now and fled,
 Some are married, some are dead ;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 " Ah ! when shall they all meet again ? "
 As in the days long since gone by,
 The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
 " For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! "

Never here, for ever there,
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time shall disappear,
 For ever there, but never here !
 The horologe of Eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly,—
 " For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! "

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
 Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
 But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
 Startles the village with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
 When the death-angel touches those swift keys !
 What loud lament and dismal Miserere
 Will mingle with their awful symphonies ;

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
 The cries of agony, the endless groan,
 Which through the ages that have gone before us,
 In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
 Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
 And loud, amid the universal clamour,
 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
 Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
 And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
 Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village,
 The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
 The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage ;
 The wail of famine in beleagured towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
 The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;
 And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
 The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
 With such accursed instruments as these,
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need for arsenals nor forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorrèd !
 And every nation, that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
 Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace !"

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise.

THE NORMAN BARON.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

" Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image."—THIERRY, "Conquête de l'Angleterre."

IN his chamber, weak and dying,
 Was the Norman baron lying ;
 Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
 And the castle turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
 Spite of vassal and retainer,
 And the lands his sires had plundered,
 Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
 Who in humble voice repeated
 Many a prayer and pater-noster
 From the missal on his knee ;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
 Sound of bells came faintly stealing,
 Bells, that, from the neighbouring kloster,
 Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
 Held, that night, their Christmas wassail
 Many a carol, old and saintly,
 Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
 Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
 That the storm was heard but faintly,
 Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted
 Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
 Where the monk, with accents holy,
 Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
 As he paused awhile and listened,
 And the dying baron slowly
 Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
 Born and cradled in a manger !
 King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
 Christ is born to set us free !"

And the lightning showed the sainted
 Figures on the casement painted,
 And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
 "Miserere, Domine !"

In that hour of deep contrition,
 He beheld, with clearer vision,
 Through all outward show and fashion,
 Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
 Falsehood and deceit were banished,
 Reason spake more loud than passion,
 And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
 Every serf born to his manor,
 All those wronged and wretched creatures
 By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
 He recorded their dismissal,
 Death relaxed his iron features,
 And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered
 Since in death the baron slumbered
 By the convent's sculptured portal,
 Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages,
 Living in historic pages,
 Brighter glows and gleams immortal,
 Unconsumed by moth or rust.

THE TWO ANGELS.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
 Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
 The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
 The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
 Alike their features and their robes of white;
 But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
 And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way ;
 Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
 "Beat not so loud my heart, lest thou betray
 The place where thy beloved are at rest !"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
 Descending, at my door began to knock,
 And my soul sank within me, as in wells
 The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
 The terror and the tremor and the pain,
 That oft before had filled or haunted me,
 And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
 And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice ;
 And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
 Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,
 "My errand is not Death, but Life," he said ;
 And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
 On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend ! and not at mine,
 The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
 Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
 Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
 A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
 And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
 Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! If He but wave His hand,
 The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
 Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
 Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;
 Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er ;
 Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
 Against His messengers to shut the door ?

SANDALPHON.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,—the marvellous story,
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening, breathless,
To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervour and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
 A fable, a phantom, a show
 Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;
 Yet the old mediæval tradition,
 The beautiful, strange superstition,
 But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
 And the welkin above is all white,
 All throbbing and panting with stars,
 Among them majestic is standing
 Sandalphon the angel, expanding
 His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
 Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
 The frenzy and fire of the brain,
 That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
 The golden pomegranates of Eden,
 To quiet its fever and pain.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
 The village smithy stands,
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands ;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan ;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow ;
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door ;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys ;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice ;

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise !
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies ;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes ;
 Each morning sees some task begun,
 Each evening sees its close !
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught !
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought.

VICTOR GALBRAITH.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

UNDER the walls of Monterey,
 At daybreak the bugles began to play,
 Victor Galbraith !
 In the mist of the morning damp and gray,
 These were the words they seemed to say :
 "Come forth to thy death,
 Victor Galbraith !"

Forth he came, with a martial tread ;
 Firm was his step, erect his head ;
 Victor Galbraith !
 He who so well the bugle played,
 Could not mistake the word's it said :
 "Come forth to thy death,
 Victor Galbraith !"

He looked at the earth, he looked at the sky,
 He looked at the files of musketry,
 Victor Galbraith !
 And he said, with a steady voice and eye,
 "Take good aim ; I am ready to die !"
 Thus challenges death
 Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and red,
 Six leaden balls on their errand sped ;
 Victor Galbraith
 Falls to the ground, but he is not dead ;
 His name was not stamped on those balls of lead,
 And they only scathe
 Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,
 But he rises out of the dust again,
 Victor Galbraith !
 The water he drinks has a bloody stain ;
 "Oh, kill me, and put me out of my pain !"
 In his agony prayeth
 Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of flame,
 And the bugler has died a death of shame,
 Victor Galbraith !
 His soul has gone back to whence it came,
 And no one answers to the name,
 When the Sergeant saith,
 "Victor Galbraith !"

Under the walls of Monterey
 By night a bugle is heard to play,
 Victor Galbraith !
 Through the mist of the valley damp and gray
 The sentinels hear the sound, and say,
 "That is the wraith
 Of Victor Galbraith !"

THE DEATH OF MINNEHAHA.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

O THE long and dreary Winter !
 O the cold and cruel Winter !
 Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
 Froze the ice on lake and river,
 Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
 Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
 Fell the covering snow and drifted
 Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
 Could the hunter force a passage ;
 With his mittens and his snow-shoes
 Vainly walked he through the forest,
 Sought for bird or beast and found none,
 Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
 In the snow beheld no footprints,
 In the ghastly, gleaming forest
 Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
 Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever !
 O the wasting of the famine !
 O the blasting of the fever !
 O the wailing of the children !
 O the anguish of the women !

All the earth was sick and famished,
 Hungry was the air around them,
 Hungry was the sky above them,
 And the hungry stars in heaven
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at them !

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
 Came two other guests, as silent
 As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
 Waited not to be invited,
 Did not parley at the doorway,
 Sat there without word of welcome
 In the seat of Laughing Water ;
 Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
 At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said, " Behold me !
 I am Famine, Buckadawin !"
 And the other said, " Behold me !
 I am Fever, Ahkosewin !"

And the lovely Minnehaha
 Shuddered as they looked upon her,
 Shuddered at the words they uttered,
 Lay down on her bed in silence,
 Hid her face, but made no answer ;
 Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
 At the looks they cast upon her,
 At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
 Rushed the maddened Hiawatha ;
 In his heart was deadly sorrow,
 In his face a stony firmness ;
 On his brow the sweat of anguish
 Started, but it froze, and fell not.

Wrapped in furs, and armed for hunting,
 With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
 With his quiver full of arrows,
 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
 Into the vast and vacant forest
 On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty !"
 Cried he, with his face uplifted
 In that bitter hour of anguish,
 "Give your children food, O father !
 Give us food, or we must perish !
 Give me food for Minnehaha,
 For my dying Minnehaha !"

Through the far-resounding forest,
 Through the forest vast and vacant,
 Rang that cry of desolation,
 But there came no other answer
 Than the echo of his crying,
 Than the echo of the woodlands,
 "Minnehaha ! Minnehaha !"

All day long roved Hiawatha
 In that melancholy forest,
 Through the shadow of whose thickets,
 In the pleasant days of Summer,
 Of that ne'er-forgotten Summer,
 He had brought his young wife homeward,
 From the land of the Dacotahs ;
 When the birds sang in the thickets,
 And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
 And the air was full of fragrance,
 And the lovely Laughing Water
 Said, with voice that did not tremble,

"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

"Look!" she said, "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam,
In the land of the Dacotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness;
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing,
"Wahonomin! Wahonomin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonomin! Wahonomin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him;
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,

That the forest moaned and shuddered,
 That the very stars in heaven
 Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,
 On the bed of Minnehaha,
 At the feet of Laughing Water,
 At those willing feet, that never
 More would lightly run to meet him,
 Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
 Seven long days and nights he sat there,
 As if in a swoon he sat there,
 Speechless, motionless, unconscious
 Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha :
 In the snow a grave they made her,
 In the forest deep and darksome,
 Underneath the moaning hemlocks ;
 Clothed her in her richest garments,
 Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
 Covered her with snow, like ermine ;
 Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
 On her grave four times was kindled,
 For her soul upon its journey
 To the Islands of the Blessed.
 From his doorway Hiawatha
 Saw it burning in the forest,
 Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks,
 From his sleepless bed uprising,
 From the bed of Minnehaha,
 Stood and watched it at the doorway,
 That it might not be extinguished,
 Might not leave her in the darkness.

" Farewell ! " said he, " Minnehaha !
 Farewell, O my Laughing Water !
 All my heart is buried with you,
 All my thoughts go onward with you !
 Come not back again to labour,
 Come not back again to suffer,
 Where the Famine and the Fever
 Wear the heart and waste the body.
 Soon my task will be completed,
 Soon your footsteps I shall follow
 To the Islands of the Blessed,
 To the kingdom of Ponemah !
 To the land of the Hereafter ! "

Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow ;
 Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
 Singing the Hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
 Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist.
 Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of a maiden
 Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
 Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
 While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its
 motion.

She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
 Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun
 Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being !
 Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
 Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of
 his errand ;

All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had
 vanished.

All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
 Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.

So he entered the house ; and the hum of the wheel and the
 singing
 Suddenly ceased ; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the
 threshold,

Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
 Saying, " I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the
 passage ;

For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."
 Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been
 mingled

Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
 Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
 Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in
 the winter,

After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,
 Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered
 the doorway,

Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and
 Priscilla

Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
 Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-
 storm.

Had he but spoken then ! perhaps not in vain had he spoken ;
 Now it was all too late ; the golden moment had vanished !

So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful
 Spring-time,
 Talked of their friends at home, and the *May-Flower* that sailed
 on the morrow,
 "I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
 "Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedgerows of
 England,—
 They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden ;
 Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the
 linnet,
 Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbours
 Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
 And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
 Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the church-
 yard.
 Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion ;
 Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
 You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it : I almost
 Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth : "Indeed I do not condemn
 you ;
 Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
 Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on ;
 So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
 Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of
 Plymouth !"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters,—
 Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
 But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a school-
 boy ;
 Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
 Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
 Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
 Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her
 speechless ;
 Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence :
 "If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
 Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
 If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning !"
 Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
 Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,—
 Had no time for such things ; such things !—the words grating
 harshly
 Fell on the ear of Priscilla ; and swift as a flash she made answer :

"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is
 married,
 Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
 That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you
 cannot.
 When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one
 and that one,
 Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
 Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden
 avowal,
 And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
 Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
 Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been
 climbing.
 This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection
 Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
 When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
 Had he but waited a while, had he only showed that he loved me,
 Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have
 won me,
 Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
 Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
 Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
 How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
 How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of
 Plymouth;
 He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
 Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
 Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de
 Standish;
 Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
 He was a man of honour, of noble and generous nature;
 Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the
 winter
 He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;
 Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
 Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always.
 Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature;
 For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
 Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
 Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles
 Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent
 language,
 Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
 Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes over-running with
 laughter,
 Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself,
 John?"

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
 His sickle in his hand ;
 His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in the sand.
 Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
 He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
 The lordly Niger flowed ;
 Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
 Once more a king he strode ;
 And heard the tinkling caravans
 Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
 Among her children stand ;
 They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
 They held him by the hand !—
 A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
 And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
 Along the Niger's bank ;
 His bridle-reins were golden chains,
 And, with a martial clank,
 At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
 Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
 The bright flamingoes flew ;
 From morn till night he followed their flight,
 O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
 Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
 And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
 And the hyæna scream,
 And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
 Beside some hidden stream ;
 And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
 Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
 Shouted of liberty ;
 And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
 With a voice so wild and free,
 That he started in his sleep and smiled,
 At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
 Nor the burning heat of day ;
 For Death had illumined the land of sleep,
 And his lifeless body lay
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul
 Had broken and thrown away !

GOING TO THE WARS.

BY RICHARD LOVELACE.

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field,
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you too shall adore ;
 I could not love thee, Dear, so much
 Loved I not Honour more.

FROM PRISON.

BY RICHARD LOVELACE.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings,
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates ;

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

When I lie tangled in her hair
 And fettered to her eye,
 The gods that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses crowned,
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free,
 Fishes that tipple in the deep
 Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my King ;
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage :
 If I have freedom in my love
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone that soar above
 Enjoy such liberty.

 THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

(Abridged and arranged for recitation.)

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

NOT only around our infancy
 Doth heaven with all its splendours lie ;
 Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
 We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies ;
 Against our fallen and traitor lives
 The great winds utter prophecies ;
 With our faint hearts the mountain strives .

Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
 Waits with its benedicite ;
And to our age's drowsy blood
 Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us ;
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest has his fee who comes and shrives us,
 We bargain for the graves we lie in ;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold ;
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking :
 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

PART FIRST.

" My golden spurs now bring to me,
 And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
 In search of the Holy Grail ;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep ;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
 Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grow dim,
 Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.
The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drownd the cattle up to their knees,
 The little birds sang as if it were
 The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and grey :
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to Lord or Lady of high degree.
The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
 And morning in the young knight's heart ;
 Only the castle moodily
 Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
 And gloomed by itself apart.
 As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
 He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
 Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate ;
 And a loathing over Sir Launfal came ;
 The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
 The flesh 'neath his armour 'gan shrink and crawl,
 And midway its leap his heart stood still
 Like a frozen waterfall ;
 For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
 Rased harshly against his dainty nature,
 And seemed the one blot on the summer morn—
 So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.
 The leper raised not the gold from the dust ;
 " Better to me the poor man's crust,
 Better the blessing of the poor,
 Though I turn me empty from his door :
 Not what we give but what we share,
 For the gift without the giver is bare."

PART SECOND.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
 The bare boughs rattled shudderingly.
 As Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
 For another heir in his earldom sate ;
 An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
 He came back from seeking the Holy Grail ;
 Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
 No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
 But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
 The badge of the suffering and the poor.
 Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
 Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
 For it was just at the Christmas time ;
 So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
 And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
 In the light and warmth of long ago.
 And as he mused outside the Hall
 He was 'ware of the leper crouched by the wall
 As white as the isles of the Northern seas
 In the desolate horror of his disease ;

And the leper cried with outstretched palms,
"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms."
And Sir Launfal said,—“I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
O, Son of God, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!”
Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung his gold to leprosie,
When he girt his young life in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink.
As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified.
And a voice that was calmer than silence said,
“Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and me.”
Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon:—
“The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armour up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail.”
No longer scowl the turrets tall
The castle gates are open to all,
The summer's long siege at last was o'er
When the first poor outcast went in at the door.

The meanest serf in Sir Launfal's land
 Has hall and bower at his command,
 For there is not a man in the North Countree
 But is lord of the castle as much as he.

Note.—According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the last supper with His disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed ; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favourite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems.

The plot (if I may give that name to anything so slight) of the foregoing poem is my own, and, to serve its purposes, I have enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include, not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the date of King Arthur's reign !

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

SUMMER.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE little gate was reached at last.
 Half hid in lilacs down the lane ;
 She pushed it wide, and, as she past,
 A wistful look she backward cast,
 And said—" Auf Wiedersehen ! "

With hand on latch, a vision white
 Lingered reluctant, and again
 Half doubting if she did aright,
 Soft as the dews that fell that night,
 She said—" Auf Wiedersehen ! "

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair ;
 I linger in delicious pain ;
 Ah ! in that chamber, whose rich air
 To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
 Thinks she—" Auf Wiedersehen ! "

'Tis thirteen years ; once more I press
 The turf that silences the lane ;
 I hear the rustle of her dress,
 I smell the lilies, and—ah, yes,
 I hear " Auf Wiedersehen ! "

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art !
 The English words had seemed too fain,
 But these—they drew us heart to heart,
 Yet held us tenderly apart ;
 She said—"Auf Wiedersehen !"

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.*

BY ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE LOWELL.

OH ! that last day in Lucknow fort !
 We knew that it was the last :
 That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
 And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death ;
 And the men and we all worked on :
 It was one day more, of smoke and roar,
 And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
 A fair young gentle thing,
 Wasted with fever in the siege,
 And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
 And I took her head on my knee :
 "When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
 "Oh ! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
 In the flecking of wood-bine shade,
 When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
 And the mother's wheel is stay'd.

It was smoke and roar, and powder-stench,
 And hopeless waiting for death :
 But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
 Seem'd scarce to draw her breath.

* "The heroine and the incident are alike fictitious ; but what a wide currency the story obtained ! Martin ascertained that it was originally a little romance, written by a French governess for the use of her pupils, which found its way into the *Paris papers*, thence to the *Jersey Times*, thence to the *London Times* (Dec. 12, 1857), and afterwards appeared in many English and American papers, and is to this day quoted as authentic."—"The Land of the Veda," by the Rev. W. Butler, D.D.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream,
 Of an English village-lane,
 And wall and garden ;—a sudden scream
 Brought me back to the roar again.

Then Jessie Brown stood listening,
 And then a broad gladness broke
 All over her face, and she took my hand
 And drew me near and spoke :

“ *The Highlanders !* Oh ! dinna ye hear
 The slogan far awa’—
 The M’Gregor’s ? Ah ! I ken it weel ;
 It’s the grandest o’ them a’.

“ God bless thae bonny Highlanders !
 We’re saved ! we’re saved ! ” she cried :
 And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
 Pour’d forth, like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
 Had fallen among the men :
 And they started, for they were there to die :
 Was life so near them then ?

They listened for life : and the rattling fire
 Far-off, and the far-off roar
 Were all :—and the colonel shook his head,
 And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said : “ That slogan’s dune ;
 But can ye no hear them noo,—
The Campbells are comin’ ? It’s no a dream ;
 Our succours hae broken through ! ”

We heard the roar and rattle afar,
 But the pipes we could not hear ;
 So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
 And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,—
 A shrilling, ceaseless sound :
 It was no noise of the strife afar,
 Or the sappers underground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders,
 And now they played “ *Auld Lang Syne* ; ”
 It came to our men like the voice of God,
 And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,
 And the women sobb'd in a crowd :
 And every one knelt down where he stood,
 And we all thank'd God aloud.

That happy day when we welcomed them,
 Our men put Jessie first ;
 And the General took her hand, and cheers
 From the men, like a volley, burst,

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan stream'd
 Marching round and round our line ;
 And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
 For the pipes played "*Auld Lang Syne*."

THE FLEET UNDER SAIL.

BY SIR FRANKLIN LUSHINGTON.

1854

THEY are gone from their own green shore !
 Our armies sally forth to the East and to the North,
 By the Lion of Gibraltar and the steep of Elsinore ;
 And the long line of sail on the verge is low and pale,
 And the dun smoke-track fades amid the cloudy wrack ;
 And we fade, as they look toward the shore.

Many will come back no more ;
 Whether they shall sleep twenty fathoms deep
 'Neath the Black Sea's surge or the Baltic's icy floor,
 Or whether they shall lie with their faces to the sky,
 Till the mound upon the plain is heap'd above the slain ;
 Many shall come back no more.

Did you scan those steady faces o'er ?
 Which of all the troop that cheered from prow and poop,
 As the signal to weigh anchor flew aloft at the fore—
 When the sudden trumpet blares through the squadrons and the
 squares,
 Shall be stricken by the breath of the messenger of death ?
 Which are they that shall come home no more ?

Did you mark what a frank air they wore,
 The sea's hardy sons that will stand beside their guns,
 'Spite of batteries afloat and of bristling forts ashore?
 Stript bare to the waist, with their strong loins braced,
 As fearless and as frank they will tread the ruddy plank,
 Where the boarder slips to rise no more.

Hush, brothers, cheer no more!—
 Let the low prayer rise in witness to the skies
 Of our hope and our trust in His hand that rules the war;
 And the self-willed man, who has forced us to the van—
 On his head be all the guilt of the blood that shall be spilt
 Of the many that come home no more.

By the blood of those who come no more!
 At the sword's point and edge we will seize a heavy pledge,
 (Let us swear an oath and keep it in our true heart's core)
 We will baulk his avid eyes, and win back the stolen prize,
 And the ransom he shall yield is the world's peace, sealed
 In the blood that flows to ebb no more.

Boom, great guns, along the shore!—
 Let the giant hearts of oak puff out the wreathèd smoke
 From their grim broad sides with a loud prophetic roar:
 For the truer points your aim, and the quicker fits your flame,
 The less shall be the list of the voices that are missed
 From our muster when the battle-day is o'er.

Let the echoes roll along the shore.
 The sword shall not be sheathed, nor the word "Enough!" be
 breathed,
 Till the battered bird of prey can no longer swoop or soar;
 And the flags that are unfurled for the quiet of the world
 Shall be free alike to sweep o'er the broad and narrow deep
 For ever and for evermore.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

ALMA.

BY SIR FRANKLIN LUSHINGTON.

GREY, grey morn o'er the hollow dark is creeping;
 Call the men to arms, be they waking, be they sleeping:
 From their cold beds of earth, 'neath the canopy of sky,
 Fifty thousand men rise up to do or die:
 For the fires we saw last night were the foe's upon the height,
 The heights by the Alma river, where none but the brave may
 climb.

Broad daylight upon dewy morn is growing ;
Hark to the tramp of the steady columns going :
Far along the sea-line sails of battle gleam,
Slowly pressing onwards amid the cloud of steam :
Yes, brothers of the fleet, you shall watch the armies meet
On the heights by the Alma river, for there we will die or climb.

High noontide glows hot upon the vines ;
Lie down awhile till the cannon sweeps their lines :
Though the shells in angry answer plunge tearing through the rank,
Lie down awhile till the French are on their flank :
Then forward to the fight, and God defend the right
On the heights by the Alma river—His aid is our heart to climb.

Charge ! through the foam-lashed river ;—charge ! up the steep
hill-side ;

Close up to your grey head leaders, as calm in the front they ride :
Charge ! through sheets of leaden hail ;—charge ! through the
bellow of doom—

Charge ! up to the belching muzzles ;—charge ! drive the
bayonet home :

O God, do we live or die? What's Death, what Life, in the cry,
As we reel to the gory summit, all fire with the murderous climb?

Grey, grey dusk is before the dark retiring :
Sound the recall-note ; cease the random firing ;
For the broken masses scurry from the whistle of the balls
Till they find a safer shelter behind their city walls :
And the watch-fires to-night are ours upon the height,
The heights by the Alma river, the goal of our terrible climb.

Oh, the gallant hearts that are lying cold and still
On the slopes below the summit, on the plateau of the hill !
Oh, the gallant hearts that are sobbing out their souls,
As the chilly night-wind searches through the burning bullet
holes !

Oh, the writhing mass of pain, close packed with the tranquil
slain,
When the grey morn breaks again o'er the heights that we dared
to climb.

Will the bloody day of Alma be the bloodiest to be won ?
Will the mighty fortress crumble before the battering gun ?
God knows the end before us : God's hand is over all,
To-day, to-morrow, yesterday, to bid us stand or fall ;
God's peace with the free and the brave, who are left in the
soldier's grave

On the heights by the Alma river, their own to the end of time.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES.

BY HENRY LUSHINGTON.

"LEAVE me, comrades, here I drop ;
No, sir, take them on ;
All are wanted, none should stop ;
Duty must be done.
Those whose guard you take will find me,
As they pass below."
So the soldier spoke, and staggering,
Fell amid the snow,
And ever on the dreary heights
Down came the snow.

"Men, it must be as he asks ;
Duty must be done ;
Far too few for half our tasks ;
We can spare not one.
Wrap him in this ; I need it less ;
Fear not ; they shall know ;
Mark the place, yon stunted larch,
Forward ! " On they go.
And silent on their silent march
Down sank the snow.

O'er his features, as he lies,
Calms the wrench of pain ;
Close, faint eyes ; pass, cruel skies,
Freezing mountain plain.
With far soft sounds the stillness teems—
Church bells, voices low ;
Passing into English dreams
There amid the snow,
And darkening, thickening o'er the heights,
Down fell the snow.

Looking, looking for the mark
Down the others came ;
Struggling through the snow-drifts stark ;
Calling out his name :
"Here or there the drifts are deep ;
Have we passed him ? " No.
Look, a little growing heap,
Snow above the snow,
Where, heavy on his heavy sleep,
Down fell the snow.

Strong hands raised him ; voices strong
Spoke within his ears :
Ah, his dreams had softer tongues ;
Neither now he hears.
One more gone for England's sake,
Where so many go ;
Lying down, without complaint ;
Dying in the snow.
Starving, striving, for her sake ;
Dying in the snow.

Simply done his soldier's part
Through long months of woe ;
All endured with soldier heart
Battle, famine, snow ;
Noble, nameless, English heart,
Snow-cold, in snow.

THE MORN OF INKERMAN.

BY HENRY LUSHINGTON.

IN the hour when coldest
Night is mixed with morn,
Came I from the trenches
Utterly outworn.

Thought alike and feeling
In weary watching drowned,
As I was, I flung me
On my bed, the ground.

Instantly before me,
Real as in life,
Dearest, dead or living,
Stood my darling wife.

As in dreams we lose not
All our waking pain ;
She was dead, I knew it,
Yet she lived again.

And I said, " Oh, Lucy,
Broken was my heart,
Thou art come, stay with me,
Never will we part."

Came the answer, spoken
 In the voice so sweet—
 “Not to-day, belovèd,
 Not to-day we meet.

“Thee shall pass the Angel
 Chooser of the slain ;
 Thou shalt see our children
 Thine and mine again.

“Not for thy sake, dearest,
 Would thou wert with me—
 But for theirs I prayed it,
 And it so shall be.

“One more kiss, a spirit’s,
 On thy brow I lay :
 Thus I mark thee scathless
 For the coming day.”

Into the light she faded
 Where the morning beamed ;
 I still sadly dreaming
 Thought, “I have but dreamed.”

Sudden up I started,
 And as day began,
 Roared the Russian cannon
 Over Inkerman.

OUR FOLKS.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

“Hi ! Harry ! halt a breath, and tell a comrade just a thing or two ;
 You’ve been on furlough ? been to see how all the folks in Jersey do ?—
 It’s long ago since I was there,—I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks—
 When you were home, old comrade, say, did you see any of ‘our folks’ ?

“You did ? Shake hands. That warms my heart ; for, if I do look grim and rough,
 I’ve got some feeling ! People think a soldier’s heart is nought but tough ;

But, Harry—when the bullets fly, and hot saltpetre flames and
smokes,
While whole battalions lie afield, one's apt to think about 'his
folks.'

"And so you saw them—when? and where? The old man—is
he hearty yet?

And mother—does she fade at all? or does she seem to pine and
fret

For me? And Sis—has she grown tall? And Annie Moss—
How this pipe chokes!—

Where did you see her? Tell me, Hal, a lot of news about 'our
folks.'

"You saw them in the church, you say; it's likely, for they're
always there.

Not Sunday? No?—A funeral? Who? Who, Harry?—How
you shake and stare.

All well, you say, and all were out—what ails you, Hal? Is this
a hoax?

Why don't you tell me, like a man, what is the matter with 'our
folks'?"

"I said all well, old comrade—true; I say all well; for He
knows best,

Who takes the young ones in His arms before the sun goes to
the west.

Death deals at random, right and left, and flowers fall as well as
oaks;

And so—fair Annie blooms no more! and that's the matter with
'your folks.'

"But see, this curl was kept for you; and this white blossom
from her breast;

And look, your sister Bessie wrote this letter, telling all the rest.

Bear up, old friend!" . . . Nobody speaks; only the old
camp-raven croaks,

And soldiers whisper: "Boys, be still; there's some bad news
from Granger's 'folks.'"

He turns his back—the only foe that ever saw it—on his grief,
And, as men will, keeps down the tears kind Nature sends to
Woe's relief;

Then answers: "Thank you, Hal, I'll try; but in my throat
there's something chokes,

Because, you see, I've thought so long to count her in among
'our folks.'

"I daresay she is happier now ; but still, I can't help thinking too, I might have kept all trouble off, by being tender, kind, and true— But maybe not. . . . She's safe up there ! and when God's hand deals other strokes, She'll stand by heaven's gate, I know, and wait to welcome in 'our folks.'"

IVRY.

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre !
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land
of France !

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land ;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand :
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood ;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, " God save our lord the
King !"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
 The fiery duke is pricking fast across St André's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
 Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest ;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his
 rein

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
 And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
 "Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to man.
 But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe :
 Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
 Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ?

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; ho ! matrons of Lucerne ;
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
 Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearsmen's
 souls.

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright ;
 Ho ! burghers of Saint Geneviève, keep watch and ward to-night,
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the
 slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave,
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are ;
 And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

VIRGINIA.

Fragments of a lay sung in the Forum on the day whereon Lucius Sextius
 Sextimus Lateranus and Caius Licinius Calvus Stolo were elected Tribunes of
 the Commons the fifth time in the year of the city cccclxxxii. (Abridged.)

BY LORD MACAULAY.

YE good men of the Commons, with loving hearts and true,
 Who stand by the bold Tribunes that still have stood by you,
 Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
 A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet may bear.

This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine.
Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.
Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful day,
Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked Ten bare sway.

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Ten Appius Claudius was the worst.
He stalked along the Forum, like King Tarquin in his pride ;
Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a side :
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth, which always seemed to
sneer :

That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, marks all the kindred still ;
For never was there Claudius yet but wished the Commons ill :
Nor lacks he fit attendance, for close behind his heels,
With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client Marcus
steals,
His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand what it may,
And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught his lord may say.

Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky
Shines out the dewy morning star, a fair young girl came by.
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame
or harm ;

And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush at gaze of
man ;

And up the Sacred Street she turned, and as she danced along,
She warbled gaily to herself lines of the good old song,
How for a sport the princes came spurring from the camp,
And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the midnight lamp.
The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light ;
And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet
young face,

And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race,
And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet.

.

Over the Alban Mountains the light of morning broke ;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths of
smoke :

The city gates were opened ; the Forum, all alive
With buyers and with sellers, was humming like a hive :
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing.
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home :
Ah ! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome !
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.

She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
When up the varlet Marcus came ; not such as when erewhile
He crouched behind his patron's heels with the true client smile ;
He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and clenched fist,

And strode across Virginia's path and caught her by the wrist.
Hard strove the frightened maiden, and screamed with look aghast ;

And at her scream from right and left the folk came running fast ;
The money-changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,
And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punic wares,
And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand,
And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.
All came in wrath and wonder ; for all knew that fair child ;
And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands and smiled ;

And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.
Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed, and shrieked for aid,

Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,
And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,

And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,
Whereon three mouldering helmets, three rusting swords, are hung,
And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear,
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear.

• • • • •
Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down ;
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.

And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake : " Farewell, sweet
child ! Farewell ! "

With that he lifted high the steel and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath ;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death ;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces shrieking fled home amain ;
Some ran to call a leech ; and some ran to lift the slain ;
Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found ;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch the
wound.

In vain they ran, and felt, and stanch'd ; for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian foe.
When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank
down,

And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high.
" Oh ! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain ;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line ! "
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned and went his way ;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then with steadfast
feet,

Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street.
Then up sprang Appius Claudius : " Stop him ; alive or dead !
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head."
He looked upon his clients ; but none would work his will.
He looked upon his lictors ; but they trembled, and stood still.
And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in
Rome.

Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip, and the blood left his
cheek ;
And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and thrice he strove to
speak ;

And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell :

"See, see, thou dog ! what thou hast done ; and hide thy shame
in hell !

Thou that wouldst make our maidens slaves must first make
slaves of men.

Tribunes ! Hurrah for Tribunes ! Down with the wicked Ten !"

And straightway, thick as hailstones, came whizzing through the
air,

Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all round the curule chair ;

And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trembling came ;

For never was a Claudius yet brave against aught but shame.

So now 'twas seen of Appius. When stones began to fly,

He shook, and crouched, and wrung his hands, and smote upon
his thigh.

"Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me in this fray !

Must I be torn in pieces ? Home, home, the nearest way !"

While yet he spake, and looked around with a bewildered stare,

Four sturdy lictors put their necks beneath the curule chair ;

And fourscore clients on the left and fourscore on the right,

Arrayed themselves with swords and staves, and loins girt up for
fight.

But, though without or staff or sword, so furious was the throng,

That scarce the train with might and main could bring their lord
along.

Twelve times the crowd made at him ; five times they seized his
gown ;

Small chance was his to rise again, if once they got him down :

And sharper came the pelting ; and evermore the yell—

"Tribunes ! we will have Tribunes !" rose with a louder swell ;

And the chair tossed as tosses a bark with tattered sail

When raves the Adriatic beneath an Eastern gale,

When the Calabrian sea-marks are lost in clouds of spume,

And the great Thunder-Cape has donned his veil of inky gloom.

One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and one beneath the ear ;

And ere he reached Mount Palatine, he swooned with pain and
fear.

His cursed head, that he was wont to hold so high with pride,

Now, like a drunken man's, hung down, and swayed from side to
side ;

And when his stout retainers had brought him to his door,

His face and neck were all one cake of filth and clotted gore.

As Appius Claudius was that day, so may his grandson be !

God send Rome one such other sight, and send me there to see !

THE ARMADA.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise ;
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay ;
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's Isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound the drums ;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space ;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight : ho ! scatter flowers,
fair maids :
Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants, draw your blades :
Thou sun, shine on her joyously ; ye breezes, waft her wide ;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold ;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold ;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep, the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves :
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves :
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald
flew :

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol
town,

And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each
roaring street ;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round, the horse came spurring in :
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand
went,

And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers
forth ;

High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the
north ;

And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang from hill
to hill :

Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

HORATIUS.

(Abridged.)

BY LORD MACAULAY.

ALONE stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him !" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face ;
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber ! Father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day !"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain :
And fast his blood was flowing ;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows ;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood,
Safe to the landing-place :
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

“Curse on him !” quoth false Sextus ;
“Will not the villain drown ?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town !”
“Heaven help him !” quoth Lars Porsena,
“And bring him safe to shore ;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom :
Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands ;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

BABY.

BY DR. GEORGE MACDONALD.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear ?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue ?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry twinkles left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

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THE WIND AND THE MOON.

BY DR. GEORGE MACDONALD.

SAID the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out!
You stare
In the air
As if crying *Beware!*
Always looking what I am about:
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out!"

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds, to sleep
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon!"

He turned in his bed : she was there again !

On high

In the sky

With her one ghost-eye

The Moon shone white and alive and plain :

Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again !"

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew slim.

"With my sledge

And my wedge

I have knocked off her edge !

I will blow," said the Wind, "right fierce and grim,

And the creature will soon be slimmer than slim !"

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread

"One puff

More's enough

To blow her to snuff !

One good puff more where the last was bred,

And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go that thread !"

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.

In the air

Nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare ;

Larger and nearer the shy stars shone :

Sure and certain the Moon was gone !

The Wind he took to his revels once more ;

On down

And in town,

A merry-mad clown,

He leaped and holloed with whistle and roar—

When there was that glimmering thread once more !

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew ;

But in vain

Was the pain

Of his bursting brain,

For still the Moon-scap the broader grew

The more that he swelled his big cheek and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,

And shone

On her throne

In the sky alone

A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,

Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind, "What a marvel of power am I!
 With my breath,
 In good faith,
 I blew her to death!—
 First blew her away right out of the sky,
 Then blew her in: what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew naught of the silly affair;
 For high
 In the sky
 With her one white eye,
 Motionless miles above the air,
 She never had heard the great Wind blare.

[By Special Permission of the Author and Messrs. Chatto & Windus.]

SIR AGLOVAILE.

BY DR. GEORGE MACDONALD.

SIR AGLOVAILE through the churchyard rode;
Sing, All alone I lie:

Little recked he where'er he yode,
All alone, up in the sky.

Swerved his courser, and plunged with fear;
All alone I lie.

His cry might have wakened the dead men near,
All alone, up in the sky.

The very dead that lay at his feet,
 Lapt in the mouldy winding-sheet.

But he curbed him, and spurred him, until he stood
 Still in his place like a horse of wood,

With nostrils uplift, and eyes wide and wan;
 But the sweat in streams from his fetlocks ran.

A ghost grew out of the shadowy air,
 And sat in the midst of her moony hair;

In her gleamy bear she sat and wept,
 In the dreamful moon they lay and slept;

The shadows above and the bodies below,
 Lay and slept in the moonbeams slow.

And she sang like the moan of an autumn wind
Over the stubble, left behind :

*Alas, how easily things go wrong !
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.*

*Alas, how hardly things go right !
'Tis hard to watch in a summer night,
For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,
And the summer night is a winter day.*

"Oh ! lovely ghost, my heart is woe,
To see thee weeping and wailing so.

"Oh ! lovely ghost," said the fearless knight,
"Can the sword of a warrior set it right ?

"Or prayer of bedesman, praying mild,
As a cup of water a feverish child,

"Soothe thee at last, in dreamless mood,
To sleep the sleep a dead lady should ?

"Thine eyes they fill me with longing sore,
As if I had known thee for evermore.

"Oh ! lovely ghost, I could leave the day,
To sit with thee in the moon away,

"If thou wouldst trust me, and lay thy head
To rest on a bosom that is not dead."

The lady sprang up with a strange ghost cry,
And she flung her white ghost-arms on high ;

And she laughed a laugh that was not gay,
And it lengthened out till it died away ;

And the dead beneath turned and moaned,
And the yew-trees above, they shuddered and groaned

"Will he love me twice with a love that is vain ?
Will he kill the poor ghost yet again ?

"I thought thou wert good ; but I said, and wept :
'Can I have dreamed who have not slept ?'

"And I knew, alas ! or ever I would,
Whether I dreamed, or thou wert good.

"When my baby died, my brain grew wild,
I awoke, and found I was with my child."

"If thou art the ghost of my Adelaide,
How is it? Thou wert but a village maid,

"And thou seemest an angel lady white,
Though thin, and wan, and past delight."

The lady smiled a flickering smile,
And she pressed her temples hard the while :

"Thou seest that Death for a woman can
Do more than knighthood for a man."

"But show me the child thou callest mine,
Is she out to-night in the ghost's sunshine?"

"In St. Peter's Church she is playing on,
At hide-and-seek with Apostle John.

"When the moonbeams right through the window go,
Where the twelve are standing in glorious show.

"She says the rest of them do not stir,
But one comes down to play with her.

"Then I can go where I list, and weep,
For good St. John my child will keep."

"Thy beauty filleth the very air,
Never saw I a woman so fair."

"Come if thou darest, and sit by my side ;
But do not touch me, or woe will betide.

"Alas, I am weak : I well might know
This gladness betokens some further woe.

"Yet come. It will come. I will bear it. I can.
For thou lovest me yet—though but as a man."

The knight dismounted in earnest speed ;
Away through the tombstones thundered the steed,

And fell by the outer wall, and died.
But the knight he kneeled by the lady's side ;

Kneeled beside her in wondrous bliss,
Rapt in an everlasting kiss :

Though never his lips came the lady nigh,
And his eyes alone on her beauty lie.

All the night long, till the cock crew loud,
He kneeled by the lady, lapt in her shroud.

And what they said, I may not say,
Dead night was sweeter than living day.

How she made him so blissful glad
Who made her and found her so ghostly sad,

I may not tell ; but it needs no touch
To make them blessed who love so much.

"Come every night, my ghost, to me,
And one night I will come to thee.

"'Tis good to have a ghostly wife ;
She will not tremble at clang of strife ;

"She will only hearken, amid the din,
Behind the door, if he cometh in."

And this is how Sir Aglovaile
Often walked in the moonlight pale.

And oft when the crescent but thinned the gloom,
Full orbèd moonlight filled his room ;

And through beneath his chamber door,
Fell a ghostly gleam on the outer floor.

And they that passed, in fear averred
That murmured words they often heard.

'Twas then that the eastern crescent shone
Through the chancel window, and good St. John

Played with the ghost-child all the night,
And the mother was free till the morning light,

And sped through the dawning night, to stay
With Aglovaile till the break of day.

And their love was a rapture, lone and high,
And dumb as the moon in the topmost sky.

One night Sir Aglovaile, weary, slept,
And dreamed a dream wherein he wept.

A warrior he was, not often wept he,
But this night he wept full bitterly.

He woke—beside him the ghost-girl shone
Out of the dark : 'twas the eve of St. John.

He had dreamed a dream of a still, dark wood,
Where the maiden of old beside him stood ;

But a mist came down and caught her away,
And he sought her in vain through the pathless day,

Till he wept with the grief that can do no more,
And thought he had dreamt the dream before.

From bursting heart the weeping flowed on,
And lo ! beside him the ghost-girl shone ;

Shone like the light on a harbour's breast,
Over the sea of his dream's unrest ;

Shone like the wondrous, nameless boon,
That the heart seeks ever, night or noon.

Warnings forgotten, when needed most,
He clasped to his bosom the radiant ghost.

She wailed aloud, and faded, and sank,
With upturn'd white face, cold and blank,

In his arms lay the corpse of the maiden pale,
And she came no more to Sir Aglovaile.

Only a voice, when winds were wild,
Sobbed and wailed like a chidden child.

*Alas, how easily things go wrong !
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.*

[By Special Permission of the Author and Messrs. Chatto & Windus.]

THE SEA-KING'S BURIAL.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"The old Norse kings, when about to die, had their body laid into a ship, the ship sent forth with sails set and slow fire burning in it, that, once out to sea, it might blaze up in flame, and in such manner bury worthily the old hero at once in the sky and in the ocean."—Carlyle's "Hero Worship."

I.

"My strength is failing fast,"
Said the sea-king to his men ;—
"I shall never sail the seas
Like a conqueror again.
But while yet a drop remains
Of the life-blood in my veins,
Raise, oh, raise me from the bed ;
Put the crown upon my head ;
Put my good sword in my hand ;
And so lead me to the strand,
Where my ship at anchor rides
Steadily ;
If I cannot end my life
In the crimson'd battle-strife,
Let me die as I have lived,
On the sea."

II.

They have raised King Balder up,
Put his crown upon his head ;
They have sheathed his limbs in mail,
And the purple o'er him spread ;
And amid the greeting rude
Of a gathering multitude,
Borne him slowly to the shore—
All the energy of yore
From his dim eyes flashing forth—
Old sea-lion of the north—
As he looked upon his ship
Riding free,
And on his forehead pale
Felt the cold refreshing gale,
And heard the welcome sound
Of the sea.

III.

They have borne him to the ship
 With a slow and solemn tread ;
 They have placed him on the deck
 With his crown upon his head,
 Where he sat as on a throne ;
 And have left him there alone,
 With his anchor ready weighed,
 And his snowy sails displayed
 To the favouring wind, once more
 Blowing freshly from the shore ;
 And have bidden him farewell
 Tenderly,
 Saying, "*King of mighty men,
 We shall meet thee yet again,
 In Valhalla, with the monarchs
 Of the sea.*"

IV.

Underneath him in the hold
 They had placed the lighted brand ;
 And the fire was burning slow
 As the vessel from the land,
 Like a stag-hound from the slips,
 Darted forth from out the ships.
 There was music in her sail
 As it swelled before the gale,
 And a dashing at her prow
 As it cleft the waves below,
 And the good ship sped along,
 Scudding free ;
 As on many a battle morn
 In her time she had been borne,
 To struggle, and to conquer
 On the sea.

V.

And the king, with sudden strength
 Started up, and paced the deck,
 With his good sword for his staff,
 And his robe around his neck :—
 Once alone, he raised his hand
 To the people on the land ;

And with shout and joyous cry
Once again they made reply,
Till the loud exulting cheer
Sounded faintly on his ear ;
For the gale was o'er him blowing
Fresh and free ;
And ere yet an hour had passed,
He was driven before the blast,
And a storm was on his path,
On the sea.

VI.

“ So blow, ye tempests, blow,
And my spirit shall not quail :
I have fought with many a foe,
I have weathered many a gale ;
And in this hour of death,
Ere I yield my fleeting breath—
Ere the fire now burning slow
Shall come rushing from below,
And this worn and wasted frame
Be devoted to the flame—
I will raise my voice in triumph,
Singing free ;—
To the great All-Father's home
I am driving through the foam,
I am sailing to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.

VII.

“ So blow, ye stormy winds—
And, ye flames, ascend on high ;—
In the easy, idle bed
Let the slave and coward die !
But give me the driving keel,
Clang of shields and flashing steel ;
Or my foot on foreign ground,
With my enemies around !
Happy, happy, thus I'd yield,
On the deck or in the field,
My last breath, shouting, ‘ On
To victory.’
But since this has been denied,
They shall say that I have died
Without flinching, like a monarch
Of the sea.”

VIII.

And Balder spoke no more,
 And no sound escaped his lip ;—
 And he looked, yet scarcely saw
 The destruction of his ship,
 Nor the fleet sparks mounting high,
 Nor the glare upon the sky ;
 Scarcely heard the billows dash,
 Nor the burning timber crash ;
 Scarcely felt the scorching heat
 That was gathering at his feet,
 Nor the fierce flames mounting o'er him
 Greedily.
 But the life was in him yet,
 And the courage to forget
 All his pain, in his triumph
 On the sea.

IX.

Once alone a cry arose,
 Half of anguish, half of pride,
 As he sprang upon his feet,
 With the flames on every side.
 "I am coming !" said the king,
 "Where the swords and bucklers ring—
 Where the warrior lives again
 With the souls of mighty men—
 Where the weary find repose,
 And the red wine ever flows ;—
 I am coming, great All-Father,
 Unto Thee !
 Unto Odin, unto Thor,
 And the strong, true hearts of yore—
 I am coming to Valhalla,
 O'er the sea."

CUPID AND THE MAIDEN.

BY CLAUDINE MARTIN.

A MAIDEN roamed through a lovely world,
 Wherein each radiant flower was pearled
 With gems of tinted dew.
 To kiss her cheek the frail leaves bent,
 And smiling, sunbeam-like, she went,
 That sweet land wand'ring through.

Until it chanced, across her way
Of rainbow light, a shadow lay ;—
And half in fear she paused :
And then she smiled in shy sweet joy,
Since but a lovely dimpled boy
That direful shade had caused.

“What is thy name, sweet child ? ” said she.
“I pray thee, stay a while by me,
And tell me whom thou art.”
The naughty urchin turned his head,
Feigning he heard not what she said.
Alas ! he knew her heart !

Then, finding him so shy and coy,
She sought the more to win the boy,
And make him tell his name.
Till with his eyes half veiled, that she
Their cruel mischief might not see,
Quite suddenly he came.

“Nay, what I am none ever know,
Men call me ‘Joy,’ and women ‘Woe,’
But I am ‘Love’,” he said.
Then at his words she gave a sigh,
And as a flower like to die
She drooped her lovely head.

Her happy eyes grew full of pain,
She prayed him to depart ;—in vain !
He would not go away.
But only answered mockingly
“Thyself didst bid me come to thee
And once I come, I stay ! ”

So if you seek for Love, beware !
Altho’ he seems so young and fair
He’s dangerous at play.
You think him “Joy,” and find him “Woe” !
You seek to keep him—he will go !
But bid him go—he’ll stay !!

[From the Author's MS. By Special Permission.]

MEMORY.

BY J. HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

SITTING silent in the twilight, faces of my former loves
Float about my fancy softly, like a silver flight of doves.

Brighter than the stars of heaven is the shining of their eyes,
Sweeter are their angel voices than the speech of Paradise.

I am old and grey and weary, winter in my blood and brain ;
But to-night these haunting phantoms conjure up my youth again.

Lovingly I name them over, all that world of gracious girls,
Almond-eyed and jasmine-bosomed, like a poet stringing pearls.

In my tranquil cypress mazes just outside the sleepy town,
Blooms a tribe of laughing lilies fairer than a kingly crown.

Every lily in the garden wears a woman's gracious name,
Every lily in the garden set my spirit once aflame ;

And amongst that throng of lilies scarcely whiter than his hair,
Hafiz sits and dreams at sunset of the flowers no longer fair ;

Of the sweethearts dead and buried whom I worshipped long ago,
When this beard as grey as ashes was as sable as the sloe.

I would weep if I were wiser, but the idle child of song
Leaves reflection to the Mullah, sorrow to the Sufi throng.

Am I wrong to be contented in the sunlight to rehearse
Pleasant tales of love and lovers in my honey-laden verse ?

While the vinepress with the life-blood of the purple clusters drips
I forget how slowly, surely, day by day to darkness slips.

Heedless how beyond the gateway in the field the nations jar,
Hand on throat and hand on sabre in the trampled lanes of war.

Ah ! 'tis better on this pleasant river bank to lie reclined,
While the ghosts of old affections fill the harem of my mind.

Think no more of love and lasses, Hafiz ; you can scarcely hold
The Koran with trembling fingers. Hafiz, you are growing old.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

LONELY:

By J. HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

I AM lonely, very lonely, for the girl who stole my heart
Shines a star in other heavens, plays another lover's part,
While I sit in sombre silence, hearing how my heart will beat,
When I catch the faintest footfall sounding down my dreary street.
Is it she, or else some message sent from her to soothe my pain,
Falling on the thirsty seeds of passion like a holy rain?
No, the sounds die out in silence, and the twilight deepens down,
And the orisons of evening breathe above the darkening town;
But my mosque is not the Mufti's, for my beacon in the gloom
Is the crimson lamp-light floating from the tavern's warmest room.
There I sit and drug my sorrow to a sleep that seems like death,
There forget that I have ever kissed her lips and felt her breath
From the parted smiling petals of the rose-flower of her mouth
Breathe upon my eyes and hair the perfumes of the odorous south.
It is war 'twixt wine and memory; on the tavern's trampled sill
I will plant my colours proudly, ruddy as the drops that fill
Yonder jars, whose prisoned magic slays regret and saps desire,
Burning folly from my bosom with the vineyard's liquid fire.
Woe is me! I boast untimely; even as I lift the cup,
On the purple flood the face of the beloved comes floating up.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

By SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

THERE stood a castle long ago, that lordly was to view,
Full far across the wold it gleamed unto the ocean blue,
Around it like a garland gay fair fragrant gardens run,
Where cooling fountains, leaping high, make rainbows in the sun.

There, rich in land, in conquest rich, a haughty king did dwell,
Death-pale upon his throne he sat, his look was fierce and fell;
For angry fire was in his eye, grim terror in his mood,
His every word like lashes stings, and what he writes is blood.

Unto this castle once drew nigh a noble minstrel pair,
With flowing locks of gold was one, and one with grizzled hair;
The old man with his harp upon a dainty jennet rode,
And by his side in blooming youth his comrade blithely strode.

The old man to the springald said, "Be ready now, my boy,
Call up our lays that deepest thrill, your fullest tones employ;
Sing of life's joys, its sorrows too, and with your rarest art—
To-day our aim must be to touch the king's dead, stony heart!"

Anon in the high-pillared hall these minstrels twain were seen,
There sat the king upon his throne, and by his side the queen;
The king, in splendour awful, like the northern lights blood-red,
The queen, sweet, gentle, there as though the moon's soft light
were shed.

The old man swept the strings, he swept them wondrously and
well,
Till richer on the ear their tones, and ever richer swell;
Then heavenly clear the young man's voice gushed in a stream
of song,
The old man's faintly heard between, like the hum of an angel
throng.

They sing of spring and happy love, of the blessed golden time,
Of freedom, manly worth, of truth, and a holy faith sublime;
They sing of all sweet things, that thrill man's breast with pure
delight,
They sing of all high things, that raise man's heart to noblest
height.

The throng of courtiers standing round forget to scoff and jeer,
The king's bluff burly warriors bend a reverential ear,
The queen, dissolved in sadness blent with sweetness, plucks a
rose
From off her breast, and down the flower unto the minstrels
throws.

"My people you've debauched, my queen your fool, too, would
you make?"
The king cries out with anger mad—and his every limb did
shake;
He hurled his sword, that flashing through the young man's
bosom sped,
Where now not golden lays sprang up, but jets of gore instead.

As though by tempest scattered, the throng fled all aghast,
Enfolded in his master's arms the young man breathed his last;
He swathes his mantle round him, he sets him on his steed,
Fast binds him there, and turns away from those grim halls with
speed.

But at the outer gates awhile he halts, that minstrel grey,
 And there he grasps his harp, the harp no other rival may,
 Against a marble pillar then he shatters it, and wide
 Through castle and through garden rang his voice, as thus he
 cried :

“Woe, woe to you, proud halls ! May ne’er again sweet music
 ring

Throughout your chambers vast and high of song nor yet of string !
 No ! only sighs and groans, the tread of slaves that crawl in fear,
 Till vengeful heaven shall hurl you down in dust and ruin drear !

“Woe, woe to you, sweet gardens, bright with sunny May, woe,
 woe !

To you the face, so altered now, of this dead youth I show,
 That you may wither at the sight, your fountains all run dry,
 So in the days to come that you a stony desert lie !

“Woe, murderer vile, to thee ! Thou curse of minstrel-craft,
 thou shame,

Vain, vain be all thy toils henceforth for wreaths of bloody fame !
 Thy name, be it forgotten, whelmed in everlasting night,
 And fade into the empty air, like breath of dying wight !”

Up went the cry of the old man, Heaven heard the cry, I ween :
 The walls are levelled to the dust, the halls no more are seen ;
 Still doth one lofty pillar tell of splendours passed away,
 But even this, rent through its length, is crumbling to decay.

All round is only barren heath, where fragrant gardens strayed,
 No fountain pierces now the sand, no tree diffuses shade ;
 Of that king’s name tells neither lay, nor storied legend old,
 Forgot as though he ne’er had been ! The Minstrel’s Curse has
 told !

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE LAST STRING.

(*Translated from the German of Gustav Hartwig.*)

BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

“OFF with it, old fellow, before you start !
 A glass of good wine will cheer your heart.
 The night is cold, you have far to go,
 And deep on the track lies the drifted snow !

"Good-night!" Out from the revel-swarm,
His trusty fiddle tucked under his arm,
Out from the room, hot, steaming, low,
Stepped the fiddler—round him all ice and snow.

Just as his bow he has stoutly plied,
So down the street does he briskly stride
His home is distant some seven miles good,
But a shorter cut lies through the wood.

"Great God, what cold! It chills me so!
Body and bone! Through the wood I'll go!
Many's the time that I at dead
Of night that self-same road have sped."

Lit by the moon, the pine-trees throw
Their shadows dark o'er the sheeted snow;
All round is hushed as death, save where
A falling branch crashes through the air.

The fiddler, a merry man is he,
For he hears in his pocket clink the fee,
His fiddle for him has so dearly bought;
And already he is at his home in thought.

Like countless arms the trees they throw
Their branches out, all swathed in snow,
Into the night, a ghostly clan,
Weird-like and blanched in the moonlight wan.

"Hark! What stirs there in the thicket deep?
A hare, belike, I have scared from sleep,"
The fiddler thinks, and on he hies;
Lo! glaring before him two flashing eyes!

"A dog! and starving too, that he
Dares show his teeth that way at me!
Be off! What's this? One, two, three—how!
Fierce eyes all round! God help me now!

"A pack of wolves, and far and nigh
No help! All, all alone am I!"
Through the forest his cries of horror ring,
"Is there no one, no one, that help will bring?"

His hair stands on end, his eyes they swim,
He quakes, he totters in every limb,
He is like to fall. From jaws flung wide
He sees death threaten on every side.

A lofty oak's majestic trunk
Supports him, else he must have sunk :
And now a tune, a wild mad thing,
Through the eerie forest is heard to ring.

He pulls himself up ; in his trembling hand
The bow across the strings is spanned,
And they moan, and they groan, and they wail and sing,—
“ Is there no one, no one, that help will bring ? ”

The wolves with eyes half-blinking gaze
At the strange, strange man in blank amaze ;
They have hedged their helpless victim in :
Huzzah ! Let the merry Csardas * begin !

What an eldritch din, what a hell-like strain !
He plays, his face writhing with fear and pain,
Fiddling to wolves ! One moment's pause,
And he would have been in their ruthless jaws.

Never beggar poor drew such bow as he ;
'Twas now a roistering melody,
Then a grating, groaning, agonised thing,
Then a piercing note. Crack went a string !

A stream as of fire runs through every limb ;
He shudders ; still there is that circle grim.
One string broken—but three remain—
“ Woe is me ! ” A second string snaps in twain !

Like a beast that down to death hunted lies,
With frantic bounds, and with hungry eyes,
The wolves around the fiddler close,
And fainter and fainter the music grows.

And died with its dying tones away
The spell that had kept the wolves at bay ;
Round their helpless victim more near they drew ;
One stroke ! and a third string snapped in two !

“ There is but one left ! All's up ! ” Like the cry
Of a soul in its death-throe agony
Is the sound from the one poor string he wrung ;
His arm shook, dropped, and there nerveless hung.

With the sounds that away into silence went
The howl of the hungry wolves is blent.
Over his eyes falls darkness ; and dumb
Grow his quivering lips. The end has come !

* The Csardas is a Hungarian national dance.

"Great God, in Thy hands my soul I lay !"
 On this the poor fellow swooned away.
 The victim lay senseless on the snow—
 A demoniac howl ! a flash ! a blow !

A shot ! a second ! The hand that drew
 On that bevy of howling wolves was true.
 Laden with death, both charges told,
 And down in their blood two wolves were rolled.

The rest fly off. Like a spheric-song
 Rings a sound of voices and bells ! Along
 A sledge brings the hunters twain, that sped
 With such true aim the death-dealing lead.

At the fiddler's door hangs an image fair
 Of the Blessed Virgin. God's mother there
 Is set in a dainty shrine, and you
 Will see his good fiddle enshrined there too.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE PORTRAIT.

BY OWEN MEREDITH (LORD LYTTON).

MIDNIGHT past, not a sound of aught
 Through the silent house but the wind at his prayers ;
 I sat by the dying fire and thought
 Of the dear dead woman upstairs.

Nobody with me my watch to keep
 But the friend of my bosom, the man I love ;
 And grief had sent him fast asleep
 In the chamber up above.

Nobody else in the country place
 All around that knew of my loss beside
 But the good young priest with the Raphael face,
 Who confessed her when she died.

On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies,
 Which next to her heart she used to wear ;
 Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
 When my own face was not there.

And I said the thing is precious to me,
They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay ;
It lies on her heart, and lost must be
If I do not take it away.

As I stretched my hand I held my breath,
I turned as I drew the curtains apart ;
I dared not look on the face of death,
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought at first as my touch fell there,
It had moved that heart to life with love ;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man that was moving slow,
O'er the heart of the dead from the other side ;
And at once the sweat broke over my brow ;
"Who is robbing the dead?" I cried.

Opposite me by the pale moonlight,
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corse and all as white,
And neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend?" the man
Looked first on me and then on the dead ;
"There is a portrait here," he began ;
"There is, it is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours, no doubt,
The portrait was till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, you know."

"This woman loved me well," said I ;
"A month ago," said my friend to me.
"And in your throat," I groaned, "you lie."
He answered, "Let us see."

"Enough," I replied, "let the dead decide,
And whose soever the portrait prove,
His shall it be when the cause is tried,
Where Death is arraigned by Love!"

We found the portrait there in its place,
We opened it by the taper's shine,
The gems were all unchanged, the face
Was neither his nor mine.

One nail drives out another at least.
The face of the portrait there, I cried,
Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young priest,
Who confessed her when she died.

AT THE OPERA.

BY OWEN MEREDITH (LORD LYTTON).

At Paris it was, at the opera there,
And she looked like a queen of old time that night,
With the wreathèd pearls in her raven hair,
And her breast with the diamond bright.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow,
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way
As the troubadour sang, while the lights burned low,
"*Non ti scordar di me.*"

Side by side in our box we sat together,
My bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent and both were sad,
Queenly she leaned on her full soft arm,
With the regal indolent air she had,
So confident of her charm.

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

That narrow gate to the Kingdom of Heaven,
He was not too portly, I trust, to pass;
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my lost love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years
Till over my eyes there began to steal
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress she wore last time
When we stood 'neath the cypress trees together,
In that lost land, in her own soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather.

By the broken wall, by the brown grass plot,
And her warm white neck with its golden chain,
And her full soft hair wound into a knot
And falling loose again.

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast—
Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower !—
And the last bird singing alone to its nest,
And the first star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring ;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a little, little thing !

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress tree stands over ;
And I thought were she only living still
How I could forgive her and love her !

And I swear, as I thought of her thus in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
That she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep and it made me cold,
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked—she was sitting there
In a dim box over the stage, and dressed
In the dress that I knew, with her full soft hair,
And the jasmine at her breast.

She was there and I was here,
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between.
From here to there, from tier to tier,
From my bride that was to have been.

To my early love with eyes downcast,
And over her blush-rose face the shade ;
In short, from the Future back to the Past
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride,
One moment I looked ! then I stole to the door ;
I traversed the passage, and down by her side
I was sitting a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something that never will be expressed,
Had brought her back from her grave again,
With the jasmine at her breast.

She is not dead—and she is not wed—
But she loves me now as she loved me then ;
At the very first words her dear lips said
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,
And but for her . . . well, we will let that pass ;
She may marry whomever she will.

And I, I will wed my own true love,
With her eyes downcast, for old things are best ;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say ;
For Beauty is easy enough to win,
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think in the lives of most women and men
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the Dead could find out when
To return and be forgiven !

THE TEAR OF REPENTANCE.*

BY THOMAS MOORE.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
 Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;
 And as she listened to the springs
 Of life within, like music flowing,
 And caught the light upon her wings
 Through the half-open portal glowing,
 She wept to think her recreant race
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place !
 "How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
 "Are the holy spirits who wander there,
 'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall !
 Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
 One blossom of heaven outblossoms them all !"

The glorious angel who was keeping
 The gates of light, beheld her weeping ;
 And, as he nearer drew and listened,
 A tear within his eyelids glistened.—
 "Nymph of a fair but erring line !"
 Gently he said, "one hope is thine.
 'Tis written in the book of fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven !
 Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin ;
 'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in !"

Rapidly as comets run
 To the embraces of the sun,
 Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
 And lighted earthward by a glance
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,
 Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

Over the vale of Baalbec winging,
 The Peri sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they ;

* The Peri is in search of an offering that will admit her to Paradise. After two vain attempts to find the necessary gift to redeem her sin and gain admittance, she on the third occasion succeeds.

Chasing with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies
 That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
 Like wingèd flowers or flying gems ;
 And near the boy, who, tired with play,
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
 She saw a weary man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small temple's rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,—
 Though never yet hath day-beam burned
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce,—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire,
 In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
 (As if the balmy evening-time
 Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play ;
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
 Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
 As torches that have burnt all night
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark ! the vesper call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air
 From Syria's thousand minarets !
 The boy has started from the bed
 Of flowers where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels with his forehead to the south,
 Lispering th' eternal name of God
 From purity's own cherub mouth ;
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again !

And how felt he, the wretched man
 Reclining there,—while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife
 That marked the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace?—
 "There was a time," he said, in mild,
 Heart-humble tones, "thou blessed child!
 When young, and haply pure as thou,
 I looked and prayed like thee; but now—"
 He hung his head; each nobler aim
 And hope and feeling which had slept
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept,—he wept!

And now—behold him kneeling there,
 By the child's side in humble prayer,
 While the same sunbeam shines upon
 The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
 The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
 While on their knees they lingered yet,
 There fell a light—more lovely far
 Than ever came from sun or star—
 Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
 Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek:
 To mortal eye this light might seem
 A northern flash or meteor beam;
 But well th' enraptured Peri knew
 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
 From heaven's gate, to hail that tear,—
 Her harbinger of glory near!
 "Joy! joy!" she cried; "my task is done,—
 The gates are past, and heaven is won!"

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
 'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
 Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear.
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

MARSYAS.

HADES.

BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

THEN from those dark
 And dreadful precincts passing, ghostly fields
 And voiceless took me. A faint twilight veiled
 The leafless, shadowy trees and herbless plains.
 There stirred no breath of air to wake to life
 The slumbers of the world. The sky above
 Was one gray, changeless cloud ; there looked no eye
 Of life from the veiled heavens ; but Sleep and Death
 Compassed me everywhere. And yet no fear
 Nor horror took me here, where was no pain
 Nor dread, save that strange tremor which assails
 One who in life's hot noontide looks on death
 And knows he too shall die. The ghosts which rose
 From every darkling copse showed thin and pale—
 Thinner and paler far than those I left
 In agony ; even as Pity seems to wear
 A thinner form than Fear.

Not caged alone
 Like those the avenging Furies purged were these,
 Nor that dim land as those black cavernous depths
 Where no hope comes. Fair souls were they and white
 Whom there I saw, waiting as we shall wait,

The Beatific End, but thin and pale
 As the young faith which made them, touched a little
 By the sad memories of the earth, made glad
 A little by past joys: no more; and wrapt
 In musing on the brief play played by them
 Upon the lively earth, yet ignorant
 Of the long lapse of years, and what had been
 Since they too breathed Life's air, or if they knew
 Keeping some echo only; but their pain
 Was fainter than their joy, and a great hope
 Like ours possessed them dimly.

First I saw

A youth who pensive leaned against the trunk
 Of a dark cypress, and an idle flute
 Hung at his side. A sorrowful sad soul,
 Such as sometimes he knows, who meets the gaze,
 Mute, uncomplaining yet most pitiful,
 Of one whom Nature, by some secret spite,
 Has maimed and left imperfect; or the pain
 Which fills a poet's eyes. Beneath his robe
 I seemed to see the scar of cruel stripes,
 Too hastily concealed. Yet was he not
 Wholly unhappy, but from out the core
 Of suffering flowed a secret spring of joy,
 Which mocked the drouhts of Fate, and left him glad
 And glorying in his sorrow. As I gazed
 He raised his silent flute, and, half ashamed,
 Blew a soft note; and as I stayed awhile
 I heard him thus discourse—

“The flute is sweet

To gods and men, but sweeter far the lyre
 And voice of a true singer. Shall I fear
 To tell of that great trial, when I strove
 And Phœbus conquered? Nay, no shame it is
 To bow to an immortal melody;
 But glory.

Once among the Phrygian hills

I lay a-musing—while the silly sheep
 Wandered among the thyme—upon the bank
 Of a clear mountain stream, beneath the pines,
 Safe hidden from the noon. A dreamy haze
 Played on the uplands, but the hills were clear
 In sunlight, and no cloud was on the sky.
 It was the time when a deep silence comes
 Upon the summer earth, and all the birds

Have ceased from singing, and the world is still
As midnight, and if any live thing move—
Some fur-clad creature, or cool gliding snake—
Within the pipy overgrowth of weeds,
The ear can catch the rustle, and the trees
And earth and air are listening. As I lay
Faintly, as in a dream, I seemed to hear
A tender music, like the Æolian chords,
Sound low within the woodland, whence the stream
Flowed full, yet silent. Long, with ear to ground,
I hearkened; and the sweet strain, fuller grown,
Rounder and clearer came, and danced along
In mirthful pleasure now, and now grown grave
In dying falls, and sweeter and more clear,
Tripping at nuptials and high revelry,
Wailing at burials, rapt in soaring thoughts,
Chanting strange sea-tales full of mystery,
Touching all chords of being, life and death,
Now rose, now sank, and always was divine,
So strange the music came.

Till, as I lay

Enraptured, shrill a sudden discord rang,
Then all the sounds were still. A lightning-flash,
As from a sun-kissed gem, revealed the wood.
A noise of water smitten, and on the heights
A fair white fleece of cloud, which swiftly climbed
Into the furthest heaven. Then, as I mused,
Knowing a parting goddess, straight I saw
A wayward splendour float upon the stream,
And knew it for this jewelled flute, which paused
Before me on an eddy. It I snatched
Eager, and to my ardent lips I bore
The wonder, and behold, with the first breath—
The first warm human breath, the silent strains,
The half-drowned notes which late the goddess blew,
Revived, and sounded clearer, sweeter far
Than mortal skill could make. So with delight
I left my flocks to wander o'er the wastes
Untended, and the wolves and eagles seized
The tender lambs, but I was for my art—
Nought else; and though the high-pitched notes divine
Grew faint, yet something lingered, and at last
So sweet a note I sounded of my skill,
That all the Phrygian highlands, all the far
Hill villages, were fain to hear the strain,
Which the mad shepherd made.

So, overbold,
And rapt in my new art, at last I dared
To challenge Phœbus' self.

'Twas a fair day
When sudden, on the mountain-side, I saw
A train of fleecy clouds in a white band
Descending. Down the gleaming pinnacles
And difficult crags they floated, and the arch,
Drawn with its thousand rays against the sun,
Hung like a glory o'er them. Midst the pines
They clothed themselves with form, and straight I knew
The immortals. Young Apollo, with his lyre,
Kissed by the sun, and all the muses clad
In robes of gleaming white ; then a great fear,
Yet mixed with joy, assailed me, for I knew
Myself a mortal equalled with the gods.
Ah me ! how fair they were ! how fair and dread
In face and form, they showed, when now they stayed
Upon the thymy slope, and the young god
Lay with his choir around him, beautiful
And bold as Youth and Dawn ! There was no cloud
Upon the sky, nor any sound at all
When I began my strain. No coward fear
Of what might come restrained me ; but an awe
Of those immortal eyes and ears divine
Looking and listening. All the earth seemed full
Of ears for me alone—the woods, the fields,
The hills, the skies were listening. Scarce a sound
My flute might make ; such subtle harmonies
The silence seemed to weave round me and flout
The half-unuttered thought. Till last I blew,
As now, a hesitating note, and lo !
The breath divine, lingering on mortal lips,
Hurried my soul along to such fair rhymes,
Sweeter than wont, that swift I knew my life
Rise up within me, and expand, and all
The human, which so nearly is divine,
Was glorified, and on the Muses' lips,
And in their lovely eyes, I saw a fair
Approval, and my soul in me was glad.
For all the strains I blew were strains of love—
Love striving, love triumphant, love that lies
Within belovèd arms, and wreathes his locks
With flowers, and lets the world go by and sings
Unheeding ; and I saw a kindly gleam
Within the Muses' eyes, who were indeed,
Women, though god-like.

But upon the face
 Of the young Sun-god only haughty scorn
 Sate, and he swiftly struck his golden lyre,
 And played the Song of Life ; and lo, I knew
 My strain, how earthy ! Oh, to hear the young
 Apollo playing ! and the hidden cells
 And chambers of the universe displayed
 Before the charmed sound ! I seemed to float
 In some enchanted cave, where the wave dips
 In from the sunlit sea, and floods its depths
 With reflex hues of heaven. My soul was rapt
 By that I heard, and dared to wish no more
 For victory ; and yet because the sound
 Of music that is born of human breath
 Comes straighter from the soul than any strain
 The hand alone can make ; therefore I knew,
 With a mixed thrill of pity and delight,
 The nine immortal Sisters hardly touched
 By that fine strain of music, as by mine,
 And when the high lay trembled to its close,
 Still doubting.

Then upon the Sun-god's face
 There passed a cold, proud smile. He swept his lyre
 Once more, then laid it down, and with clear voice,
 The voice of godhead, sang. O ecstasy,
 O happiness of him who once has heard
 Apollo singing ! For his ears the sound
 Of grosser music dies, and all the earth
 Is full of subtle undertones, which change
 The listener and transform him. As he sang—
 Of what I know not, but the music touched
 Each chord of being—I felt my secret life
 Stand open to it, as the parched earth yawns
 To drink the summer rain ; and at the call
 Of those refreshing waters, all my thought
 Stir from its dark and sunless depths, and burst
 Into sweet, odorous flowers, and from their wells
 Deep call to deep, and all the mystery
 Of all that is, laid open. As he sang,
 I saw the Nine, with lovely pitying eyes,
 Sign 'He has conquered.' Yet I felt no pang
 Of fear, only deep joy that I had heard
 Such music while I lived, even though it brought
 Torture and death. For what were it to lie
 Sleek, crowned with roses, drinking vulgar praise,
 And surfeited with offerings, the dull gift

Of ignorant hands—all which I might have known—
 To this diviner failure? Godlike 'tis
 To climb upon the icy ledge, and fall
 Where other footsteps dare not. So I knew
 My fate, and it was near.

For to a pine
 They bound me willing, and with cruel stripes
 Tore me, and took my life.

But from my blood
 Was born the stream of song, and on its flow
 My poor flute, to the clear swift river borne,
 Floated, and thence adown a lordlier tide
 Into the deep, wide sea. I do not blame
 Phœbus, or Nature which has set this bar
 Betwixt success and failure, for I know
 How far high failure overleaps the bound
 Of low successes. Only suffering draws
 The inner heart of song and can elicit
 The perfumes of the soul. 'Twere not enough
 To fail, for that were happiness to him
 Who ever upward looks with reverent eye
 And seeks but to admire. So, since the race
 Of bards soars highest; as who seek to show
 Our lives as in a glass; therefore it comes
 That suffering weds with song, from him of old,
 Who solaced his blank darkness with his lyre;
 Through all the story of neglect and scorn,
 Necessity, sheer hunger, early death,
 Which smite the singer still. Not only those
 Who keep clear accents of the voice divine
 Are honourable—they are happy, indeed,
 Whate'er the world has held—but those who hear
 Some fair faint echoes, though the crowd be deaf,
 And see the white gods' garments on the hills,
 Which the crowd sees not, though they may not find
 Fit music for their thought; they too are blest,
 Not pitiable. Not from arrogant pride
 Nor over-boldness fail they who have striven
 To tell what they have heard, with voice too weak
 For such high message. More it is than ease,
 Palace and pomp, honours and luxuries,
 To have seen white Presences upon the hills,
 To have heard the voices of the Eternal Gods."

So spake he, and I seemed to look on him,
 Whose sad young eyes grow on us from the page

Of his own verse : who did himself to death :
 Or whom the dullard slew : or whom the sea
 Rapt from us : and I passed without a word,
 Slow, grave, with many musings.

[From "*The Epic of Hades*," By Special Permission of the Author and of
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GILBERT BECKETT AND THE FAIR SARACEN.

BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

THE last crusader's helm had gleamed
 Upon the yellow Syrian shore ;
 No more the war-worn standards streamed,
 The stout knights charged and fell no more ;
 No more the Paynim grew afraid—
 The crescent floated o'er the cross.
 But to one simple Heathen maid
 Her country's gain was bitter loss ;

For love, which knows not race or creed,
 Had bound her with its subtle chain,—
 Love, which still makes young hearts to bleed,
 For this one, mingled joy with pain,
 And left for one brief hour of bliss,
 One little span of hopes and fears,
 The memory of a parting kiss,
 And what poor solace comes of tears.

A lowly English squire was he,
 A prisoner chained, enslaved, and sold ;
 A lady she of high degree.
 'Tis an old tale and often told :
 'Twas pity bade the brown cheek glow,
 'Twas love and pity drew the sigh,
 'Twas love that made the soft tear flow,
 The sweet sad night she bade him fly.

Far from the scorching Syrian plain
 The brave ship bears the Saxon home ;
 Once more to mists and rains again,
 And verdant English lawns, they come.
 I know not if as now 'twas then,
 Or if the growing ages move
 The careless, changeful hearts of men
 More slowly to the thoughts of love ;

But woman's heart was then, as now,
Tender and passionate and true.
Think, gentle ladies, ye who know
Love's power, what pain that poor heart knew ;
How, living always o'er again
The sweet short past, she knew, too late.
'Twas love had bound the captive's chain,
Which broken, left her desolate.

Till by degrees the full young cheek
Grew hollow, and the liquid eyes
Still gazing seaward, large and meek,
Took something of a sad surprise ;
As one who learns, with a strange chill,
'Mid youth and wealth's unclouded day,
Of sad lives full of pain and ill,
And thinks, " And am I too as they ? "

And by degrees most hateful grew
All things that once she held so dear—
The feathery palms, the cloudless blue,
Tall mosque and loud muezzin clear,
The knights who flashed by blinded street,
The lattice lit by laughing eyes,
The songs around the fountain, sweet
To maidens under Eastern skies.

And oft at eve, when young girls told
Tales precious to the girlish heart,
She sat alone, and loved to hold
Communion with her soul apart.
Till at the last, too great became
The hidden weight of secret care,
And girlish fears and maiden shame
Were gone, and only love was there.

And so she fled. I see her still
In fancy, desolate, alone,
Wander by arid plain and hill,
From early dawn till day was done.
Sun-stricken, hungry, thirsty, faint,
By perilous paths I see her move,
Clothed round with pureness like a saint,
And fearless in the might of love,

Till lo ! a gleam of azure sea,
And rude ships moored upon the shore.
Strange, yet not wholly strange, for he
Had dared those mystic depths before.
And some good homeward seaman bold,
Remembering those he left at home,
Put gently back the offered gold,
And for love's honour bade her come.

And then they sailed. No pirate bark
Swooped on them, for the Power of Love
Watched o'er that precious wandering ark,
And this his tender little dove.
I see those stalwart seamen still
Gaze wondering on that childish form,
And shelter her from harm and ill,
And guide her safe through wave and storm.

Till under greyer skies a gleam
Of white, and taking land she went,
Following our broad imperial stream,
Or rose-hung lanes of smiling Kent.
Friendless I see her, lonely, weak,
Thro' fields where every flower was strange,
Go forth without a word to speak,
By burgh and thorp and moated grange.

For all that Love himself could teach
This passionate pilgrim to our shore,
Were but two words of Saxon speech,
Two little words and nothing more—
"Gilbert" and "London"; like a flame
To her sweet lips these sounds would come,
The syllables of her lover's name,
And the far city of his home.

I see her cool her weary feet
In dewy depths of crested grass !
By clear brooks fringed with meadow-sweet,
And daisied meads, I see her pass ;
I see her innocent girlish glee,
I see the doubts which on her crowd,
O'erjoyed with bird, or flower, or tree,
Despondent for the fleeting cloud.

I see her passing slow, alone,
By burgh and thorp and moated grange,
Still murmuring softly like a moan
Those two brief words in accents strange.
Sometimes would pass a belted earl
With squires behind in brave array ;
Sometimes some honest, toilworn churl
Would fare with her till close of day.

The saintly abbess, sweet and sage,
Would wonder as she ambled by,
Or white-plumed knight or long-haired page
Ride by her with inquiring eye.
The friar would cross himself, and say
His paternosters o'er and o'er ;
The gay dames whisper Welladay !
And pity her and nothing more.

But tender woman, knowing love
And all the pain of loneliness,
Would feel a sweet compassion move,
And welcome her to rest and food,
And walk with her beyond the hill,
And kiss her cheek when she must go ;
And " Gilbert " she would murmur still,
And " London " she would whisper low.

And sometimes sottish boors would rise
From wayside tavern, where they sate,
And leer with heated vinous eyes,
And stagger forth with reeling gait,
And from that strong unswerving will
And clear gaze shrink as from a blow ;
And " Gilbert " she would murmur still,
And " London " she would whisper low.

Then by the broad suburban street,
And city groups who outward stray
To take the evening, and the sweet
Faint breathings of the dying day—
The gay young 'prentice, lithe and slim,
The wimpled maid, demurely shy,
The merchant somewhat grave and prim
The courtier with his rolling eye.

And more and more the growing crowd
Would gather, wondering whence she came
And why, with boorish laughter loud,
And jeers which burnt her cheek with flame.
For potent charm to save from ill
But one word she made answer now :
For "Gilbert" she would murmur still,
And "Gilbert" she would whisper low.

Till some good pitiful soul—not then
Our London was as now o'ergrown—
Pressed through the idle throng of men,
And led her to his home alone,
And signing to her he would find
Him whom she sought, went forth again,
And left her there with heart and mind
Distracted by a new-born pain.

For surely then, when doubt was o'er,
A doubt before a stranger came,
He loved me not, or loves no more.
Oh, virgin pride ! oh, maiden shame !
Almost she fled, almost the past
Seemed better than the pain she knew ;
Her veil around her face she cast :
Then the gate swung—and he was true.

Poor child ! they christened her, and so
She had her wish. Ah, yearning heart,
Was love so sweet then ? would you know
Again the longing and the smart ?
Came there no wintry hours when you
Longed for your native skies again,
The creed, the tongue your girlhood knew,
Aye, even the longing and the pain ?

Peace ! Love is Lord of all. But I,
Seeing her fierce son's mitred tomb,
Conjoin with fancy's dreaming eye
This love tale, and that dreadful doom.
Sped hither by a hidden will,
O'er sea and land I watch her go ;
"Gilbert" I hear her murmur still,
And "London" still she whispers low.

ATALANTA'S RACE.

ARGUMENT.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

Atalanta, daughter of King Schœneus, made it a law to all suitors that they should run a race with her in the public place, and if they failed to overcome her, should die unrevenge'd; and thus many brave men perished. At last came Milanion, the son of Amphidamas, who, outrunning her with the help of Venus, gained the virgin and wedded her.

SMALL is the fane through which the sea-wind sings
About Queen Venus' well-wrought image white,
But hung around are many precious things,
The gifts of those who, longing for delight,
Have hung them there within the goddess' sight,
And in return have taken at her hands
The living treasures of the Grecian lands.

And thither now has come Milanion,
And showed unto the priests' wide open eyes
Gifts fairer than all those that there have shone :
Silk cloths inwrought with Indian fantasies,
And bowls inscribed with sayings of the wise
Above the deeds of foolish living things,
And mirrors fit to be the gifts of kings.

And now before the Sea-born One he stands,
By the sweet veiling smoke made dim and soft,
And while the incense trickles from his hands,
And while the odorous smoke-wreaths hang aloft,
Thus doth he pray to her : " O thou, who oft
Hast holpen man and maid in their distress,
Despise me not for this my wretchedness !

" O, great one, some men love, and are ashamed ;
Some men are weary of the bonds of love ;
Yea, and by some men lightly art thou blamed,
That from thy toils their lives they cannot move,
And 'mid the ranks of men their manhood prove.
Alas ! O goddess, if thou slayest me,
What new immortal can I serve but thee ?

" Nay, but thou wilt help ; they who died before
Not single-hearted as I deem came here,
Therefore unthanked they laid their gifts before

Thy stainless feet, still shivering with their fear,
Lest in their eyes their true thought might appear,
Who sought to be the lords of that fair town,
Dreaded of men and winners of renown.

“O Queen, thou knowest I pray not for this :
O set us down together in some place
Where not a voice can break our heaven of bliss,
Where nought but rocks and I can see her face,
Softening beneath the marvel of thy grace,
Where not a foot our vanished steps can track,
The golden age, the golden age come back !

“O fairest, hear me now who do thy will,
Plead for thy rebel that he be not slain,
But live and love and be thy servant still ;
Ah, give her joy and take away my pain,
And thus two long-enduring servants gain.
An easy thing this is to do for me,
What need of my vain words to weary thee ?

“But none the less, this place will I not leave
Until I needs must go my death to meet,
Or at thy hands some happy sign receive,
That in great joy we twain may one day greet
Thy presence here and kiss thy silver feet,
Such as we deem thee, fair beyond all words,
Victorious o’er our servants and our lords.”

Then from the altar back a space he drew,
But from the Queen turned not his face away,
But ’gainst a pillar leaned, until the blue
That arched the sky, at ending of the day,
Was turned to ruddy gold and changing grey,
And clear, but low, the nigh-ebbed windless sea
In the still evening murmured ceaselessly.

And there he stood when all the sun was down,
Nor had he moved when the dim golden light,
Like the far lustre of a godlike town,
Had left the world to seeming hopeless night,
Nor would he move the more when wan moonlight
Streamed through the pillars for a little while,
And lighted up the white Queen’s changeless smile.

And through the stillness he her voice could hear,
Piercing his heart with joy scarce bearable,
That said : " Milanion, wherefore dost thou fear ?
I am not hard to those who love me well ;
List to what I a second time will tell,
And thou mayest hear perchance, and live to save
The cruel maiden from a loveless grave :

" See, by my feet three golden apples lie—
Such fruit among the heavy roses falls,
Such fruit my watchful damsels carefully
Store up within the best loved of my walls,
Ancient Damascus, where the lover calls
Above my unseen head, and faint and light
The rose-leaves flutter round me in the night.

" And note, that these are not alone most fair
With heavenly gold, but longing strange they bring
Unto the hearts of men, who will not care,
Beholding these, for any once-loved thing,
Till round the shining sides their fingers cling,
And thou shalt see thy well-girt, swift-foot maid
By sight of these amidst her glory stayed.

" For, bearing these within a scrip with thee,
When first she heads thee from the starting-place,
Cast down the first one for her eyes to see,
And when she turns aside make on apace,
And if again she heads thee in the race
Spare not the other two to cast aside
If she not long enough behind will bide.

" Farewell, and when has come the happy time
That she Diana's raiment must unbind,
And all the world seems blessed with Saturn's clime,
And thou with eager arms about her twined
Beholdest first her grey eyes growing kind,
Surely, O trembler, thou shalt scarcely then
Forget the helper of unhappy men."

Milanion raised his head at this last word,
For now so soft and kind she seemed to be
No longer of her Godhead was he feared ;
Too late he looked, for nothing could he see
But the white image glimmering doubtfully
In the departing twilight cold and grey,
And those three apples on the steps that lay.

These then he caught up quivering with delight,
Yet fearful lest it all might be a dream,
And though aweary with the watchful night
And sleepless nights of longing, still did deem
He could not sleep; but yet the first sunbeam
That smote the fane across the heaving deep
Shone on him laid in calm untroubled sleep.

But little ere the noontide did he rise,
And why he felt so happy scarce could tell
Until the gleaming apples met his eyes.
Then leaving the fair place where this befel,
Oft he looked back as one who loved it well,
He homeward to the haunts of men 'gan wend
To bring all things unto a happy end.

Now has the lingering month at last gone by,
Again are all folk round the running place,
Nor other seems the dismal pageantry
Than heretofore, but that another face
Looks o'er the smooth course ready for the race,
For now, beheld of all, Milanion
Stands on the spot he twice has looked upon.

But yet—what change is this that holds the maid?
Does she indeed see in his glittering eye
More than disdain of the sharp shearing blade,
Some happy hope of help and victory?
The others seemed to say, "We come to die,
Look down upon us for a little while,
That dead, we may bethink us of thy smile."

But he—what look of mastery was this
He cast on her? why were his lips so red?
Why was his face so flushed with happiness?
So looks not one who deems himself but dead,
E'en if to death he bows a willing head;
So rather looks a god well pleased to find
Some earthly damsel fashioned to his mind.

Why must she drop her lids before his gaze,
And even as she casts adown her eyes
Redden to note his eager glance of praise,
And wish that she were clad in other guise?
Why must the memory to her heart arise
Of things unnoticed when they first were heard,
Some lover's song, some answering maiden's word?

What makes these longings, vague, without a name,
And this vain pity never felt before,
This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,
This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,
These doubts that grow each minute more and more?
Why does she tremble as the time grows near,
And weak defeat and woeful victory fear?

Now while she seemed to hear her beating heart,
Above their heads the trumpet blast rang out
And forth they sprang; and she must play her part,
Then flew her white feet, knowing not a doubt,
Though slackening once, she turned her head about,
But then she cried aloud and faster fled
Than e'er before, and all men deemed him dead.

But with no sound he raised aloft his hand,
And thence what seemed a ray of light there flew
And past the maid rolled on along the sand;
Then trembling she her feet together drew,
And in her heart a strong desire there grew
To have the toy; some god she thought had given
That gift to her, to make of earth a heaven.

Then from the course with eager steps she ran
And in her odorous bosom laid the gold.
But when she turned again, the great-limbed man,
Now well ahead she failed not to behold,
And mindful of her glory waxing cold,
Sprang up and followed him in hot pursuit,
Though with one hand she touched the golden fruit.

Note too, the bow that she was wont to bear
She laid aside to grasp the glittering prize,
And o'er her shoulders from the quiver fair
Three arrows fell and lay before her eyes
Unnoticed, as amidst the people's cries
She sprang to head the strong Melanion,
Who now the turning-post had well-nigh won.

But as he set his mighty hand on it,
White fingers underneath his own were laid,
And white limbs from his dazzled eyes did flit,
Then he the second fruit cast by the maid,
She ran awhile, and then as one afraid
Wavered and stopped, and turned and made no stay,
Until the globe with its bright fellow lay.

Then as a troubled glance she cast around,
Now far ahead the Argive could she see,
And in her garment's hem one hand she wound
To keep the double prize, and strenuously
Sped o'er the course, though now but scanty space
Was left betwixt him and the winning-place.

Short was the way unto such wingèd feet,
Quickly she gained upon him till at last
He turned about her eager eyes to meet
And from his hand the third fair apple cast.
She wavered not, but turned and ran so fast
After the prize that should her bliss fulfil,
That in her hand it lay ere it was still.

Nor did she rest, but turned about to win
Once more, an unblest woeful victory—
And yet—and yet—why does her breath begin
To fail her, and her feet drag heavily?
Why fails she now to see if far or nigh
The goal is? why do her grey eyes grow dim?
Why do these tremors run through every limb?

She spreads her arms abroad some stay to find
Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth this,
A strong man's arms about her body twined,
Nor may she shudder now to feel his kiss,
So wrapped she is in new unbroken bliss:
Made happy that the foe the prize hath won,
She weeps glad tears for all her glory done.

Shatter the trumpets, hew adown the posts!
Upon the brazen altar break the sword,
And scatter incense to appease the ghosts
Of those who died here by their own award.
Bring forth the image of the mighty Lord,
And her who unseen o'er the runners hung,
And did a deed for ever to be sung.

Here are the gathered folk, make no delay,
Open King Schoeneus' well-filled treasury,
Bring out the gifts long hid from light of day,
The golden bowls o'erwrought with imagery,
Gold chains, and unguents brought from over sea,
The saffron gown the old Phœnician brought,
Within the temple of the Goddess wrought.

O ye, O damsels, who shall never see
 Her, that Love's servant bringeth now to you,
 Returning from another victory,
 In some cool bower do all that now is due!
 Since she in token of her service new
 Shall give to Venus offerings rich enow,
 Her maiden zone, her arrows, and her bow.

[*By Special Permission of Mrs. Morris and S. C. Cockerell, Esq.*]

INTRODUCTION TO THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

Sirens—

O HAPPY seafarers are ye,
 And surely all your ills are past,
 And toil upon the land and sea,
 Since ye are brought to us at last.

To you the fashion of the world,
 Wide lands laid waste, fair cities burned,
 And plagues, and kings from kingdoms hurled,
 Are nought, since hither ye have turned.

For as upon this beach we stand,
 And o'er our heads the sea-fowl flit,
 Our eyes behold a glorious land,
 And soon shall ye be kings of it.

Orpheus—

A little more, a little more,
 O carriers of the Golden Fleece,
 A little labour with the oar,
 Before we reach the land of Greece.

E'en now perchance faint rumours reach
 Men's ears of this our victory,
 And draw them down unto the beach
 To gaze across the empty sea.

But since the longed-for day is nigh,
 And scarce a God could stay us now,
 Why do ye hang your heads and sigh,
 And still go slower and more slow?

Sirens—

Ah, had ye chanced to reach the home
Your fond desires were set upon,
Into what troubles had ye come,
What barren victory had ye won.

But now, but now, when ye have lain
Asleep with us a little while,
Beneath the washing of the main,
How calm shall be your waking smile!

For ye shall smile to think of life
That knows no troublous change or fear,
No unavailing bitter strife,
That ere its time brings trouble near.

Orpheus—

Is there some murmur in your ears,
That all that we have done is nought,
And nothing ends our cares and fears,
Till the last fear on us is brought?

Sirens—

Alas! and will ye stop your ears,
In vain desire to be ought,
And wish to live 'mid cares and fears,
Until the last fear makes you nought?

Orpheus—

Is not the May-time now on earth,
When close against the city wall
The folk are singing in their mirth,
While on their heads the May-flowers fall

Sirens—

Yes, May is come, and its sweet breath,
Shall well-nigh make you weep to-day,
And pensive with swift-coming death,
Shall ye be satiate of the May.

Orpheus—

Shall not July bring fresh delight,
As underneath green trees ye sit,
And o'er some damsel's body white
The noontide shadows change and flit?

Sirens—

No new delight July shall bring,
But ancient fear and fresh desire,
And, spite of every lovely thing,
Of July surely shall ye tire.

Orpheus—

And now, when August comes on thee,
And 'mid the golden sea of corn
The merry reapers thou mayest see,
Wilt thou still think the earth forlorn?

Sirens—

Set flowers on thy short-lived head,
And in thine heart forgetfulness
Of man's hard toil and scanty bread,
And weary of those days no less.

Orpheus—

Or wilt thou climb the sunny hill,
In the October afternoon,
To watch the purple earth's blood fill
The grey vat to the maiden's tune?

Sirens—

When thou beginnest to grow old,
Bring back remembrance of thy bliss,
With that the shining cup doth hold,
And weary helplessly of this.

Orpheus—

Or pleasureless shall we pass by
The long cold night and leaden day,
That song and tale and minstrelsy
Shall make us merry as the May?

Sirens—

List then, to-night, to some old tale
 Until the tears o'erflow thine eyes ;
 But what shall all these things avail,
 When sad to-morrow comes and dies ?

Orpheus—

And when the world is born again,
 And with some fair love, side by side,
 Thou wanderest 'twixt the sun and rain,
 In that fresh love-begetting tide.

Then, when the world is born again,
 And the sweet year before thee lies,
 Shall thy heart think of coming pain,
 Or vex itself with memories ?

Sirens—

Ah ! then the world is born again
 With burning love unsatisfied,
 And now desires fond and vain,
 And weary days from tide to tide.

Ah ! when the world is born again,
 A little day is soon gone by,
 When thou, unmoved by sun or rain,
 Within a cold straight house shall lie.

Therewith they ceased a while, as languidly
 The head of *Argo* fell off toward the sea,
 And through the water she began to go,
 For from the land a fitful wind did blow,
 That, dallying with the many-coloured sail,
 Would sometimes swell it out and sometimes fail,
 As nigh the east side of the bay they drew ;
 'Then o'er the waves again the music flew.

Sirens—

Think not of pleasure, short and vain,
 Wherewith, 'mid days of toil and pain,
 With sick and sinking hearts ye strive
 To cheat yourselves that ye may live

With cold death ever close at hand ;
Think rather of a peaceful land,
The changeless land where ye may be
Roofed over by the changeful sea.

Orpheus—

And is the fair town nothing, then,
The coming of the wandering men
With that long-talked-of thing and strange,
And news of how the kingdoms change,
The pointed hands, and wondering
At doers of a desperate thing ?
Push on, for surely this shall be
Across a narrow strip of sea.

Sirens—

Alas ! poor souls and timorous,
Will ye draw nigh to gaze at us
And see if we are fair indeed,
For such as we shall be your meed,
There, where our hearts would have you go.
And where can the earth-dwellers show
In any land such loveliness
As that wherewith your eyes we bless,
O wanderers of the Minyæ,
Worn toilers over land and sea ?

Orpheus—

Fair as the lightning 'thwart the sky,
As sun-dyed snow upon the high
Untrodden heaps of threatening stone,
The eagle looks upon alone,
O fair as the doomed victim's wreath,
O fair as deadly sleep and death,
What, will ye with them, earthly men,
To mate your three-score years and ten ?
Toil rather, suffer, and be free,
Betwixt the green earth and the sea.

Sirens—

If ye be bold with us to go,
Things such as happy dreams may show
Shall your once heavy eyes behold
About our palaces of gold ;

Where waters 'neath the waters run,
 And from o'erhead a harmless sun
 Gleams through the woods of chrysolite.
 There gardens fairer to the sight
 Than those of the Phæacian king
 Shall ye behold ; and wondering,
 Gaze on the sea-born fruit and flowers,
 And thornless and unchanging bowers,
 Whereof the May-time knoweth nought.
 So to the pillared house being brought,
 Poor souls, ye shall not be alone,
 For o'er the floors of pale blue stone
 All day such feet as ours shall pass,
 And 'twixt the glimmering walls of glass
 Such bodies garlanded with gold,
 So faint, so fair, shall ye behold,
 And clean forget the treachery
 Of changing earth and tumbling sea.

Orpheus—

O the sweet valley of deep grass,
 Where through the summer stream doth pass
 In chain of shallow and still pool,
 From misty morn to evening cool ;
 Where the black ivy creeps and twines
 O'er the dark-armed, red-trunked pines,
 Whence clattering the pigeon flits,
 Or brooding o'er her thin eggs sits.
 And every hollow of the hills
 With echoing song the mavis fills.
 There by the stream, all unafraid,
 Shall stand the happy shepherd maid,
 Alone in first of sunlit hours ;
 Behind her, on the dewy flowers,
 Her homespun woollen raiment lies,
 And her white limbs and sweet grey eyes
 Shine from the calm green pool and deep,
 While round about the swallows sweep,
 Not silent ; and would God that we,
 Like them, were landed from the sea.

Sirens—

Shall we not rise with you at night,
 Up through the shimmering green twilight,
 That maketh there our changeless day ?
 Then going through the moonlight grey,

Shall we not sit upon these sands,
To think upon the troublous lands
Long left behind, where once ye were,
When every day brought change and fear?
There with white arms about you twined,
And shuddering somewhat at the wind
That ye rejoiced erewhile to meet,
Be happy, while old stories sweet,
Half understood, float round your ears,
And fill your eyes with happy tears.
Ah! while we sing unto you there,
As now we sing, with yellow hair
Blown round about these pearly limbs,
While underneath the grey sky swims
The light shell-sailor of the waves,
And to our song, from sea-filled caves
Booms out an echoing harmony,
Shall ye not love the peaceful sea?

Orpheus—

Nigh the vine-covered hillocks green,
In days agone, have I not seen
The brown-clad maidens amorous,
Below the long rose-trellised house,
Dance to the querulous pipe and shrill,
When the grey shadow of the hill
Was lengthening at the end of day?
Not shadowy or pale were they,
But limbed like those who 'twixt the trees
Follow the swift of Goddesses.
Sunburnt they are somewhat, indeed,
To where the rough brown woollen weed
Is drawn across their bosoms sweet,
Or cast from off their dancing feet;
But yet the stars, the moonlight grey,
The water wan, the dawn of day,
Can see their bodies fair and bright
As Her's who once, for man's delight,
Before the world grew hard and old,
Came o'er the bitter sea and cold;
And surely those that met me there
Her handmaidens and subjects were;
And shamefaced, half-repressed desire
Had lit their glorious eyes with fire,
That maddens eager hearts of men.
O would that I were with them when

The risen moon is gathering light,
And yellow from the homestead white
The windows gleam ; but verily
This waits us o'er a little sea.

Sirens—

Come to the land where none grows old,
And none is rash or over-bold,
Nor any noise there is or war,
Or rumour from wild lands afar,
Or plagues, or birth or death of kings ;
No vain desire of unknown things
Shall vex you there, no hope or fear
Of that which never draweth near ;
But in that lovely land and still
Ye may remember what ye will,
And what ye will, forget for aye.
So while the kingdoms pass away,
Ye sea-beat, hardened toilers erst,
Unresting, for vain fame athirst,
Shall be at peace for evermore,
With hearts fulfilled of Godlike lore,
And calm, unwavering Godlike love
No lapse of time can turn or move.
There, ages after your fair fleece
Is clean forgotten, yea, and Greece
Is no more counted glorious,
Alone with us, alone with us,
Alone with us dwell happily
Beneath our trembling roof of sea.

Orpheus—

Ah ! do ye weary of the strife
And long to change this eager life
For shadowy and dull hopelessness,
Thinking indeed to gain no less
Than this : to die and not to die,
To be as if ye ne'er had been,
Yet keep your memory fresh and green,
To have no thought of good or ill,
Yet keep some thrilling pleasure still ?
O idle dream ! Ah, verily,
If it shall happen unto me
That I have thought of anything,
When o'er my bones the sea-fowl sing,

And I lie dead ! how shall I pine
 For those fresh joys that once were mine,
 On this green fount of joy and mirth,
 The ever young and glorious earth ;
 Then, helpless, shall I call to mind
 Thoughts of the flower-scented wind,
 The dew, the gentle rain at night,
 The wonder-working snow and white,
 The song of birds, the water's fall,
 The sun that maketh bliss of all ;
 Yea ! this our toil and victory,
 The tyrannous and conquered sea.

Sirens—

Ah ! will ye go and whither then,
 Will ye go from us, soon to die,
 To fill your three-score years and ten,
 With many an unnamed misery ?

And this the wretchedest of all,
 That when upon your lonely eyes
 The last faint heaviness shall fall,
 Ye shall bethink you of our cries.

Come back, nor grown old, seek in vain
 To hear us sing across the sea.
 Come back, come back, come back again,
 Come back, O fearful Minyæ !

Orpheus—

Ah ! once again, ah, once again,
 The black prow plunges through the sea,
 Nor yet shall all your toil be vain,
 Nor ye forgot, O Minyæ.

[By Special Permission of Mrs. Morris and S. C. Cockerell, Esq.]

THE SINGING OF THE MAGNIFICAT.

A LEGEND.

BY E. NESBIT.

IN midst of wide, green pasture-lands, cut through
 By lines of alders bordering deep-banked streams,
 Where bulrushes, and yellow iris grew,
 And rest and peace, and all the flowers of dreams,
 The abbey stood—so still, it seemed a part
 Of the marsh-country's almost pulseless heart.

Where grey-green willows fringed the stream and pool,
 The lazy, meek-faced cattle strayed to graze,
 Sheep in the meadows cropped the grasses cool,
 And silver fish shone through the watery ways,
 And many a load of fruit and load of corn
 Into the abbey storehouses was borne,

Yet though so much they had of life's good things,
 The monks but held them as a sacred trust,
 Lent from the storehouse of the King of kings
 Till they, His stewards, should crumble back to dust.
 "Not as our own," they said, "but as the Lord's,
 All that the stream yields, or the land affords."

And all the villages and hamlets near
 Knew the monk's wealth, and how their wealth was spent.
 In tribulation, sickness, want, or fear,
 First to the abbey all the peasants went,
 Certain to find a welcome, and to be
 Helped in the hour of their extremity.

When plague or sickness smote the people sore,
 The brothers prayed beside the dying bed,
 And nursed the sick back into health once more,
 And through the horror and the danger said,
 "How good is God, who has such love for us,
 He lets us tend His suffering children thus!"

They in their simple ways and works were glad :
 Yet all men must have sorrows of their own.
 And so a bitter grief the brothers had,
 Nor mourned for others' heaviness alone.
 This was the secret of their sorrowing,
 That not a monk in all the house could sing !

Was it the damp air from the lonely marsh,
 Or strain of scarcely intermitted prayer,
 That made their voices, when they sang, as harsh
 As any frog's that croaks in evening air—
 That made less music in their hymns to lie
 Than in the hoarsest wild-fowl's hoarsest cry ?

If love could sweeten voice to sing a song,
 Theirs had been sweetest song was ever sung :
 But their hearts' music reached their lips all wrong,
 The soul's intent foiled by the traitorous tongue
 That marred the chapel's peace, and seemed to scar
 The rapt devotion lingering in the air.

The birds that in the chapel built their nests,
And in the stone-work found their small lives fair,
Flew thence with hurried wings and fluttering breasts
When rang the bell to call the monks to prayer.
"Why will they sing," they twittered, "why at all?
In heaven their silence must be festival!"

The brothers prayed with penance and with tears
That God would let them give some little part
Out for the solace of their own sad ears
Of all the music crowded in their heart.
Their nature and the marsh-air had their way,
And still they sang more vilely every day.

And all their prayers and fasts availing not
To give them voices sweet, their souls' desire,
The abbot said: "Gifts He did not allot
God at our hands will not again require;
The love He gives us He will ask again
In love to Him and to our fellow-men.

"Praise Him we must, and since we cannot praise
As we would choose, we praise Him as we can.
In heaven we shall be taught the angels' ways
Of singing—we afford to wait a span.
In singing, as in toil, do ye your best;
God will adjust the balance—do the rest!"

But one good brother, anxious to remove
This, the reproach now laid on them so long,
Rejected counsel, and for very love
Besought a brother, skilled in art of song,
To come to them—his cloister far to leave—
And sing *Magnificat* on Christmas Eve.

So when each brown monk duly sought his place,
By two and two, slow pacing to the choir,
Shrined in his dark oak stall, the strange monk's face
Shone with a light as of devotion's fire,
Good, young and fair, his seemed a form wherein
Pure beauty left no room at all for sin.

And when the time for singing it had come,
"*Magnificat*," face raised, and voice, he sang:
Each in his stall the monks stood glad and dumb,
As through the chancel's dusk his voice out-rang
Pure, clear, and perfect—as the thrushes sing
Their first impulsive welcome of the spring.

At the first notes the abbot's heart spoke low :

“O God, accept this singing, seeing we,
Had we the power, would ever praise Thee so—
Would ever, Lord, Thou know'st, sing thus for Thee ;
Thus in our hearts Thy hymns are ever sung,
As he Thou blassest sings them with his tongue.”

But as the voice rose higher, and more sweet,

The abbot's heart said : “Thou hast heard us grieve,
And sent an angel from beside Thy feet,

To sing *Magnificat* on Christmas Eve ;
To ease our ache of soul, and let us see
How we some day in heaven shall sing to Thee.”

Through the cold Christmas night the hymn rang out,

In perfect cadence, clear as sunlit rain—
Such heavenly music that the birds without
Beat their warm wings against the window-pane,
Scattering the frosted crystal snow outspread
Upon the stone-lace and the window-lead.

The white moon through the window seemed to gaze

On the pure face and eyes the singer raised ;
The storm-wind hushed the clamour of its ways,
God seemed to stoop to hear Himself thus praised,
And breathless all the brothers stood, and still
Reached longing souls out to the music's thrill.

Old years came back, and half-remembered hours,

Dreams of delight that never was to be,
Mothers' remembered kiss, the funeral flowers
Laid on the grave of life's felicity ;
An infinite dear passion of regret
Swept through their hearts, and left their eyelids wet.

The birds beat ever at the window, till

They broke the pane, and so could entrance win ;
Their slender feet clung to the window-sill.

And though with them the bitter air came in
The monks were glad that the birds too should hear,
Since to God's creatures all His praise is dear.

The lovely music waxed and waned, and sank,

And brought less conscious sadness in its train,
Unrecognised despair that thinks to thank

God for a joy renounced, a chosen pain—
And deems that peace which is but stifled life,
Dulled by a too-prolonged unfruitful strife.

When, service done, the brothers gathered round
To thank the singer—modest-eyed, said he :
“Not mine the grace, if grace indeed abound ;
God gave the power, if any power there be ;
If I in hymn or psalm clear voice can raise,
As His the gift, so His be all the praise ! ”

That night—the abbot lying on his bed—
A sudden flood of radiance on him fell,
Poured from the crucifix above his head,
And cast a stream of light across his cell—
And in the fullest fervour of the light
An angel stood, glittering, and great, and white.

His wings of thousand rainbow clouds seemed made,
A thousand lamps of love shone in his eyes,
The light of dawn upon his brows was laid,
Odours of thousand flowers of Paradise
Filled all the cell, and through the heart there stirred
A sense of music that could not be heard.

The angel spoke—his voice was low and sweet
As the sea’s murmur on low-lying shore,
Or whisper of the wind in ripened wheat :
“Brother,” he said, “the God we both adore
Has sent me down to ask, is all not right ?—
Why was *Magnificat* not sung to-night ? ”

Tranced in the joy the angel’s presence brought,
The abbot answered : “All these weary years
We have sung our best—but always have we thought
Our voices were unworthy heavenly ears ;
And so to-night we found a clearer tongue,
And by it the *Magnificat* was sung.”

The angel answered : “All these happy years
In heaven has your *Magnificat* been heard ;
This night alone the angels’ listening ears
Of all its music caught no single word.
Say, who is he whose goodness is not strong
Enough to bear the burden of his song ? ”

The abbot named his name. “Ah, why,” he cried,
“Have angels heard not what we found so dear ? ”
“Only pure hearts,” the angel’s voice replied,
“Can carry human songs up to God’s ear ;
To-night in heaven was missed the sweetest praise
That ever rises from earth’s mud-stained maze.

"The monk who sang *Magnificat* is filled
 With lust of praise, and with hypocrisy;
 He sings for earth—in heaven his notes are stilled
 By muffling weight of deadening vanity;
 His heart is chained to earth, and cannot bear
 His singing higher than the listening air!

"From purest hearts most perfect music springs,
 And while you mourned your voices were not sweet,
 Marred by the accident of earthly things,—
 In heaven, God listening, judged your song complete,
 The sweetest of earth's music came from you,
 The music of a noble life and true!"

[From "*Lays and Legends*." By Special Permission of the Authoress
 and of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.]

THE BALLAD OF SPLENDID SILENCE.

IN MEMORIAM FERENCZ RENYI.

HUNGARY, 1848.

By E. NESBIT.

THIS is the story of Renyi,
 And when you have heard it through,
 Pray God He send no trial like his
 To try the faith of you.

And if his doom be upon you,
 Then may God grant you this:
 To fight as good a fight as he,
 And win a crown like his!

He was strong and handsome and happy,
 Beloved and loving and young,
 With eyes that men set their trust in,
 And the fire of his soul on his tongue.

He loved the Spirit of Freedom,
 He hated his country's wrongs,
 He told the patriots' stories,
 And he sang the patriots' songs.

With mother and sister and sweetheart
 His safe glad days went by,
 Till Hungary called on her children
 To arm, to fight, and to die.

"Good-bye to mother and sister ;
Good-bye to my sweet sweetheart ;
I fight for you—you pray for me,
We shall not be apart !"

The women prayed at the sunrise,
They prayed when the skies grew dim ;
His mother and sister prayed for the Cause,
His sweetheart prayed for him.

For mother and sister and sweetheart,
But most for the true and the right,
He low laid down his own life's hopes
And led his men to fight.

Skirmishing, scouting and spying,
Night-watch, attack, and defeat ;
The resolute, desperate fighting,
The hopeless, reluctant retreat ;

Ruin, defeat, and disaster,
Capture and loss and despair,
And half of his regiment hidden,
And only this man knew where !

Prisoner, fast bound, sore wounded,
They brought him roughly along,
With his body as weak and broken
As his spirits were steadfast and strong.

Before the Austrian general—
"Where are your men?" he heard ;
He looked black death in its ugly face
And answered never a word.

"Where is your regiment hidden?
Speak—you are pardoned straight.
No? We can find dumb dogs their tongues,
You rebel reprobate !"

They dragged his mother and sister
Into the open hall.
"Give up your men, if these women
Are dear to your heart at all !"

He turned his eyes on his sister,
And spoke to her silently ;
She answered his silence with speaking,
And straight from the heart spoke she :

"If you betray your country,
You spit on our father's name;
And what is life without honour?
And what is death without shame?"

He looked on the mother who bore him,
And her smile was splendid to see;
He hid his face with a bitter cry,
But never a word said he.

"Son of my body—be silent!
My days at the best are few,
And I shall know how to give them,
Son of my heart, for you!"

He shivered, set teeth, kept silence:
With never a plaint or cry
The women were slain before him,
And he stood and he saw them die.

Then they brought his lovely beloved,
Desire of his heart and eyes.
"Say where your men are hidden,
Or say that your sweetheart dies."

She threw her arms about him,
She laid her lips to his cheek:
"Speak! for my sake who love you!
Love, for our love's sake, speak!"

His eyes are burning and shining
With the fire of immortal disgrace—
Christ! walk with him in the furnace,
And strengthen his soul for a space!

Long he looked at his sweetheart,
His eyes grew tender and wet;
Closely he held her to him,
His lips to her lips were set.

"See! I am young! I love you!
I am not ready to die!
One word makes us happy for ever,
Together, you and I."

Her arms round his neck were clinging,
Her lips his cold lips caressed;
He suddenly flung her from him,
And folded his arms on his breast.

She wept, she shrieked, she struggled,
She cursed him in God's name,
For the woe of her early dying,
And for her dying's shame.

And still he stood, and his silence
Like fire was burning him through,
Then the muskets spoke once, and were silent,
And she was silent too.

They turned to torture him further,
If further might be—in vain !
He had held his peace in that threefold hell,
And he never spoke again :

The end of the uttermost anguish
The soul of the man could bear
Was the madhouse, where tyrants bury
The broken shells of despair.

.

By the heaven renounced in her service,
By the hell thrice braved for her sake,
By the years of madness and silence,
By the heart that our enemies break ;

By the young life's promise ruined,
By the years of too living death,
By the passionate self-devotion,
And the absolute perfect faith ;

By the thousands who know such anguish,
And share such divine renown,
Who have borne them bravely in battle,
And won the conqueror's crown ;

By the torments her children have suffered,
By the blood that her martyrs will give,
By the deaths men have died at her altars,
By these shall our Liberty live !

In the silence of tears, in the burden
Of the wrongs we some day will repay,
Live the brothers who died in all ages
For the Freedom we live for to-day !

[From "Leaves of Life." By Special Permission of the Authoress and of
Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.]

A BALLAD OF JOHN NICHOLSON.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT

It fell in the year of Mutiny,
At darkest of the night,
John Nicholson by Jalándhar came,
On his way to Delhi fight.

And as he by Jalándhar came
He thought what he must do,
And he sent to the Rajah fair greeting,
To try if he were true.

"God grant your Highness length of days,
And friends when need shall be ;
And I pray you send your Captains hither,
That they may speak with me "

On the morrow through Jalándhar town
The Captains rode in state ;
They came to the house of John Nicholson
And stood before the gate.

The chief of them was Mehtab Singh,
He was both proud and sly ;
His turban gleamed with rubies red,
He held his chin full high.

He marked his fellows how they put
Their shoes from off their feet ;
"Now wherefore make ye such ado
These fallen lords to greet ?

"They have ruled us for a hundred years,
In truth I know not how,
But though they be fain of mastery,
They dare not claim it now."

Right haughtily before them all
The durbar hall he trod,
With rubies red his turban gleamed,
His feet with pride were shod.

They had not been an hour together,
A scanty hour or so,
When Mehtab Singh rose in his place
And turned about to go.

Then swiftly came John Nicholson
Between the door and him,
With anger smouldering in his eyes
That made the rubies dim.

“You are overhasty, Mehtab Singh,”—
Oh, but his voice was low!
He held his wrath with a curb of iron,
That furrowed cheek and brow.

“You are overhasty, Mehtab Singh;
When that the rest are gone,
I have a word that may not wait
To speak with you alone.”

The Captains passed in silence forth
And stood the door behind;
To go before the game was played
Be sure they had no mind.

But there within John Nicholson
Turned him on Mehtab Singh,
“So long as the soul is in my body
You shall not do this thing.

“Have ye served us for a hundred years,
And yet ye know not why?
We brook no doubt of our mastery,
We rule until we die.

“Were I the one last Englishman
Drawing the breath of life,
And you the master-rebel of all
That stir this land to strife—

“Were I,” he said, “but a Corporal,
And you a Rajput King,
So long as the soul was in my body
You should not do this thing.

“Take off, take off those shoes of pride,
Carry them whence they came;
Your Captains saw your insolence
And they shall see your shame.”

When Mehtab Singh came to the door
His shoes they burned his hand,
For there in long and silent lines
He saw the Captains stand.

When Mehtab Singh rode from the gate
 His chin was on his breast :
 The Captains said, " When the strong command,
 Obedience is best."

[From "*The Island Race.*" By Special Permission of the Author and of
Mr. Elkin Matthews.]

DRAKE'S DRUM.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

DRAKE he's in his hammock, an' a thousand mile away
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
 Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
 An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 "Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
 Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
 An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long
 ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armada's come
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
 Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;
 Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
 They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long
 ago !

[From "*The Island Race.*" By Special Permission of the Author and of
Mr. Elkin Matthews.]

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE.

(AUGUST 17, 1657.)

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

LADEN with spoil of the South, fulfilled with the glory of
achievement,

And freshly crowned with never-dying fame,
Sweeping by shores where the names are the names of the
victories of England,
Across the Bay the squadron homeward came.

Proudly they came, but their pride was the pomp of a funeral at
midnight,

When dreader yet the lonely morrow looms ;
Few are the words that are spoken, and faces are gaunt beneath
the torchlight,
That does but darken more the nodding plumes.

Low on the field of his fame, past hope lay the Admiral
triumphant,

And fain to rest him after all his pain ;
Yet for the love that he bore to his own land, ever unforgotten,
He prayed to see the Western hills again.

Fainter than stars in a sky long grey with the coming of the
daybreak,

Or sounds of night that fade when night is done,
So in the death-dawn faded the splendour and loud renown of
warfare,
And life of all its longings kept but one.

"Oh ! to be there for an hour when the shade draws in beside
the hedgerows,

And falling apples wake the drowsy noon :
Oh ! for the hour when the elms grow sombre and human in
the twilight,
And gardens dream beneath the rising moon.

"Only to look once more on the land of the memories of
childhood,

Forgetting weary winds and barren foam :
Only to bid farewell to the combe and the orchard and the
moorland,
And sleep at last among the fields of home !"

So he was silently praying, till now, when his strength was ebbing
faster,

The Lizard lay before them faintly blue ;

Now on the gleaming horizon the white cliffs laughed along the
coast-line,

And now the forelands took the shapes they knew.

There lay the Sound and the Island with green leaves down
beside the water,

The town, the Hoe, the masts, with sunset fired—

Dreams ! ay, dreams of the dead ! for the great heart faltered on
the threshold,

And darkness took the land his soul desired.

[From "The Island Race." By Special Permission of the Author and of
Mr. Elkin Matthews.]

THE BOAT RACE.

By H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.

THERE'S a living thread that goes winding, winding,
Tortuous rather, but easy of finding,

Creep and crawl

By paling and wall—

Very much like a dusty-dry snake—

From Hyde Park Corner right out to Mortlake ;

Crawl and creep

By level and steep,

From Putney Bridge back again to Eastcheap,—

Horse and man,

Waggon and van,

Tramping along since the day began—

Rollicking, rumbling, and rolling apace,

With their heads all one way like a shoal of dace :

And beauty and grace,

The lofty and base,

Silk, satins, and lace,

And the evil in case,

Seem within an ace of a general embrace—

Jog-trotting behind the Lord Mayor with his mace—

As if the whole place

Had set its whole face

Towards the Oxford and Cambridge race.

Has anyone seen some grand, fleet horse
 At the starting-post of an Epsom course,
 With nostril spread and chest expanding,
 But like a graven image standing,
 Waiting a touch to start into life
 And spurn the earth in the flying strife,
 Whilst around, with restless eddying pace,
 Frolic the froth and foam of the race?

So side by side
 Like shadows they glide,
 Two streaks of blue just breasting the tide,
 Whilst a thousand oars are glitt'ring wide,
 Flash'd in the morning beam—
 And so, as when waked to sudden speed
 Darts from the throng the flying steed,
 They darted up the stream.

With a rush and a bound,
 And a surging sound,
 From the arches below and the boats around,
 And the background of everything wooden and steel
 That's driven by oar, sail, paddle, or wheel,
 Striving and tearing,
 And puffing and swearing,
 With the huge live swarm that their decks are bearing,—
 A sound from bridge and river and shore,
 That gathers into a human roar—
"Cambridge! Cambridge!" "Now, Oxford, now!"
 Betwixt the crews
 There isn't a pin to choose—
 Not so much as the turn of "a feather."—
 The Cambridge eight
 Have muscle and weight,
 But the dark blue blades fall sharp and straight
 As the hammer of Thor on the anvil of Fate,
 So wholly they pull together.
 And they pull with a will! . . .
 Row! Cambridge, row!
 They're going two lengths to your one, you know—
 The Oxford have got the start,—
 Out and in—at a single dash—
 Flash and feather, feather and flash,
 Without a jerk, or an effort, or splash—
 It's a stroke that will break your heart. . . .
 A wonderful stroke! but a *leetle* too fast?
 Forty-five to the minute at least.

For five or six years it's been all your own way,
But you've got your work cut out to-day.

Give them the Cambridge swing, I say.
The grand old stroke, with its sweep and sway,
And send her along!—never mind the spray—

It's a mercy the pace can last. . . .
They never can "stay"? though the turn is in sight. . . .

Ha, now she lifts!—row, row! . . .
But in spite

Of the killing pace and the stroke of might,
In spite of bone and muscle and height,
On flies the dark blue like a flash of blue light,
And the river froths like yeast. . . .

"Oxford, Oxford, ! she wins, she wins"—

Well, you've won "the toss," you see,
Whilst the Cantabs must fetch
Their boat thro' a stretch

That's as lumpy and cross as may be ;
And the men are too big, and the boat's too small,
For a rushing tide and a racing squall—
But look ! by the bridge, a haven for all—

And Cambridge may win if she can ;—
And the squall's gone down, and the froth is past,
And you'll find it's the "pace that kills" at last—

You must *pull*, do you understand?
Put your back into it—now or never—
Jam home your feet whilst the clench'd oars quiver,
For over the gold of the gleaming river
They're passing you, hand over hand :

And a thousand cheers
Ring in their ears—
The muscles stand out on their arms like cords,
Brows knit and teeth close set,—
And bone and weight are beginning to tell,
And the swinging stroke that the Cam knows well
Will lick you yet. . . .

Cambridge ! Cambridge ! again—bravo !—
Splendidly pulled !—now, Trinity, now !—

Now let the oars "sweep"—
Now, whilst the shouts rise,
And the white foam flies,
And the stretch'd boat seems to leap !
Stick to it, boys, for the bonnie light blue. . . .
And the turquoise silk, dash'd with the spray,

Steals forward now :
 Rowed, rowed of all ! . . .
 . . . But what ails the crew ?
 What ails the strong arms, unused to wax dull ?
 And the light boat trails like a wounded gull ? . . .

Swamped ! swamped, by Heaven !
 Beat in mid-fight,
 With the goal in sight,
 As they were gaining fast—
 Row, Cambridge, row !
Swamped, while the great crowd roared,
 Wash over wash it poured
 Inch by inch—
 Does a man flinch ?
 Row, Cambridge, row !—
 Stick to it to the last—
 Over the brown waves' crest
 Only the oarsmen's breast,
 Yet, Cambridge, row !
 One gallant stroke, pulled all together—
 One more ! . . . and a long flash in the dark river,
 And the dark blue shoots past.

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THE STORY OF THE PRIEST PHILEMON.

BY ERNEST PERTWEE.

(*Founded on Chap. xxv. in "The Soul of Lilith," by Miss Marie Corelli.*)

LONG years ago in a far Eastern world
 There lived a priest, a servitor of God,
 Philemon called. Young, fair, and strong in faith,
 Devoting all his energy to prayer
 And meditation on the Great Unknown,
 And things all unattainable, Divine !
 Till human joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
 Were dross to him who only sought to pierce
 The mystic veil that hid the Infinite !

And imperceptibly Philemon grew
 Forgetful of the world, forgetting men
 And all the human fellowship of life :

Verdure of fields, the grace of flowers, the song
Of birds, the summer's breath by sea and wood,
All, all forgot, nor heeded aught but self ;
His prayers, his wisdom, and his one desire
To climb to and attain that vast dread Goal
Of the Divine from whence all life doth come,
To which in time it must again return.

Upon a day there came about his cell
A crowd of poor, sad, stricken souls that craved
The solace of his comfort and his prayers—
For far and wide his holy fame had spread,
And people spoke with awe and hope and fear
Of the wise priest Philemon. And so now
Kneeling they clustered round his poor abode,
These sorrowing ones, and cried to him, and said :

“ Oh, thou the servant of the One Supreme,
From out thy Heavenly wisdom speak to us
And give us consolation. O'er us shed
The Heavenly balm of comfort ; tell us we
May in some distant Aidenn find again
The loves long lost on earth—for whom we mourn
With ineffaceable, ineffable regret.”

But rising up in wrath, Philemon said :
“ Depart, ye worldlings ! what are ye to me
Or I to thee, that ye must hither come
To intercept yourselves 'twixt me and God ?
Seek not my pity—sympathy with sin
And sin's due wages have I none to give !
Myself I long since severed from ye all
Lest I too grew polluted, and lost Heaven ;
My life belongs to God, and not to men.”

Then sore at heart and all uncomforted,
With wrathful words the people turned away,
And he, all fearful lest they came again
To mar his contemplation, left that place
And built himself a hut in forest glade
Where never human foot save his alone
Should ever tread. Here in deep solitude
He strove to keep his spirit sanctified,
And separate his thoughts from all save God !

One dawn, as rapt in orisons he knelt,
A small bird perched upon his window-sill
And sang at first so soft he scarcely heard,
His thoughts still tarrying heavenward ;
But by-and-by the song grew sweeter far, '
Clearer and louder with a melody
Fraught with the memories of times gone by,
And things so long forgotten that it seemed
They never yet had been, till now
They lived within the mirror of the song
In those sweet notes he could not choose but hear.
Almost he heard his mother's voice again,
Felt her sweet kiss upon his boyish brow,
And in her eyes read all that selfless love
Which could deny him nothing, though it cost
An agony in gift. His early youth
Returned once more ; those bright unclouded days
When all the world was as a garden fair
Wherein he roamed at will,—all, all came back,
And like the lovely fragments of a lay
Once all familiar, scarce remembered now,
Which in their incompleteness lovelier seem,
So to Philemon came the vanished past !

Till suddenly he woke as from a dream !
The vision all had faded ; and the song
Had ceased, and the sweet bird had flown away,
While bitter anger filled Philemon's soul.
His thoughts, his prayers, his intercourse with Heaven
Had all been interrupted ; he himself
Drawn from celestial regions down to earth
All thro' the twittering of a feathered thing—
A foolish feathered thing not worth a doit ;
So 'neath a heavy shadow all that day
Philemon spent the hours in penitence.

Next morning as entranced in prayer he lay,
All gently through the silence came the trill,
The living ecstasy of that sweet song
Which yesterday had cast its wondrous spell
About his heart ; and now it came again,
The innocent twittering of a little bird,
Which roused him first to wonder, then to wrath ;
For quickly starting up he looked about
Until he saw the bird within his reach,

Its bright eyes full of fearless confidence,
Its wings all quivering with its fervent song.
Then the priest raised a heavy oaken staff
And slew it where it stood remorselessly,
And flung it from him, saying fiercely,
"No more at least shalt thou disturb my prayer."

And even as he spoke behold a light,
A great and wondrous light shone suddenly
Within the hut, and lo ! an angel stood,
Just where the dead bird's blood had stained the floor ;
Then a great tremor seized Philemon, and
He fell upon his face for very fear,
As his celestial visitor thus spoke :
"Why hast thou slain My messenger, Philemon ?"
"Dread Lord, what messenger ? I did but slay
A little bird." And the voice spake again :
"O thou remorseless priest, dost thou not know
That every bird throughout the world is Mine,
That every leaf on every tree is Mine,
Each blade of grass, each flower that grows is Mine,
And is a part of Me ? That slain bird's song
Was sweeter far than all thy many prayers.
When from thy doors thou once didst send the poor
And needy ones, refusing them all aid,
Even so I turned My face from thee, nor heard
Thy supplications—Thou hast broke My Law,
Wherefore hear now thy meed of punishment :
A thousand years shalt thou inhabit here
This hut within the forest. Human eye
Shall never find thee—human foot ne'er track
Thy path, nor ever voice of man sound on
Thine ear. But for thy solace birds and beasts
And flowers shall be to thee companions ;
And wisdom shalt thou learn and gain from them ;
And by thy love for them make peace with Heaven,
Not by thy prayers, not by thy fasts, for these
Do count but little in the Eternal Scheme ;
But by an all-compassionate, tender love,
That holds the least and lowest to its heart,
Shalt thou at last attain the infinite,
And penetrate the mysteries Divine."

The voice had ceased, the glory passed away, and when
Philemon raised his eyes—he was alone !

With spirit humbled, stricken, sore at heart,
And conscious of the Justice of his doom,
Yet not bereft of Hope, Philemon worked,
And straight began his Heaven-appointed task.
And to this day the travellers' legends tell
Of a vast solitude no foot hath trod,
Where giant trees from immemorial time
Still spread their shade—and colonies of birds
And beasts do congregate, and golden bees,
And dazzling butterflies of wondrous hue,
By myriads make a world of life around.
Where rare and marvellous flowers scent the air,
And birds of passage on their voyages
Do pause and rest as in some Paradise ;
And where all life is at Eternal Peace,
In a blest haven, Eden of its own.
There is a guardian of this happy place,
A spirit thin and white and silver-haired,
Who understands the language of the birds,
Who reads the secrets of the forest flowers,
In whom all creatures of the woods confide,
A mystic being, with glad, gentle eyes,
And voice of infinite compassion, whose
Strange life has lasted nigh a thousand years.

Cities and empires crumble and decay,
The generations pass, the centuries go,
And none remember him who once was called
Philemon, the wise Servitor of God,
Grown wise indeed at last, with that true light
The which alone is sanctified and blest,
The wisdom of His vast Eternal Love.

THE BELLS.

By EDGAR ALLAN POE.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells !
What a world of merriment their melody foretells !
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

EDGAR ALLAN POE

In the icy air of night !
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells !
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight !
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon !
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the Future ! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells !
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright !
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavour.
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair !
 How they clang, and clash, and roar !
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air !
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows :
 Yet the ear distinctly tells.
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamour and the clangour of the bells !

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells !
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels .
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone !
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls :

And their king it is who tolls ;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls

A pæan from the bells !
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells !
 And he dances and he yells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells :
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door—
 "Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
 Only this, and nothing more."

Ah ! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor,
 Eagerly I wished the morrow ; vainly I had sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
 For the rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels named
 Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door :

 This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,
" Sir," said I, " or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I opened wide the
door :

 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering,
fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream
before ;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word
" Lenore ! "

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word
" Lenore ! "

 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before :
" Surely," said I, " surely that is something at my window lattice ;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.

 ' Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven, of the saintly days of yore ;
Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or stayed he ;
But with mien of lord or lady perched above my chamber door—
Perched above a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—

 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore :
" Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, " art sure
no craven ;

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly
shore,

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore ? "

 Quoth the Raven, " Never more."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore ;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door
 With such name as "Never more."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour ;
 Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered,
 Till I scarcely more than muttered—"Other friends have flown
 before,
 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
 Then the bird said, "Never more."

Startled by the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
 Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden
 bore—
 Till the dirges of his hope this melancholy burden bore—
 Of 'Never, never more.'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust,
 and door ;
 Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
 Fancy into fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of
 yore
 Meant in croaking "Never more."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core ;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining, that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
 But whose violet velvet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press—ah, never more !

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen
 censer
 Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels He
 hath sent thee
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from my memories of Lenore !
 Quaff—oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
ashore

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me, tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both
adore—

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend," I shrieked,
upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore;
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken,
Leave my loneliness unbroken—quit the bust above my door,
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my
door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the
floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—never more!

ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

L

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!

In a sadly-pleasing strain,
Let the warbling lute complain:

Let the loud trumpet sound,
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound :
 While in more lengthened notes and slow
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark ! the numbers soft and clear
 Gently steal upon the ear ;
 Now louder and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies ;
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;
 Till by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away
 In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ;
 Or when the soul is pressed with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :
 Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 Listening envy drops her snakes ;
 Intestine war no more our passions wage,
 And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music every bosom warms !
 So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main.
 Transported demi-gods stood round,*

* Apollonius says that when the *Argo* was sailing near the coast where the centaur Chiron dwelt, he came down to the very margin of the sea, bringing his wife with the young Achilles in her arms, that he might show the child to his father Peleus, who was on his voyage with the other Argonauts.

And men grew heroes at the sound
Inflamed with glory's charms :
Each chief his sevenfold shield displayed,
And half unsheathed the shining blade :
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms !

IV.

But when through all the infernal bounds
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appeared
O'er all the dreary coasts !
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts !
But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre !
And see ! the tortured ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance !
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance !
The furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurled hang listening round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers ;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bowers ;
By the hero's armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades,
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife !

He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the poet's prayer :
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious !
 Though Fate had fast bound her
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the fall of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in Mæanders,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost !
 Now with furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows
 Amidst Rhodope's snows ;
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;
 Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
 Ah, see, he dies !
 Yet even in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And Fate's severest rage disarm :
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please :
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful choir,
The immortal powers incline their ear,
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heaven.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

WRITTEN 1712.

ODE.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

I.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

III.

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O grave ! where is thy victory ?
O death ! where is thy sting ?

MARSTON MOOR.

FOUGHT 1ST JULY, 1644.

BY WILLIAM MACKWORTH PRAED.

To horse ! to horse ! Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note is high !
 To horse ! to horse ! Sir Nicholas, the big drum makes reply !
 Ere this hath Lucas marched, with his gallant cavaliers,
 And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter on our ears.
 To horse ! to horse ! Sir Nicholas ! White Guy is at the door,
 And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer,
 And she brought a silken standard down the narrow turret-stair ;
 O ! many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
 As she worked the bright word "Glory" in the gay and glancing
 thread ;
 And mournful was the smile which o'er those beauteous features
 ran,
 As she said : "It is your lady's gift ; unfurl it in the van !"

"It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride,
 Thro' the steel-clad files of Skippon, the black dragons of Pride ;
 The recreant soul of Fairfax will feel a sicklier qualm,
 And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
 When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt bravely on their wing,
 And hear her loyal soldiers' shout, For God and for the King !"

'Tis noon. The ranks are broken, along the royal line
 They fly, the braggarts of the court ! the bullies of the Rhine !
 Stout Langley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is
 down,
 And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a frown,
 And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in the flight,
 "The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night."

The knight is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
 His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain ;
 Yet still he waves the standard, and cries amid the rout,
 "For Church and King, fair gentlemen ! spur on, and fight it
 out !"
 And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a stave,
 And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells a knave.

God speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! thou hast no thought of fear ;
God speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! but fearful odds are here !
The traitors ring thee round, and with every blow and thrust,
“ Down, down,” they cry, “ with Belial ! down with him to the
dust ! ”

“ I would,” quoth grim old Oliver, “ that Belial’s trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the Lord ! ”

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower,
The grey-haired warden watches from the castle’s highest tower ;
“ What news ? what news, old Anthony ? ”—“ The field is lost
and won :

The ranks of war are melting as the mists beneath the sun !
And a wounded man speeds hither—I’m old and cannot see,
Or sure I am that sturdy step my master’s step should be ! ”

“ I bring thee back the standard from as rude and rough a fray
As e’er was proof of soldier’s thews, or theme for minstrel’s lay !
Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor *quantum suff.* ;
I’ll make a shift to drain it ere I part with boot and buff—
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing out his
life,
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife.

“ Sweet ! we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship for
France,
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm’s mischance :
Or if the worst betide me, why, better axe or rope
Than life with Lenthall for a king, and Peters for a pope !
Alas ! alas ! my gallant Guy !—out on the crop-eared boor
That sent me, with my standard, on foot from Marston Moor ! ”

REQUITAL.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

LOUD roared the Tempest,
Fast fell the sleet ;
A little Child Angel
Passed down the street,
With trailing pinions,
And weary feet.

The moon was hidden,
No stars were bright,
So she could not shelter
In heaven that night,
For the Angels' ladders
Are rays of light.

She beat her wings
At each window pane,
And pleaded for shelter,
But all in vain :
" Listen," they said,
" To the pelting rain ! "

She sobbed, as the laughter
And mirth grew higher,
" Give me rest and shelter
Beside your fire,
And I will give you
Your heart's desire ! "

The dreamer sat watching
His embers' gleam,
While his heart was floating
Down hope's bright stream
. . . So he wove her wailing
Into his dream.

The worker toiled on,
For his time was brief ;
The mourner was nursing
Her own pale grief :
They heard not the promise
That brought relief.

But fiercer the Tempest
Rose than before,
When the Angel paused
At a humble door,
And asked for refuge
And help once more.

A weary woman,
Pale, worn and thin,
With the brand upon her
Of want and sin,
Heard the Child Angel,
And took her in.

Took her in gently,
And did her best
To dry her pinions ;
And made her rest
With tender pity
Upon her breast.

When the eastern morning
Grew bright and red,
Up the first sunbeam
The Angel fled ;
Having kissed the woman
And left her—dead.

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

FOUNDED ON AN OLD FRENCH LEGEND.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE fettered Spirits linger
In purgatorial pain,
With penal fires effacing
Their last faint earthly stain,
Which Life's imperfect sorrow
Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet on each feast of Mary
Their sorrow finds release,
For the Great Archangel Michael
Comes down and bids it cease ;
And the name of these brief respites
Is called "Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once—so runs the Legend—
When the Archangel came,
And all these holy spirits
Rejoiced at Mary's name,
One voice alone was wailing,
Still wailing on the same.

And though a great Te Deum
The happy echoes woke,
This one discordant wailing
Through the sweet voices broke ;
So when St. Michael questioned,
Thus the poor spirit spoke :—

"I am not cold or thankless,
Although I still complain ;
I prize our Lady's blessing,
Although it comes in vain
To still my bitter anguish,
Or quench my ceaseless pain.

"On earth a heart that loved me
Still lives and mourns me there,
And the shadow of his anguish
Is more than I can bear ;
All the torment that I suffer
Is the thought of his despair.

"The evening of my bridal
Death took my Life away ;
Not all Love's passionate pleading
Could gain an hour's delay.
And he I left has suffered
A whole year since that day.

"If I could only see him,—
If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
And solace,—then, I know
He would endure with patience,
And strive against his woe.'

Thus the Archangel answered :—

"Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of Heaven
Will give you full relief ;
Yet if his earthly comfort
So much outweighs your grief,

"Then through a special mercy
I offer you this grace,—
You may seek him who mourns you
And look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort
For one short minute's space.

"But when that time is ended,
Return here, and remain
A thousand years in torment,
A thousand years in pain :
Thus dearly must you purchase
The comfort he will gain."

.

The Lime-trees' shade at evening
 Is spreading broad and wide ;
 Beneath their fragrant arches,
 Pace slowly, side by side,
 In low and tender converse,
 A Bridegroom and his Bride.

The night is calm and stilly,
 No other sound is there
 Except their happy voices :
 What is that cold bleak air
 That passes through the Lime-trees
 And stirs the Bridegroom's hair ?

While one low cry of anguish,
 Like the last dying wail
 Of some dumb, hunted creature,
 Is borne upon the gale :—
 Why does the Bridegroom shudder
 And turn so deathly pale ?

Near Purgatory's entrance
 The radiant Angels wait ;
 It was the great St. Michael
 Who closed that gloomy gate,
 When the poor wandering spirit
 Came back to meet her fate.

"Pass on," thus spoke the Angel :
 "Heaven's joy is deep and vast ;
 Pass on, pass on, poor Spirit,
 For Heaven is yours at last ;
 In that one minute's anguish
 Your thousand years have passed."

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

GIRT round with rugged mountains
 The fair Lake Constance lies ;
 In her blue heart reflected
 Shine back the starry skies ;
 And watching each white cloudlet
 Float silently and slow,
 You think a piece of heaven
 Lies on our earth below !

Midnight is there : and Silence,
Enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town :
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep :
Mountain, and lake, and valley
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread ;
And every year that fled
So silently and fast
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change ;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange ;
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz
With longing and with tears :
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years ;
She heeded not the rumours
Of Austrian war and strife ;
Each day she rose contented,
To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
Of her own native land ;
And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt : the valley
More peaceful year by year ;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground ;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round ;
All talk of flax or spinning,
Or work, was put away ;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled ;
With jovial laugh they feasted ;
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, " We drink the downfall
Of an accursèd land !

"The night is growing darker,
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror,
(Yet Pride, too, had her part,)
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz ;
Once more her towers arose ;
What were the friends beside her ?
Only her country's foes !
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains
Reclaimed her as their own !

Nothing she heard around her,
(Though shouts rang forth again,)
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture, and the plain ;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step she sped ;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed ;
She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast ;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past ;
She looks up ; clouds are heavy :
Why is her steed so slow ?—
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "oh, faster!"
Eleven the church-bells chime:
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness;
The bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance,
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep banks he bears her,
And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honour
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
 And yet upon the hill
 An old stone gateway rises,
 To do her honour still.
 And there, when Bregenz women
 Sit spinning in the shade,
 They see in quaint old carving
 The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
 By gateway, street, and tower,
 The warder paces all night long,
 And calls each passing hour;
 "Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
 And then (O crown of Fame!)
 When midnight pauses in the skies,
 He calls the maiden's name!

[From "*Legends and Lyrics.*"]

THE LAST SHOT.

A TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

BY JOHN D. REID.

THREE to ride and to save, one to ride and be saved—
 That's the key of my tale, deep on my heart engraved.
 With death before and behind, through dangers many and nigh,
 Four to ride together, and three of the four to die.

There was the Captain's daughter, a young and delicate girl,
 With her childlike face and shining eyes, and hair of sunniest
 curl;
 She looked like a beautiful flower, too slight to be even caressed,
 Yet never had hero braver heart than beat in that girlish breast.

And then there was Sergeant Gray, a martinet old and grim;
 The biggest tyrant that ever lived was a lamb compared to him;
 Ne'er-dae-weel Douglas next, a Borderer born and bred,
 With a sin on his soul for every hair that grew on his handsome
 head.

And then there was Fighting Denis—Denis the stout of heart,
 Foremost in every row and brawl, skilled in the "manly art";
 Take the three altogether, the truth is, old and young,
 They were three o' the greatest scamps that ever deserved to be
 hung.

Slowly the red moon rose, and then the sergeant spoke :

"Pat, look to the horses' girths ; Graham, give the lady this cloak ;

Now, miss, be your father's daughter ; our lads are close below,
The horses are fresh, the road is clear, and we've only five miles to go."

Then spoke the Captain's daughter, and her voice was weak but clear :

"I want you to promise, brave friends, while we're all together here,

That you'll keep the last shot for me—when each heart of hope despairs ;

Better to die by hands like yours than be left alive in theirs."

The sergeant cleared his throat, and turned his face away ;

Denis, the stout of heart, had never a word to say ;

And Douglas grasped his hilt with a look and gesture grim,

While he looked on the face o' the girl with eyes grown suddenly blurred and dim.

"Oh, you'll promise me, will you not ?" the weak voice pleaded again,

"You will not leave me to *them*—you—soldiers—my father's men ?

For the sake of my mother in Heaven—and God and death so near—

Oh, father, father, *you* would, I know, if only you were here."

"I promise." "And I." "And I." The voices were hoarse and low,

And each man prayed, I ween, that the task *he* might not know,

As out on the plain they rode swiftly and silently—

Four to ride together, and three o' the four to die.

Fire to the right and left, fire in front and rear,

As the dusky demons broke from their lurking ambush near—

"Noo, Denis, boot tae boot—keep close between, ye twa—

We've cut her a way through waur than this, an'—Chairge !'

"Hurroo !" "Hurrah !"

Up on the crest o' the rise where Cawnpore's curse of blood

Hushes with horror yet the wide and rolling flood,

Douglas reeled in his saddle, and whispered brokenly—

"Gray, dinna let her ken, but it's near a' ower wi' me."

"Hit?"—"Ay, here in the side."—"Bad?"—"Ay, bad, but—
a—h!

I'll face yon hounds on the brae, it may gain ye a minute or twa—
Tak' my horse—ye may need it for her. Steady, there!—woa,
there, Gem!

Dinna forget your promise—yon lassie's no for *them*."

An iron grip o' the hands—a mist o'er the sergeant's sight,
As he swiftly wheeled the horses, and vanished in the night;
Then round to the nearing foe, under the starry sky,
Alone with his God and his own brave heart Grahame Douglas
turned to die.

Then fighting it, thrust for thrust, and fighting it, blow for blow,
Till at last, where the bank fell sheer to the dusky stream below,
He fell—a groan—a plunge—wave circles eddying wide—
And the ne'er-dae-weel was still at last 'neath the river's turbid
tide.

A sputter of fire on the right, a flame of fire in the rear,
And Gem leaped up and fell—another, and all too near
The hissing bullets came, and then the sergeant knew
His blood and life were ebbing away with every breath he drew.

Sore and deep the wound, but never a moan he made,
And rising up in his saddle, erect as when on parade,
"Pat, if you get in, report that Douglas and I are dead;
Tell them we did our duty, and mind—your promise," he said.

The maiden checked her horse with a quick, wild scream of
pain—

"O Heaven, have pity!" she sobbed, as Denis seized her rein;
Then, giving his last command: "Ride on!" with impatient
frown,

True British soldier to the last, the brave old man went down.

Oh, pale the maiden's face, but her brow was calm and clear,
Though never had woman yet such awful cause for fear;
And Denis, the stout of heart, in his saddle turned to rise,
With the lurid glare of maddened rage in his kindly Irish eyes.

Swiftly he aimed and fired—every shot was sure,
And fierce the yells that hailed the fall of each dusky blackamoor,
Till sudden the maiden's voice came shrill in agony:
"Oh, Denis, brave Denis, you promised you would keep the last
for me!"

Oh, pale was the maiden's face, and her white lips moved in prayer ;

Then, with never a sign of fear, for the hero soul was there,
With the virgin martyr's glory lighting her bonny brow,
She laid her hand on Denis's arm, and gently whispered : " Now ! "

The strong man shook 'neath the touch of those tiny finger-tips,
And " Say you forgive me, miss," broke hoarse from his ashen lips.

" Forgive you ? Again and again ! You see I do not fear !
God bless you, gallant soldier ! Now, straight and sure—aim here ! "

She laid one hand on her heart, then clasped them o'er her head,
And into the darkened sky her latest look she sped ;
And Denis raised his arm with slow and deadly aim—
When all the world seemed leaping to meet them in thunder and cloud and flame.

'Mid the smoke—'mid splintering shells that glare and shriek and grate—

'Mid the battery's bursting blaze—'mid the rifle's flashing hate—
'Mid the pibroch's savage swell—'mid the trumpet's mad'ning alarms—

The Captain's daughter fainted safe in her frantic father's arms.

While, with hurricane-roar, and rush, with clang of hoof and steel,
With flame in each rider's eye, and fire at each charger's heel,
With shouts that rose to the sky on vengeance-laden breath—
The British squadrons thundered by to the carnival of death.

But prone on his back lay Denis—Denis, the stout of heart—
Still as she for whom he had played a hero's part.
Dying—alone ! Unheeded ! What matter ? The fight was won.
He was only a *common* soldier—besides, his work was done.

.

Only three common soldiers, only three common men,
Giving their lives for a woman, as men have again and again ;
Only doing their duty, teaching *this* lesson anew—
Where'er true woman points the way, true man will dare and do.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

MY LADY SINGING.

By C. C. RHYS.

THE curtains for the night are drawn ;
 Long since the last birds went a-winging
 Their nestward flight, and o'er the lawn
 Come tender notes with moonlight's dawn—
 I hear my lady singing.

I see her not, nor know for whom
 Those notes are struck ; yet Fancy, swinging
 Her censer o'er me, through the gloom
 Wafts a fair form into my room—
 It is my lady singing.

A thing of loveliness and joy,
 Dark curls from whitest brow she's flinging,
 Wherewith the moonbeams love to toy ;—
 And nought can trouble or annoy
 What time my lady's singing.

Old songs she sings, and each recalls
 Old memories in the strain upspringing ;
 Old ballad-songs of barons' halls,
 Of maiden tryst and magic thralls,
 Hark to my lady singing !

Songs of the golden harvest-time,
 The scent of cornfields round them clinging,
 While far the village church bells chime,
 And seem to sound a solemn rhyme
 Unto my lady's singing.

Italia's songs wherein I hear
 All bird-choirs under heaven ringing ;—
 Then falls a dirge upon the ear,
 And lo ! a funeral is near,
 And still my lady's singing.

On floats the music, such a throng
 Of quaint associations bringing.
 The lamp is burning low—and long
 The shadows fall—and ends the song.
 No more my lady's singing.

[From "Up for the Season." By Special Permission of Messrs. Swan
 Sonnenschein & Co.]

AFTERWHILES.

By J. WHITCOMB RILEY.

WHERE are they—the Afterwhiles—
Luring us the lengthening miles
Of our lives? Where is the dawn
With the dew across the lawn
Stroked with eager feet the far
Way the hills and valleys are?
Where the sun that smites the frown
Of the eastward gazer down?
Where the rifted wreathes of mist
O'er us, tinged with amethyst,
Round the mountain's steep defiles?
Where are all the afterwhiles?

Afterwhile—and we will go
Thither, you, and to and fro—
From the stifling city-streets
To the country's cool retreats—
From the riot to the rest
Where hearts beat the placidest;
Afterwhile, and we will fall
Under breezy trees, and loll
In the shade, with thirsty sight
Drinking deep the blue delight
Of the skies that will beguile
Us as children—afterwhile

Afterwhile—and one intends
To be gentler to his friends—
To walk with them, in the hush
Of still evenings, o'er the plush
Of home-leading fields, and stand
Long at parting, hand in hand:
One, in time, will joy to take
New resolves for someone's sake
And wear then the look that lies
Clear and pure in other eyes—
He will soothe and reconcile
His own conscience—afterwhile.

Afterwhile—we have in view
A far scene to journey to,—
Where the old home is, and where
The old mother waits us there,

Peering, as the time grows late,
 Down the old path to the gate,—
 How we'll click the latch that locks
 In the pinks and hollyhocks,
 And leap up the path once more
 Where she waits us at the door—
 How we'll greet the dear old smile,
 And the warm tears—afterwhile !

Ah, the endless afterwhiles !—
 Leagues on leagues and miles on miles,
 In the distance far withdrawn
 Stretching on, and on, and on,
 Till the fancy is footsore,
 And faints in the dust before
 The last milestone's granite face,
 Hacked with : Here Beginneth Space.
 O far glimmering worlds and wings,
 Mystic smiles and beckonings,
 Lead us through the shadowy aisles,
 Out into the afterwhiles.

[By Special Permission of the Bowen-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, U.S.A.]

GINEVRA.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

SHE was an only child ; from infancy
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire ;—
 The young Ginevra was his all in life,
 Still as she grew, for ever in his sight ;
 And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
 Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
 Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety ;
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour ;
 Now frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
 The nurse, that ancient lady preached decorum ;
 And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
 Great was the joy ; but at the bridal feast,
 When all sat down, the bride was wanting there,
 Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried,

"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
 And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
 'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
 Laughing and looking back and flying still.
 But now, alas! she was not to be found;
 Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
 But that she was not!

Weary of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 Orsini lived; and long might'st thou have seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of something,
 Something he could not find—he knew not what.
 When he was gone, the house remained a while
 Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
 When on an idle day, a day of search
 Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
 That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
 By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginerva,
 "Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
 'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
 It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold,
 All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
 Engraven with her name, the name of both,
 "Ginevra."—There then had she found a grave!
 Within that chest had she concealed herself,
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
 When a spring lock, which lay in ambush there,
 Fastened her down for ever!

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE blessed Damozel leaned out
 From the gold bar of heaven;
 Her eyes were deeper than the depth
 Of waters stilled at even;
 She had three lilies in her hand
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn ;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers ;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers ;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing : the autumn fall of leaves,
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's House
That she was standing on ;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun ;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names ;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm ;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path ; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now ; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf ; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah, sweet ! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened ? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair ?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven ?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd ?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
And shall I feel afraid ?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light ;
As unto a stream we will step down
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God ;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
 I myself, lying so,
 The songs I sing here ; which his voice
 Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
 And find some knowledge at each pause,
 Or some new thing to know."

(Alas ! we two, we two, thou say'st !
 Yea, one wast thou with me
 That once of old. But shall God lift
 To endless unity
 The soul whose likeness with thy soul
 Was but its love for thee ?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
 Where the Lady Mary is,
 With her five handmaidens, whose names
 Are five sweet symphonies,
 Cicily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
 Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
 And foreheads garlanded ;
 Into the fine cloth white like flame
 Weaving the golden thread,
 To fashion the birth-robcs for them
 Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb :
 Then will I lay my cheek
 To his, and tell about our love,
 Not once abashed or weak :
 And the dear Mother will approve
 My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
 To Him round whom all souls
 Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
 Bowed with their aureoles :
 And angels meeting us shall sing
 To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
 Thus much for him and me :—
 Only to live as once on earth
 With Love,—only to be,
 As then awhile, for ever now
 Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened, and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild,—
 "All this is when he comes." She ceased.
 The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
 With angels in strong level flight.
 Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
 Was vague in distant spheres ;
 And then she cast her arms along
 The golden barriers,
 And laid her face between her hands,
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

[*By Special Permission of Wm. M. Rossetti, Esq., and of Messrs. Ellis & Elvey.*]

A SONNET.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

A SONNET is a moment's monument,—
 Memorial from the Soul's eternity
 To one deathless hour. Look that it be,
 Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
 Of its own arduous fulness reverent :
 Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
 As day or night may rule ; and let Time see
 Its flowering crest impearled and orient.

A Sonnet is a coin : its face reveals
 The soul,—its converse, to what Power 'tis due—
 Whether for tribute to the august appeals
 Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
 It serve ; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
 In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

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THE DIVER.

TRANSLATED BY J. C. MANGAN.

BY FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

"BARON or vassal, is any so bold
As to plunge in yon gulf, and follow,
Through chamber and cave, this beaker of gold—
Which already the waters whirlingly swallow?
Who retrieves the prize from the horrid abyss
Shall keep it: the gold and the glory be his!"

So spake the king, and incontinent flung
From the cliff that, gigantic and steep,
High over Charybdis's whirlpool hung,
A glittering wine-cup down in the deep;
And again he asked: "Is there one so brave
As to plunge for the gold in the dangerous wave?"

And the knights and the knaves all answerless hear
The challenging words of the speaker;
And some glance downwards with looks of fear,
And none are ambitious of winning the beaker.
And a third time the king his question urges—
"Dares none, then, breast the menacing surges?"

But the silence lasts unbroken and long;
When a page, fair-featured and soft,
Steps forth from the shuddering vassal throng,
And his mantle and girdle already are doffed,
And the groups of nobles and damsels nigh
Envisage the youth with a wondering eye.

He dreadlessly moves to the gaunt crag's brow,
And measures the drear depth under;
But the waters Charybdis had swallowed, she now
Regurgitates, giving back in thunder;
And the foam, with a stunning and horrible sound,
Breaks its hoar way through the waves around.

And now, ere the din rethunders, the youth
Invokes the great name of GOD;
And blended shrieks of horror and ruth
Burst forth as he plunges headlong unawed:
And down he descends through the watery bed,
And the waves boom over his sinking head.

Now, wert thou even, O Monarch ! to fling
Thy crown in the angry abyss,
And exclaim, "Who recovers the crown shall be king !"
The guerdon were powerless to tempt me, I wis ;
For what in Charybdis's caverns dwells
No chronicle penned of mortal tells.

Full many a vessel beyond repeal
Lies low in that gulf to-day,
And the shattered masts and the drifting keel
Alone tell the tale of the swooper's prey.
But hark ! with a noise like the howling of storms,
Again the wild water the surface deforms.

When, lo ! ere as yet the billowy war,
Loud raging beneath, is o'er,
An arm and a neck are distinguished afar,
And a swimmer is seen to make for the shore .
And hardily buffeting surge and breaker,
He springs upon land, with the golden beaker.

Now, bearing the booty triumphantly,
At the foot of the throne he falls,
And he proffers his trophy on bended knee ;
And the king to his beautiful daughter calls,
Who fills with red wine the glittering cup,
While the gallant stripling again stands up.

"All hail to the King ! Rejoice, ye who breathe
Wheresoever Earth's gales are driven !
For ghastly and drear is the region beneath ;
And let man beware how he tempts high Heaven !
Let him never essay to uncurtain to light
What destiny shrouds in horror and night.

"The maelstrom dragged me down in its course ;
When, forth from the cleft of a rock,
A torrent outrushed with tremendous force,
And met me anew with deadening shock ;
And I felt my brain swim and my senses reel,
As the double-flood whirled around like a wheel.

"But the GOD I had cried to answered me
When my destiny darkliest frowned,
And He showed me a reef of rocks in the sea,
Whereunto I clung, and there I found
On a coral jag the goblet of gold,
Which else to the lowermost crypt had rolled.

“And there I hung, aghast and dismayed,
Among skeleton larvæ ; the only
Thing conscious of life—despairing of aid
In that vastness untrodden and lonely.
But the maelstrom grasped me with arms of strength,
And upwhirled and upbore me to daylight at length.”

Then spake to the page the marvelling king—
“The golden cup is thine own,
But—I promise thee further this jewelled ring,
That beams with a priceless hyacinth stone,
Should'st thou dive once more and discover for me
The mysteries shrined in the cells of the sea.”

Now the king's fair daughter was touched and grieved,
And she fell at her father's feet—
“Oh, father ! enough what the youth has achieved !
Expose not his life anew, I entreat !
If this your heart's longing you cannot well tame,
There are surely knights here who will rival his fame.”

But the king hurled downwards the golden cup,
And he spake, as it sank in the wave—
“Now, should'st thou a second time bring it me up,
As my knight, and the bravest of all my brave,
Thou shalt sit at my nuptial banquet, and she
Who pleads for thee thus thy wedded shall be !”

Then the blood to the youth's hot temples rushes,
And his eyes on the maiden are cast,
And he sees her at first overspread with blushes,
And then growing pale and sinking aghast ;
So, vowing to win so glorious a crown,
For life or for death he again plunges down !

The far-sounding din returns amain,
And the foam is alive as before,
And all eyes are bent downward. In vain ! in vain !
The billows indeed re-dash and re-roar ;
But while ages shall roll, and those billows shall thunder,
That youth shall sleep under !

THE CLOUD.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In the noon-day dreams,
From my wings are shaken the dews that awaken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast,
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits ;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crag, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.
The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
While an earthquake rocks and swims
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,

And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.
That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be ;
The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
 I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run ;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its ærial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view :

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine :
 I have never heard,
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
 Or triumphant chaunt,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What object are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain ?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
 What shapes of sky or plain ?
 What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Langour cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not
Our sincerest laughter,
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measure
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasure
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PART FIRST.

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love fell everywhere ;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop and then the violet
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wild-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness ;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath address,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare :

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flow'rets which drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower ;
Radiance and odour are not its dower :
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful !

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings ;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar ;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass ;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears ;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,
Which, like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam
Move, as reeds in a single stream ;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the Earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, tho' less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;
Whose waves never mark, tho' they ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness ;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Upgathered into the bosom of rest ;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favourite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

PART SECOND.

THERE was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden ; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn till even :
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
Laughed round her footsteps up from the Earth !

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told, whilst the moon kissed the sleep from her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise :

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Tho' the veil of daylight concealed him from her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it pressed ;
You might hear, by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and the going of the wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet ;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers, thro' all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam ;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustained them with rods and ozier bands ;
If the flowers had been her own infants, she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof.

In a basket, of grasses and wild flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banished insect, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moth that kiss
The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did she
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
She left clinging round the smooth and dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer-tide,
And ere the first leaf looked brown—she died !

PART THIRD.

THREE days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awakened, were,
Or the waves of Baiæ, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chaunt,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
And the sobs of the mourners deep and low ;

The weary sounds and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of the passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank ;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass ;
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,
And sate in the pines, and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul,
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noonday sun looked clear and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night,

The rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
Paved the turf and the moss below.
The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever was fed on dew,
Leaf after leaf, day after day,
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and grey, and red,
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past ;
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the wingèd seeds
Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalk on which they were set ;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks
Were bent and tangled across the walks,
And the leafless network of parasite bowers
Massed into ruin ; and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow,
All loathiest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.

The thistles, and nettles, and dandelion rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock dank,
Stretched out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse feels loath,
Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly, and pulpy, and blistering, and blue,
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics and fungi, with mildew and mould,
Started like mist from the wet ground cold ;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated !

Their moss rotted off them, flake by flake,
Till the thick stalk stuck like a murderer's stake,
Where rags of loose flesh yet tremble on high,
Infecting the winds that wander by.

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,
And at its outlet, flags huge as stakes
Dammed it up with roots knotted like water snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapours arose which have strength to kill :
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and flitted in broad noonday
Unseen ; every branch on which they alit
By a venomous blight was burned and bit.

The Sensitive Plant like one forbid,
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves which together grew,
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn ;
The sap shrank to the root through every pore
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For winter came : the wind was his whip :
One choppy finger was on his lip :
He had torn the cataracts from the hills
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles ;

His breath was a chain which without a sound
The earth, and the air, and the water bound ;
He came, fiercely driven, in his chariot-throne
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living death
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath :
Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost !

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The moles and the dormice died for want :
The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air,
And were caught in the branches naked and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain,
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again,
Then there steamed up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew ;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy and stiff,
And snapped them off with his rigid griff.

When winter had gone and spring came back,
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wrack ;
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks, and darnels,
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

CONCLUSION.

WHETHER the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat,
Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,
 No longer with the form combined
 Which scattered love, as stars do light,
 Found sadness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess ; but in this life
 Of error, ignorance, and strife,
 Where nothing is, but all things seem,
 And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet
 Pleasant if one considers it,
 To own that death itself must be,
 Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
 And all sweet shapes and odours there,
 In truth have never pass'd away :
 'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed ! not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight,
 There is no death nor change : their might
 Exceeds our organs, which endure
 No light, being themselves obscure.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.*

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

* This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset, with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathises with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
Destroyer and preserver ; hear, O, hear !

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean.

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright air uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst : O, hear !

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams.

Beside a pumice isle in Baia's bay,
And saw in deep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves : O, hear !

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision ; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet thou in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

THE KING OF KINGS.

BY JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things :
There is no armour against fate :
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels when they kill,
But their strong nerves at last must yield :
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on their brow—
Then boast no more your mighty deeds !
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds
All heads must come
To the cold tomb :
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

BILLY'S ROSE.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

BILLY's dead, and gone to glory—so is Billy's sister Nell :
There's a tale I know about them were I poet I would tell ;
Soft it comes, with perfume laden, like a breath of country air
Wafted down the filthy alley, bringing fragrant odours there.

In that vile and filthy alley, long ago one winter's day,
Dying quick of want and fever, hapless, patient Billy lay,
While beside him sat his sister, in the garret's dismal gloom,
Cheering with her gentle presence Billy's pathway to the tomb.

Many a tale of elf and fairy did she tell the dying child,
Till his eyes lost half their anguish, and his worn, wan features
smiled.

Tales herself had heard hap-hazard, caught amid the Babel roar,
Lisp'd about by tiny gossips playing round their mothers' door.

Then she felt his wasted fingers tighten feebly as she told
How beyond this dismal alley lay a land of shining gold,
Where, when all the pain was over—where, when all the tears
were shed—

He would be a white-frosted angel, with a gold thing on his
head.

Then she told some garbled story of a kind-eyed Saviour's love,
How He'd built for little children great big playgrounds up
above,

Where they sang and played at hop-scotch and at horses all the
day,

And where beadles and policemen never frightened them away.

This was Nell's idea of Heaven—just a bit of what she'd heard,
With a little bit invented, and a little bit inferred.

But her brother lay and listened, and he seemed to understand,
For he closed his eyes and murmured he could see the Promised
Land.

"Yes," he whispered, "I can see it—I can see it, sister Nell ;
Oh, the children look so happy, and they're all so strong and
well ;

I can see them there with Jesus—He is playing with them, too !
Let us run away and join them, if there's room for me and you."

She was eight, this little maiden, and her life had all been spent
In the garret and the alley, where they starved to pay the rent ;
Where a drunken father's curses and a drunken mother's blows
Drove her forth into the gutter from the day's dawn to its close.

But she knew enough, this outcast, just to tell the sinking boy,
"You must die before you're able all these blessings to enjoy.
You must die," she whispered, "Billy, and I am not even ill ;
But I'll come to you, dear brother,—yes, I promise that I will.

"You are dying, little brother,—you are dying, oh, so fast ;
I heard father say to mother that he knew you couldn't last.
They will put you in a coffin, then you'll wake and be up there,
While I'm left alone to suffer, in this garret bleak and bare."

"Yes, I know it," answered Billy. "Ah, but, sister, I don't mind.

Gentle Jesus will not beat me ; He's not cruel or unkind.
But I can't help thinking, Nelly, I should like to take away
Something, sister, that you gave me, I might look at every day.

"In the summer you remember how the mission took us out
To a great green lovely meadow, where we played and ran about,
And the van that took us halted by a sweet bright patch of land,
Where the fine red blossoms grew, dear, half as big as mother's
hand.

"Nell, I asked the good kind teacher what they called such
flowers as those,
And he told me, I remember, that the pretty name was rose.
I have never seen them since, dear—how I wish that I had one !
Just to keep and think of you, Nell, when I'm up beyond the
sun."

Not a word said little Nelly ; but at night, when Billy slept,
On she flung her scanty garments and then down the stairs she
crept.

Through the silent streets of London she ran nimbly as a fawn,
Running on and running ever till the night had changed to
dawn.

When the foggy sun had risen, and the mist had cleared away,
All around her, wrapped in snowdrift, there the open country
lay.

She was tired, her limbs were frozen, and the roads had cut her
feet,

But there came no flowery gardens her poor tearful eyes to
greet.

She had traced the road by asking—she had learnt the way to go ;
She had found the famous meadow—it was wrapped in cruel
snow,

Not a buttercup or daisy, not a single verdant blade
Showed its head above its prison. Then she knelt her down and
prayed.

With her eyes upcast to heaven, down she sank upon the ground,
And she prayed to God to tell her where the roses might be
found.

Then the cold blast numbed her senses, and her sight grew
strangely dim ;

And a sudden awful tremor seemed to seize her every limb.

"Oh, a rose!" she moaned, "good Jesus—just a rose to take to Bill!"

And as she prayed a chariot came thundering down the hill,
And a lady sat there, toying with a red rose, rare and sweet;
As she passed she flung it from her, and it fell at Nelly's feet.

Just a word her lord had spoken caused her ladyship to fret,
And the rose had been his present, so she flung it in a pet.
But the poor half-blinded Nelly thought it fallen from the skies,
And she murmured, "Thank you, Jesus!" as she clasped the dainty prize.

.

Lo, that night from out the alley did a child's soul pass away
From dirt and sin and misery to where God's children play.
Lo, that night a wild, fierce snowstorm burst in fury o'er the land,
And at morn they found Nell frozen, with the red rose in her hand.

Billy's dead, and gone to glory—so is Billy's sister Nell;
Am I bold to say this happened in the land where angels dwell:—

That the children met in heaven, after all their earthly woes,
And that Nelly kissed her brother, and said: "Billy, here's your rose?"

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THE MAGIC WAND.

A SCHOOL BOARD OFFICER'S STORY.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

HORRIBLE dens, sir, aren't they?
This is one of my daily rounds.
It's here, in these awful places,
That child-life most abounds.
We ferret from roof to basement
In search of our tiny prey;
We're down on their homes directly
If they happen to stop away.

Knock at the door ! Pooh, nonsense !
 They wouldn't know what it meant.
 Come in and look about you ;
 They'll think you're a School Board gent.
 Did ever you see such hovels ?
 Dirty, and damp, and small ;
 Look at the rotten flooring,
 Look at the filthy wall.

That's lucky—the place is empty,
 The whole of the family's out.
 This is one of my fav'rite cases ;
 Just give a glance about.
 There's a father and four young children,
 And Sally the eldest's eight ;
 They're horribly poor—half-starving—
 And they live in a shocking state.

The father gets drunk and beats them,
 The mother she died last year :
 There's a story about her dying
 I fancy you'd like to hear.
 She was one of our backward pupils,
 Was Sally the eldest child—
 A poor little London blossom
 The alley had not defiled.

She was on at the Lane last winter—
 She played in the pantomime ;
 A lot of our School Board children
 Get on at the Christmas time.
 She was one of a group of fairies,
 And her wand was the wand up there—
 There, in the filthy corner
 Behind the broken chair.

The gilt of the star has faded,
 And the tinsel's peeled away ;
 But once, in the glaring lime-light,
 It gleamed like a jewelled spray.
 A fairy's wand in a lodging
 In a slum like this looks queer ;
 But you'll guess why they let her keep it
 When you know how the wand came here.

Her mother was ill that winter,
Her father, the drunken sot,
Was spending his weekly earnings
And all that the fairy got.
The woman lay sick and moaning,
Dying by slow degrees
Of a cruel and wasting fever
That rages in dens like these.

But night after night went Sally,
Half starved, to the splendid scene
Where she waved a wand of magic
As a Liliput fairy queen.
She stood in the "Land of Shadows,"
Where a demon worked his spell,
At a wave of her wand he vanquished,
And the scene was changed as well.

She'd a couple of lines to utter,
Which bade the gloom give way
To the "Golden Home of Bliss"
In the Land of the Shining Day."
She gazed on the limelilt splendours
That grew as she waved her wand,
And she thought of the cheerless cellar
Old Drury's walls beyond.

And when, in her ragged garments,
No longer a potent fay,
She knelt by the wretched pallet
Where her dying mother lay,
She thought, as she stooped and kissed her,
And looked in the ghastly face,
Of the wand that could change a dungeon
To a sweet and lovely place.

She was only a wretched outcast,
A waif of the London slums;
It's little of truth and knowledge
To the ears of such children comes.
She fancied her wand was truly
Possessed of a magic charm,
That it punished the wicked people,
And shielded the good from harm.

Her mother grew slowly weaker,
 The depth of the winter came,
 And the teeth of the biting weather
 Seized on the wasted frame.
 And Sally, who saw her sinking,
 Came home from the Lane one night
 With her shawl wrapped over something,
 And her face a ghostly white.

She had hidden the wand and brought it,
 The wand that could do so much ;
 She crept to the sleeping woman,
 Who moved not at her touch.
 She stooped to hear her breathing,
 It was, O, so faint and low ;
 Then raising her wand, she waved it,
 Like a fairy, to and fro

Her well-known lines she uttered,
 That bade the gloom give way
 To " The Golden Home of Bliss
 In the Land of Shining Day."
 She murmured, " O mother dearest,
 You shall look on the splendid scene !"
 While a man from the playhouse watched her
 Who'd followed the fairy queen.

He thought she had stolen something,
 And brought it away to sell,
 He had followed her home and caught her,
 And then he'd a tale to tell.
 He told how he watched her waving
 The wand by her mother's bed,
 O'er a face where the faint grey shadows
 Of the last long sleep had spread.

She's still at the school, is Sally,
 And she's heard of the Realms of Light ;
 So she clings to the childish fancy
 That entered her head that night.
 She says that her poor sick mother
 By her wand was charmed away
 From earth to the Home of Bliss
 In the Land of Eternal Day.

NELLIE'S PRAYER.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

It's a month to-day since they brought me
The news of my darling's death ;
I knew what it meant when the neighbours
Whispered under their breath ;
And one good motherly creature,
Seeing my Nell at play,
Stooped down, with her eyelids streaming,
And kissed her and turned away.

I knew that my Nell was an orphan
And I was a widowed wife,
That a soldier for Queen and country
Had bravely given his life ;
That out on the field of battle,
Under the far-off skies,
He had thought of his absent dear ones
With the film of death on his eyes.

It was there in the evening paper,
His name was among the dead—
We had won a glorious battle,
And the enemy, beaten, fled.
Then they counted the dead and wounded,
And found him among the slain ;
O God ! had I known when we parted
We were never to meet again !

I couldn't believe the story—
I couldn't believe that he,
My darling—my soldier husband—
Would never come back to me.
I had thought of him night and morning :
I had passed long nights on my knees
Praying that God would bring him
Back to me over the seas.

It all came back like a vision ;
I could hear the band as it played .
When the regiment marched to the station,
And the noise that the people made

As they shouted "Good luck" to the soldiers,
And gave them three ringing cheers,
While the women, with ashen faces,
Walked by the side in tears.

We walked by *his* side that morning,
And Nellie was quite elate
With the band and the crowd and the cheering—
My Nellie was only eight.
She never thought of the danger ;
He had tried to make her gay,
And told her to take care of mother—
He wouldn't be long away.

He held her up at the station,
Lifted her up to kiss,
And then, with her arms flung round him,
Said to her, softly, this :
"Nellie, my pet, at bed-time,
When you kneel at your mother's knee
To pray to the God who loves us,
Say a wee prayer for me.

"I shall think of you in the twilight,
When the stars come out above,
And fancy I see you kneeling
With your blue eye full of love,
Breathing my name to Heaven ;
And if, as the good folks say,
God hears the prayers of the children,
He'll guard me while I'm away.

"He'll guard me, and bring me safely
Back, little Nell, to you :
There's many a danger, darling,
He'll have to help me through."
And the child looked up at her father,
The tears in her pretty eyes ;
There was something of shame in her manner—
Something of sad surprise.

"You needn't have asked me, daddy,
I always do that !" she said ;
"Don't I pray for you and for mammy
At night when I go to bed ?

God loves the little children,
And answers their prayers, they say ;
I'm sure that you'll come back safely,
I'll ask in my prayers that you may."

It's only a month since they started,
We thought when the regiment went
That long ere the troops were landed
The force of the war would be spent.
And so I had taken courage,
And looked on the bright side first,
Though now and again I fretted,
And sometimes feared the worst.

They took little Nellie from me,
Took her away for a while ;
How could I hear her prattle,
And watch her eager smile,
As she counted the days till daddy
Would be back from the foreign shore ?
How could I tell my darling
She would see his face no more ?

I was left alone with my sorrow—
Alone in my little room,
Where the evening shadows deepened
Into the twilight gloom.
I had heard the words they uttered,
I had seen his name on the list ;
But I sat and peered through the darkness
As a sailor peers through the mist.

I sat like a sleeper doubting
If she dreams or is wide awake,
Till the truth came on me fiercely,
And I thought that my heart would break.
As I sat in the deepening gloaming
The child came back again,
And I picked her up and kissed her
While my tears ran down like rain.

"Why are you crying, mammy ?"
I only shook my head.
"It's nothing, Nellie," I whispered ;
"Kiss me, and go to bed."

"Let me say my prayers, mammy—
Will you hear me say them now?"
She prayed for her absent father;
I listened, but God knows how.

She prayed to the Lord to bring him,
Safe and sound and well,
Back from the far-off country
To mother and little Nell—
Prayed *that*, with her father lying
In that far-off country dead!
"Now, father's safe till to-morrow,"
She whispered, and went to bed.

I hadn't the heart to tell her,
So night after night she prayed,
Just as she promised her father
When the last good-bye he bade.
But the prayer was a cruel dagger
To me as I sat and heard,
And my heart was stabbed to bleeding
With every childish word.

So a weary month went over,
Till at last my nerves gave way,
And I told her to stop one evening,
As she came to my knee to pray.
My brain was turned with sorrow,
I was wicked and weak and wild
To speak as I spoke that evening,
And shock the faith of a child.

She heard what I said; then, sobbing,
Broke from my knee and fled
Up to her room, and I heard her
Kneeling beside her bed.
She prayed in her childish fashion,
But her words were choked with tears—
I had told her it wasn't always
God the prayer of children hears.

She prayed that her absent father
Might come back safe and well,
From the perils of war and battle,
To mother and little Nell.

And ere ever her prayer was finished
 The door was opened wide,
 And my darling rushed towards me—
 My darling who had died !

I gave one cry and I fainted,
 And Nell ran down at the cry :
 "They said God wouldn't hear me,"
 She told him by-and-by.
 When the shock of surprise was over
 We knew what the miracle meant,
 There'd been a mistake in the bodies,
 And the news to the wrong wife sent.

There were two of his name in the regiment—
 The other was killed, and when
 It came to making the list out
 An error was made in the men.
 Yet I think as I clasp my darling,
 Would he still be here to-day
 Had I shaken Nell's simple tenet,
 "God listens when children pray" ?

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THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

How is the boy this morning ? Why do you shake your head ?
 Ah ! I can see what's happened—there's a screen drawn round
 the bed.

So poor little Mike is sleeping the last long sleep of all ;
 I'm sorry—but who could wonder, after that dreadful fall ?

Let me look at him, doctor—poor little London waif !
 His frail barque's out of the tempest, and lies in God's harbour
 safe ;
 It's better he died in the ward here, better a thousand times,
 Than have wandered back to the alley, with its squalor and
 nameless crimes.

Too young for the slum to sully, he's gone to the wonderland
 To look on the thousand marvels that he scarce could understand.
 Poor little baby outcast, poor little waif of sin !
 He has gone, and the pitying angels have carried the cripple in.

Didn't you know his story?—Ah, you weren't here, I believe,
When they brought the poor little fellow to the hospital,
Christmas Eve.

It was I who came here with him, it was I who saw him go
Over the bridge that evening into the Thames below.

'Twas a raw cold air that evening—a biting Christmassy frost—
I was looking about for a collie—a favourite dog I'd lost.
Some ragged boys, so they told me, had been seen with one
that night
In one of the bridge recesses, so I hunted left and right.

You know the stone recesses—with the long broad bench of
stone,
To many a weary outcast as welcome as monarch's throne;
On the fiercest night you may see them, as crouched in the dark
they lie.
Like the hunted vermin, striving to hide from the hounds in
cry.

The seats that night were empty, for the morrow was Christmas
Day,
And even the outcast loafers seemed to have slunk away;
They had found a warmer shelter—some casual ward, maybe—
They'd manage a morning's labour for the sake of the meat and
tea.

I fancied the seats were empty, but, as I passed along,
Out of the darkness floated the words of a Christmas song,
Sung in a childish treble—'twas a boy's voice hoarse with cold,
Quavering out the anthem of angels and harps of gold.

I stood where the shadows hid me, and peered about until
I could see two ragged urchins, blue with the icy chill,
Cuddling close together, crouched on a big stone seat—
Two little homeless arabs, waifs of the London street.

One was singing the carol, while the other, with big round eyes—
It was Mike—looked up in wonder, and said, "Jack, when we
dies
Is that the place as we goes to—that place where ye'r dressed
in white?
And has golding 'arps to play on, and it's warm and jolly and
bright?"

"Is that what they mean by 'eaven, as the misshun coves talks about,
Where the children's always happy, and nobody kicks 'em out?"
Jack nodded his head, assenting, and then I listened and heard
The talk of the little arabs—listened to every word.

Jack was a Sunday scholar, so I gathered from what he said,
But he sang in the road for a living—his father and mother were
dead ;
And he had a drunken granny, who turned him into the street—
She drank what he earned, and often he hadn't a crust to eat.

He told little Mike of heaven in his rough, untutored way,
He made it a land of glory where the children sing all day ;
And Mike, he shivered and listened, and told *his* tale to his
friend,
How he was starved and beaten—'twas a tale one's heart to rend.

He'd a drunken father and mother, who sent him out to beg,
Though he'd just got over a fever, and was lame with a withered
leg ;
He told how he daren't crawl homeward, because he had begged
in vain,
And his parents' brutal fury haunted his baby brain.

"I wish I could go to 'eaven," he cried, as he shook with fright ;
"If I thought as they'd only take me, why I'd go this very night.
Which is the way to 'eaven? How d'ye get there, Jack?"—
Jack climbed on the bridge's coping, and looked at the water
black.

"That there's *one* road to 'eaven," he said, as he pointed down
To where the cold Thames water surged muddy and thick and
brown.
"If we was to fall in there, Mike, we'd be dead ; and right
through there
Is the place where it's always sunshine, and the angels has crowns
to wear."

Mike rose and looked at the water ; he peered in the big broad
stream,
Perhaps with a childish notion he might catch the golden gleam
Of the far-off land of glory. He leaned right over and cried—
"If them are the gates of 'eaven, how I'd like to be inside !"

He'd stood but a moment looking—how it happened I cannot tell—

When he seemed to lose his balance, gave a short shrill cry, and fell—

Fell o'er the narrow coping, and I heard his poor head strike
With a thud on the stonework under ; then splash in the Thames
went Mike.

We brought him here that evening. For help I had managed to shout—

A boat put off from the landing, and they dragged his body out ;
His forehead was cut and bleeding, but a vestige of life we found ;
When they brought him here he was senseless, but slowly the
child came round.

I came here on Christmas morning—the ward was all bright and gay

With mistletoe, green, and holly, in honour of Christmas Day ;
And the patients had clean white garments, and a few in the
room out there

Had joined in a Christmas service — they were singing a
Christmas air.

They were singing a Christmas carol when Mike from his stupor
woke,

And dim on his wandering senses the strange surroundings
broke.

Half dreamily he remembered the tale he had heard from Jack—
The song, and the white-robed angels, the warm bright Heaven
came back.

"I'm in Heaven," he whispered faintly. "Yes, Jack must have
told me true !"

And, as he looked about him, came the kind old surgeon
through.

Mike gazed at his face a moment, put his hand to his fevered
head,

Then to the kind old doctor, "Please, are you God?" he said.

Poor little Mike ! 'twas Heaven, this hospital ward to him—

A heaven of warmth and comfort, till the flickering lamp grew
dim ;

And he lay like a tired baby in a dreamless gentle rest,

And now he is safe for ever where such as he are best.

This is the day of scoffers, but who shall say that night,
When Mike asked the road to Heaven, that Jack didn't tell him
right?

'Twas the children's Jesus pointed the way to the kingdom come
For the poor little tired arab, the waif of a London slum.

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THE LIFEBOAT.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

BEEN out in the lifeboat often? Ay, ay, sir, oft enough.
When it's rougher than this? Lor' bless you! this ain't what *we*
calls rough!

It's when there's a gale a-blowin', and the waves run in and
break

On the shore with a roar like thunder and the white cliffs seem
to shake;

When the sea is a hell of waters, and the bravest holds his
breath

As he hears the cry for the lifeboat—his summons maybe to
death—

That's when we call it rough, sir; but, if we can get her afloat,
There's always enough brave fellows ready to man the boat.

You've heard of the *Royal Helen*, the ship as was wrecked last
year?

Yon be the rock she struck on—the boat as went out be here;
The night as she struck was reckoned the worst as ever we had,
And this is a coast in winter where the weather be awful bad.

The beach here was strewed with wreckage, and to tell you the
truth, sir, then

Was the only time as ever we'd a bother to get the men.

The single chaps was willin', and six on 'em volunteered,

But most on us here is married, and the wives that night was
skeered.

Our women ain't chicken-hearted when it comes to savin' lives,
But death that night looked certain—and our wives be only
wives;

Their lot ain't bright at the best, sir; but here, when the man
lies dead,

'Tain't only a husband missin', it's the children's daily bread;

So our women began to whimper and beg o' the chaps to stay—
I only heard on it after, for that night I was kept away.
I was up at my cottage yonder, where the wife lay nigh her end,
She'd been ailin' all the winter, and nothin' 'ud make her mend.

The doctor had given her up, sir, and I knelt by her side and
prayed,
With my eyes as red as a babby's, that Death's hand might yet
be stayed.
I heerd the wild wind howlin', and I looked on the wasted form,
And thought of the awful shipwreck as had come in the ragin'
storm ;
The wreck of my little homestead—the wreck of my dear old
wife,
Who'd sailed with me forty years, sir, o'er the troublous waves of
life,
And I looked at the eyes so sunken, as had been my harbour
lights,
To tell of the sweet home haven in the wildest, darkest nights.

She knew she was sinkin' quickly—she knew as her end was
nigh,
But she never spoke o' the troubles as I knew on her heart must
lie,
For we'd had one great big sorrow with Jack, our only son—
He'd got into trouble in London, as lots o' the lads ha' done ;
Then he'd bolted, his masters told us—he was allus what folk
call wild.
From the day as I told his mother, her dear face never smiled.
We heerd no more about him, we never knew where he went,
And his mother pined and sickened for the message he never
sent.

I had my work to think of ; but she had her grief to nurse,
So it ate away at her heart-strings, and her health grew worse and
worse.
And the night as the *Royal Helen* went down on yonder sands,
I sat and watched her dyin', holdin' her wasted hands.
She moved in her doze a little, then her eyes were opened wide,
And she seemed to be seekin' somethin', as she looked from
side to side ;
Then half to herself she whispered, "Where's Jack, to say
good-bye ?
It's hard not to see my darlin', and kiss him afore I die !"

I was stoopin' to kiss and soothe her, while the tears ran down
my cheek,
And my lips were shaped to whisper the words I couldn't speak,
When the door of the room burst open, and my mates were there
outside
With the news that the boat was launchin'. "You're wanted!"
their leader cried.
"You've never refused to go, John; you'll put these cowards
right.
There's a dozen of lives maybe, John, as lie in our hands
to-night!"
'Twas old Ben Brown, the captain; he'd laughed at the women's
doubt.
We'd always been first on the beach, sir, when the boat was goin'
out.

I didn't move, but I pointed to the white face on the bed—
"I can't go, mate," I murmured; "in an hour she may be dead.
I cannot go and leave her to die in the night alone."
As I spoke Ben raised his lantern, and the light on my wife was
thrown;
And I saw her eyes fixed strangely with a pleading look on me,
While a tremblin' finger pointed through the door to the ragin'
sea.
Then she beckoned me near, and whispered, "Go, and God's
will be done!
For every lad on that ship, John, is some poor mother's son."

Her head was full of the boy, sir—she was thinking, maybe,
some day
For lack of a hand to help him his life might be cast away.
"Go, John, and the Lord watch o'er you! and spare me to see
the light,
And bring you safe," she whispered, "out of the storm to-night."
Then I turned and kissed her softly, and tried to hide my tears,
And my mates outside, when they saw me, set up three hearty
cheers;
But I rubbed my eyes wi' my knuckles, and turned to old Ben
and said,
"I'll see her again, maybe, lad, when the sea gives up its dead."

We launched the boat in the tempest, though death was the goal
in view,
And never a one but doubted if the craft could live it through;
But our boat she stood it bravely, and weary and wet and weak,
We drew in hail of the vessel we had dared so much to seek.

But just as we come upon her she gave a fearful roll,
And went down in the seethin' whirlpool with every livin' soul!
We rowed for the spot, and shouted, for all around was dark—
But only the wild wind answered the cries from our plengin' bark.

I was strainin' my eyes and watchin', when I thought I heard a cry,
And I saw past our bows a somethin' on the crest of a wave dashed by;
I stretched out my hand to seize it. I dragged it aboard, and then
I stumbled, and struck my forrud, and fell like a log on Ben.
I remember a hum of voices, and then I knowed no more
Till I came to my senses here, sir—here, in my home ashore.
My furrud was tightly bandaged, and I lay on my little bed—
I'd slipped, so they told me arter, and a rulluck had struck my head.

Then my mates came in and whispered; they'd heard I was comin' round.

As first I could scarcely hear 'em, it seemed like a buzzin' sound;
But as soon as my head got clearer, and accustomed to hear 'em speak,

I knew as I'd lain like that, sir, for many a long, long week.

I guessed what the lads was hidin', for their poor old shipmate's sake.

I could see by their puzzled faces they'd got some news to break;
So I lifts my head from the pillow, and I says to old Ben, "Look here!

I'm able to bear it now, lad—tell me, and never fear."

Not one on 'em ever answered, but presently Ben goes out,
And the others slinks away like, and I says, "What's this about?
Why can't they tell me plainly as the poor old wife is dead?"

Then I fell again on the pillows, and I hid my achin' head;
I lay like that for a minute, till I heard a voice cry "John!"

And I thought it must be a vision as my weak eyes gazed upon;
For there by the bedside, standin' up and well, was my wife.
And who do ye think was with her? Why, Jack, as large as life.

It was him as I'd saved from drownin' the night as the lifeboat went

To the wreck of the *Royal Helen*; 'twas that as the vision meant.

They'd brought us ashore together, he'd knelt by his mother's bed,

And the sudden joy had raised her like a miracle from the dead
And mother and son together had nursed me back to life,
And my old eyes woke from darkness to look on my son and wife.

Jack? He's our right hand now, sir; 'twas Providence pulled him through—

He's allus the first aboard her when the lifeboat wants a crew.

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THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

COME, my lad, and sit beside me; we have often talked before
Of the hurricane and tempest, and the storms on sea and shore:
When we read of deeds of daring, done for dear old England's sake,

We have cited Nelson's duty, and the enterprise of Drake;
'Midst the fever'd din of battle, roll of drum and scream of fife,
Heroes pass in long procession, calmly yielding up their life.
Pomps and pageants have their glory, in cathedral aisles are seen
Marble effigies; but seldom of the mercantile marine.

If your playmates love adventure, bid them gather round at school
Whilst you tell them of a hero, Captain Strachan, of Liverpool.
Spite of storm and stress of weather, in a gale that lashed the land,
On the *Cyprian* screw steamer, there the Captain took his stand.
He was no fair-weather sailor, and he often made the boast
That the ocean safer sheltered than the wild Carnarvon coast.
He'd a good ship underneath him, and a crew of English form,
So he sailed from out the Mersey in the hurricane and storm.
All the luck was dead against him—with the tempest at its height,

Fires expired, and rudders parted, in the middle of the night
Sails were torn and rent asunder. Then he spoke with bated breath:—

“Save yourselves, my gallant fellows! we are drifting to our death!”

Then they looked at one another, and they felt the awful shock,
When, with louder crash than tempest, they were dashed upon a rock.

All was over now and hopeless ; but across those miles of foam
They could hear the shouts of people, and could see the lights of
home.

"All is over!" screamed the Captain. "You have answered
duty's call.

Save yourselves ! I cannot help you. God have mercy on us
all !"

So they rushed about like madmen, seizing belt, and oar, and
rope—

For the sailor knows where life is, there's the faintest ray of hope.
Then amidst the wild confusion, at the dreaded dawn of day,
From the hold of that doomed vessel crept a wretched Stowaway!

Who shall tell the saddened story of this miserable lad ?

Was it wild adventure stirred him, was he going to the bad ?

Was he thief, or bully's victim, or a runaway from school,

When he stole that fatal passage from the port of Liverpool ?

No one looked at him, or kicked him, 'midst the paralysing roar,

All alone he felt the danger, and he saw the distant shore.

Over went the gallant fellows, when the ship was breaking fast,

And the Captain with his life-belt—he prepared to follow last ;

But he saw a boy neglected, with a face of ashy grey,

"Who are you?" roared out the Captain. "I'm the boy what
stow'd away !"

There was scarce another second left to think what he could do,

For the fatal ship was sinking—Death was ready for the two.

So the Captain called the outcast as he faced the tempest wild,

From his own waist took the life-belt, and he bound it round the
child.

"I can swim, my little fellow ! Take the belt, and make for land.

Up and save yourself!" The urchin humbly knelt to kiss his
hand.

With the life-belt round his body then the youngster cleared the
ship ;

Over went the gallant Captain, with a blessing on his lip.

But the hurricane howled louder than it ever howled before,

As the Captain and the Stowaway were making for the shore !

When you tell this gallant story to your play-fellows at school,

They will ask you of the hero—Captain Strachan, of Liverpool.

You must answer they discovered—on the beach at break of day,

Safe—the battered, breathing body of the little Stowaway ;

And they watched the waves of wreckage, and they searched the
cruel shore,

But the man who tried to save the little outcast—was no more.

When they speak of English heroes, tell this story where you can,
To the everlasting credit of the bravery of man.
Tell it out in tones of triumph, or with tears and quickened
breath,
"Manhood's stronger far than storms, and Love is mightier than
Death!"

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THE WOMEN OF MUMBLES HEAD.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

BRING, novelists, your note-book ! bring, dramatists, your pen !
And I'll tell you a simple story of what women do for men.
It's only a tale of a lifeboat, the dying and the dead,
Of a terrible storm and shipwreck, that happened off Mumbles
Head !
Maybe you have travelled in Wales, sir, you know it north and
south ;
Maybe you are friends with the "natives" that dwell at Oyster-
mouth !
It happens, no doubt, that from Bristol you've crossed in a casual
way,
And have sailed your yacht in the summer in the blue of Swansea
Bay.

Well ! it isn't like that in the winter, when the lighthouse stands
alone,
In the teeth of Atlantic breakers, that foam on its face of stone.
It wasn't like that when the hurricane blew, or the storm-bell
toll'd, or when
There was news of a wreck, and the lifeboat launch'd, and a
desperate cry for men.
When in the world did the coxswain shirk ? a brave old salt was
he !
Proud to the bone of as four strong lads as ever had tasted the
sea,
Welshmen all in heart and in limb, who about the coast, 'twas
said,
Had saved some hundred lives apiece—at a shilling or so
a-head !

So the father launched the lifeboat, in the teeth of the tempest's
 roar,
And he stood like a man at the rudder, with an eye on his boys
 at the oar.
Out to the wreck went the father! out to the wreck went the
 sons!
Leaving the weeping of women, and booming of signal guns,
Leaving the mother who loved them, and the girls that the
 sailors love,
Going to death for duty, and trusting to God above!
Do you murmur a prayer, my brothers, when cosy and safe in
 bed,
For men like these, who are ready to die for a wreck off Mumbles
 Head?

It didn't go well with the lifeboat 'twas a terrible storm that
 blew!
And it snapped the rope in a second that was flung to the
 drowning crew;
And then the anchor parted—'twas a tussle to keep afloat!
But the father stuck to the rudder, and the boys to the brave old
 boat.
Then at last on the poor doom'd lifeboat a wave broke mountains
 high!
"God help us, now!" said the father. "It's over, my lads!
 Good-bye."
Half of the crew swam shoreward, half to the sheltered
 caves,
But father and sons were fighting death in the foam of the angry
 waves.

Up at a lighthouse window two women beheld the storm,
And saw in the boiling breakers a figure—a fighting form,
It might be a grey-haired father—then the women held their
 breath,
It might be a fair-haired brother, who was having a round with
 death;
It might be a lover, a husband, whose kisses were on the lips
Of the women whose love is the life of men going down to the
 sea in ships;
They had seen the launch of the lifeboat, they had heard the
 worst, and more;
Then, kissing each other, these women went down from the
 lighthouse, straight to shore.

There by the rocks on the breakers these sisters, hand in hand,
Beheld once more that desperate man who struggled to reach the
land.

'Twas only aid he wanted to help him across the wave,
But what are a couple of women with only a man to save?
What are a couple of women? Well, more than three craven men
Who stood by the shore with chattering teeth, refusing to stir—
and then

Off went the women's shawls, sir; in a second they're torn and
rent,

Then knotting them into a rope of love, straight into the sea
they went!

"Come back," cried the lighthouse-keeper, "for God's sake, girls,
come back!"

As they caught the waves on their foreheads, resisting the fierce
attack.

"Come back!" moaned the grey-haired mother, as she stood by
the angry sea,

"If the waves take you, my darlings, there's nobody left to me."

"Come back!" said the three strong soldiers, who still stood
faint and pale,

"You will drown if you face the breakers! you will fall if you
brave the gale!"

"Come back!" said the girls, "we will not! go tell it to all the
town,

We'll lose our lives, God willing, before that man shall drown!"

"Give one more knot to the shawls, Bess! give one strong clutch
of your hand!

Just follow me, brave, to the shingle, and we'll bring him safe to
land!

Wait for the next wave, darling, only a minute more,
And I'll have him safe in my arms, dear, and we'll drag him safe
to shore."

Up to their arms in the water, fighting it breast to breast,
They caught and saved a brother alive! God bless us, you know
the rest.

Well, many a heart beat stronger, and many a tear was shed,
And many a glass was toss'd right off to "The Women of
Mumbles Head!"

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MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

ON a river that lazily creeps to the tide—
 'Twas the silvery Thames, if you're willing to know—
 Where it's pleasant to steer with a girl by your side,
 As the clever ones pull, or the lazy ones tow ;
 Her eyes were a dream of forget-me-not blue,
 The coxswain elect of our wherry the *Midge*.
 "Easy all !" cried a merry young voice to the crew,
 "We must hear the old echo of Maidenhead Bridge."

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! a dozen times
 It gives them back their fun and rhymes.

From coxswain to crew, from maiden to *Midge*,
 A laugh was the echo of Maidenhead Bridge !

In a shower that gloomily swept through the arch,
 A rower in silence moved down with the stream,
 There were tears on the willow and sighs from the larch,
 And the bells of the flowers were closed in a dream.
 His thoughts travelled back to the merry young crew,
 As it floated one summer, long past, in the *Midge*,
 When men seemed so faithful and women so true,
 So he tried the old echo of Maidenhead Bridge.

Alas ! alas ! a dozen times
 It gave him back his mournful rhymes.

From flower to field : from river to ridge,
 A sigh was the echo of Maidenhead Bridge !

On a morning that carolled the birth of the Spring,
 A rower went up from the village of Bray ;
 And he heard in the distance a pretty voice sing
 From a boat that was steering the opposite way.
 He had longed to remember, and she to forget,
 How their eyes met in love in the merry old *Midge* ;
 Together they stopped but a minute—and yet
 They tried the old echo of Maidenhead Bridge.

A kiss ! a kiss ! old loves, and rhymes,
 It brought them back forgotten times.

From Winter to Spring ; from river to ridge,
 A kiss was the echo of Maidenhead Bridge !

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THE RED HARLAW.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,
And listen great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And down the Don and a',
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw.

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna' ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile, but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood
That Highland host to see :
"Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie.

"What would'st thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my rein,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

"To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wondrous peril,—
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl?"

"Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spur should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

"If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

"My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
As through the moorland fern,—
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne!"

ROSABELLE.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

OH, listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle lady, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

LOCHINVAR.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(Marmion.)

O YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best !
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet : the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure !" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near ;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
 "She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran :
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar !

THE COMBAT.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE Chief in silence strode before,
 And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,
 Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
 On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
 Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
 Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd,
 And here his course the Chieftain staid.
 Threw down his target and his plaid,
 And to the Lowland warrior said :—
 "Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
 This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
 This head of a rebellious clan,
 Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
 See here, all vantageless I stand,
 Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand :
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused :—"I ne'er delay'd,
 When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
 Nay, more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death :

Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved :
Can nought but blood our feud atone ?
Are there no means ?"—"No, stranger, none !
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead :
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"—
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me,
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate :—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared ?—By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."—
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word !
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword ;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell ! and, ruth, begone !—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief ! can courtesy be shown !

Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast.
 But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.”—
 Then each at once his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
 Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,
 As what they ne'er might see again ;
 Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
 That on the field his targe he threw,
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
 Had death so often dash'd aside ;
 For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
 He practised every pass and ward,
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;
 While less expert, though stronger far,
 The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
 Three times in closing strife they stood,
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ;
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And shower'd his blows like wintry rain ;
 And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
 Against the winter shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill :
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
 And backward borne upon the lea,
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

“Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade !”
 “Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die.”
 —Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ;

Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel !—
They tug, they strain ! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted on his breast ;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright !—
—But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game ;
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
Down came the blow ! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

FLODDEN FIELD.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BLOUNT and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill ;
On which (for far the day was spent),
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view ;
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
“ Unworthy office here to stay !
No hope of gilded spurs to-day. . . .”

Far on the left unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,

And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied :
'Twas vain :—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell ;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.
The border slogan rent the sky !
A home ! a Gordon ! was the cry !
Loud were the clanging blows !
Advanced,—forced back—now low, now high.
The pennon sunk and rose ;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear :
" By heaven, and all its saints, I swear,
I will not see it lost !
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—
The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too :—yet stayed,
As loth to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by ;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone :
Perchance her reason stoops or reels ;

Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.
The scattered van of England wheels;
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"
They fly, or, maddened by despair,
Fight but to die. "Is Wilton there?"
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand:
His arms were smeared with blood and sand:
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion?

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around gan Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare:
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my last thought is England's:—fly,
To Dacre, bear my signet-ring;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring:—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield,
Edmund is down; my life is reft;
The admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.
Must I bid twice? Hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured, "Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring,

Of blessed water, from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst !”

O woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made :
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the baron’s casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran ;
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel’s side,
But in abhorrence backward drew :
For, oozing from the mountain’s side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn !—behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and, pray.
For. the. kind. soul. of. Sybil. Grey.
Who. built. this. cross. and. well.
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion’s head ;
A pious man, whom duty brought,
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And as she stooped his brow to lave—
“Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,
“Or injured Constance, bathes my head ?”
Then as remembrance rose,—
“Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare !”—
“Alas !” she said, “the while,—
Oh, think of your immortal weal !

In vain for Constance is your zeal ;
 She——died at Holy Isle."

Lord Marmion started from the ground,
 As light as if he felt no wound ;
 Though in the action burst the tide,
 In torrents, from his wounded side.

"Then it was truth !" he said, "I knew
 That the dark presage must be true.—

I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
 Would spare me but a day ;

For wasting fire, and dying groan,
 And priests slain on the altar stone,
 Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be !—this dizzy trance—
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
 And doubly cursed my failing brand !
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand,"—
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
 And strove to staunch the gushing wound :
 The monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.

Ever he said, that close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,

For that she ever sung,

*"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying !"*

So the notes rung ;—

"Avoid thee, Fiend ;—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—

Oh, look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine :

Oh, think on faith and bliss !

By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,

But never aught like this."

The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,

And—STANLEY ! was the cry ;—

A light on Marmion's visage spread,

And fired his glazing eye :

With dying hand, above his head

He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory!—
 Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

[From "*Marmion*," canto vi.]

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
 The Minstrel was infirm and old;
 His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,
 Seemed to have known a better day;
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 Was carried by an orphan boy.
 The last of all the Bards was he,
 Who sung of Border chivalry;
 For, welladay! their date was fled,
 His tuneful brethren all were dead;
 And he, neglected and oppress'd,
 Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
 No more on prancing palfrey borne,
 He caroll'd, light as lark at morn;
 No longer courted and caress'd,
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
 The unpremeditated lay:
 Old times were changed, old manners gone;
 A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
 The bigots of the iron time
 Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
 A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
 He begg'd his bread from door to door.
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
 Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
 The Minstrel gazed with wistful eye—
 No humbler resting-place was nigh,
 With hesitating step at last,
 The embattled portal arch he pass'd,

Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well :
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride :
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him, God !
A braver ne'er to battle rode ;
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch :
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak.
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd ;
The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied :
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please ;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain !
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,

He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls ;
He had play'd it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood ;
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled ;
And lighten'd up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy !
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along :
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot :
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost ;
Each blank in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung :

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go mark him well ;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

THE ERL-KING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(The Erl-King is a goblin that haunts the Black Forest in Thuringia.—To be read by a candle particularly long in the snuff.)

O WHO rides by night thro' the woodland so wild?
It is the fond father embracing his child;
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,
To hold himself fast, and to keep himself warm.

"O father, see yonder! see yonder!" he says;
"My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?"—
"O, 'tis the Erl-King with his crown and his shroud."
"No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of the cloud."

(The Erl-King speaks.)

"O come and go with me, thou loveliest child;
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled;
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy."

"O father, my father, and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?"
"Be still, my heart's darling—my child, be at ease;
It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the trees."

Erl-King.

"O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;
She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro' wild
And press thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child."

"O father, my father, and saw you not plain,
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past thro' the rain?"—
"O yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;
It was the grey willow that danced to the moon."

Erl-King.

"O come and go with me, no longer delay,
 Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away."—
 "O father! O father! now, now keep your hold,
 The Erl-King has seized me—his grasp is so cold!"—

Sore trembled the father; he spurr'd thro' the wild,
 Clasp'g close to his bosom his shuddering child;
 He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,
 But, clasp'd to his bosom, the infant was *dead!*

THE BOLD DRAGOON;

OR, THE PLAIN OF BADAJOS, 1812.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

'Twas a Maréchal of France, and he fain would honour gain,
 And he long'd to take a passing glance at Portugal from Spain;
 With his flying guns this gallant gay,
 And boasted corps d'armée—
 O he fear'd not our dragoons, with their long swords, boldly
 riding,
 Whack, fal de ral, etc.

To Campo Mayor come, he had quietly sat down,
 Just a fricassee to pick, while his soldiers sack'd the town,
 When, 'twas peste! morbleu! mon General,
 Hear the English bugle-call!
 And behold the light dragoons, with their long swords, boldly
 riding,
 Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Right about went horse and foot, artillery and all,
 And, as the devil leaves a house, they tumbled through the wall;
 They took no time to seek the door,
 But, best foot set before—
 O they ran from our dragoons, with their long swords, boldly
 riding,
 Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Those valiant men of France they had scarcely fled a mile,
When on their flank there sous'd at once the British rank and
file ;

For Long, De Grey, and Otway, then

Ne'er minded one to ten,

But came on like light dragoons, with their long swords, boldly
riding,

Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Three hundred British lads they made three thousand reel,
Their hearts were made of English oak, their swords of Sheffield
steel,

Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,

And Beresford them led ;

So huzza for brave dragoons, with their long swords, boldly
riding,

Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Then here's a health to Wellington, to Beresford, to Long,
And a single word of Bonaparte before I close my song :

The eagles that to fight he brings

Should serve his men with wings,

When they meet the bold dragoons, with their long swords,
boldly riding,

Whack, fal de ral, etc.

HARP OF THE NORTH.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HARP of the North ! that mouldering long hast hung

On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,

And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,

Till envious ivy did around thee cling,

Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—

O minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep ?

Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,

Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,

Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep ?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,

Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,

When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,

Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.

At each according pause, was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high !
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd ;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray ;
O wake once more ! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay :
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain.
Then silent be no more ! Enchantress, wake again !

Harp of the North, farewell ! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending ;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm ! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy ;
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou minstrel Harp !
Yet, once again, forgive **my** feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress ! is thine own.

Hark ! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string !
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silent all !—Enchantress, fare thee well

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The worthy Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatsmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around :
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day ;
And now, grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

" Canst hear," said one, " the breakers' roar ?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
" Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell !"

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
" Oh ! heavens ! it is the Inchcape Rock !"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair ;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even now in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The fiends in triumph were ringing his knell.

BISHOP BRUNO.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"Bruno, the Bishop of Herbipolitanum, sailing in the river of Danubius, with Henry the Third, then emperor, being not far from a place which the Germanes call Ben Strudel, or the devouring gulfe, which is neere unto Grinon, a castle in Austria, a spirit was heard clamouring aloud, 'Ho, ho, Bishop Bruno, whither art thou travelling? But dispose of thyselfe how thou pleasest, thou shalt be my prey and spoile.' At the hearing of these words they were all stupefied, and the bishop with the rest crost and blest themselves. The issue was, that within a short time after, the bishop feasting with the emperor in a castle belonging to the Countess of Esburch, a rafter fell from the roof of the chamber wherein they sate, and strooke him dead at the table."—Heywood's "Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels."

BISHOP BRUNO awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright :
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,
He turn'd to sleep, and he dreamt again :
He rung at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the porter that open'd the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech owl scream !
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night,—
Oh ! glad was he when he saw the daylight !

Now he goes forth in proud array,
For he with the emperor dines to-day ;
There was not a baron in Germany
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
The people throng'd to see their pride,
They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody blest him as he went.

So he went on, stately and proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud,
Ho ! ho ! Bishop Bruno ! you travel with glee—
But I would have *you* know, you travel to me !

Behind and before, and on either side,
He look'd, but nobody he espied.
And the bishop at that grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rung at the palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell ;
And when the porter turn'd the key,
He almost expected death to see.

But soon the bishop recover'd his glee,
For the emperor welcom'd him royally ;
And now the tables were spread, and there
Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the bishop had blest the meat,
When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat,—
With the emperor now you are dining in glee,
But know, Bishop Bruno, you sup with me !

The bishop then grew pale with affright,
And suddenly lost his appetite ;
All the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart so sick with fear.

But by little and little recovered he,
For the wine went flowing merrily,
And he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there,
But when the masquers entered the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the masquer's crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud—
You have past the day, Bishop Bruno, with glee ;
But you must pass the night with me !

His cheek grows pale and his eye-balls glare,
And stiff round his tonsure bristles his hair ;—
With that there came one from the masquer's band,
And he took the bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of death ;
On saints in vain he attempted to call,
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

MALICE.

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

I CHARM thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From stone and from wood,
From fire and from flood,
From the serpent's tooth,
And the beasts of blood ;
From sickness I charm thee,
And time shall not harm thee,
But earth, which is mine,
Its fruits shall deny thee ;
And water shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee ;
And the winds shall not touch thee
When they pass by thee ;
And the dews shall not wet thee
When they fall nigh thee :
And thou shalt seek death
To release thee in vain ;
Thou shalt live in thy pain,
While Kehama shall reign
With a fire in thy heart,
And a fire in thy brain ;
And sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never,
And the curse shall be on thee,
For ever and ever.

IF WE ONLY KNEW.

BY MEL. B. SPURR.

I.

It's a curious thing to reflect sometimes
On the various incidents passing around :
To think of the number of horrible crimes
Whose authors have never as yet been found
A murderer's hand may be clasped in ours,
In the grasp of friendship, warm and true ;
Should we love it the less, or cease to caress,
If we only knew—if we only knew !

II.

How many a tie that once was sweet
 Has been cruelly snapped by a slanderer's tongue ;
 How many a friend whom we used to meet
 With welcoming words, and to whom we clung
 In joy or in sorrow, in pleasure or pain,
 Has suddenly seemed to be false and untrue ;
 How oft should we find that our doubts were unkind
 If we only knew—if we only knew !

III.

There are some will sigh and whisper low
 Of a love that is changeless, and deep and pure,
 And we think—do we not?—when they tell us so,
 That of somebody's heart, at least, we are sure.
 But Fancy is apt to wander about,
 And to sip from a hundred flowers the dew.
 Would our love keep as deep, would our jealousy sleep,
 If we only knew—if we only knew ?

IV.

Then comes the time when the knot is tied.
 Surely of life its most charming scene !
 The bridegroom looks down on his beautiful bride,
 And dreams of a future all bright and serene.
 Let the lad dream on ! Shall his hopes be fulfilled ?
 One turns out a slattern, another a shrew ;
 How many would pause at the very church doors,
 If they only knew— if they only knew !

V.

This world is composed of rich and poor,
 And each sees life in a different way.
 Whilst Lazarus begs from door to door,
 Dives fares sumptuously every day.
 But which is the happier ? Peasant or lord ?
 That is a problem solved by few ;
 For the rich man may sigh, as the beggar goes by,
 If we only knew—if we only knew !

VI.

A tradesman fails, and his credit is gone.
 He has hardly a shilling to call his own.
 He may have been patiently struggling on,
 But his prospects are blighted, prosperity flown.

The world in its wisdom no doubt will condemn,
But don't let *us* treat him as heedless men do ;
Though he failed so ignobly, he may have fought nobly,
If we only knew—if we only knew !

VII.

We are ever too apt to be hard on a man
Who doesn't appear to have success.
Instead of helping him all we can
We strive to render his chances less.
A kindly word, or a friendly hand,
May help him—who knows?—to pull easily through !
It may give him fresh life to renew the strife,
If we only knew—if we only knew !

VIII.

It's each for himself, and the weak to the wall,
So runs the world for ever and aye.
The stout hearts advance, whilst the feebler ones fall,
To perish alone, on the world's highway.
Let us succour the frail ones, bearing in mind
That though in this world we meet not our due,
For a kind act done, a crown may be won
In the world to come—if we only knew !

[*This piece has been published as a Musical Monologue by Messrs. Reynolds & Co., 13, Berner Street, W. It is by their kind permission that the poem is here reproduced.*]

MY SHADOW.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see ;
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head ;
And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow ;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way ;
He stays so close beside me he's a coward you can see ;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me

One morning very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

[By kind permission of Charles Baxter, Esq.]

"AVE MARIS STELLA."

By A. CAPES TARBOLTON.

I KNOW a villa by the sea,
On the wild coast of Brittany,
Whose tides, from out the Northern deep
Borne inwards with victorious sweep,
Leap high with far resounding shock,
And seethe o'er many a sunken rock.

I love upon a summer day,
To watch the sunlight on the Bay,
While, on the cliff, white butterflies
O'er broom and clover sink and rise,
And perfume-laden breezes err
Over wide fields of lavender.

I love, at setting of the sun
To mark the lights come one by one,
To see the lighthouse lantern blaze,
The boat-lamps twinkle, and the rays
From small uncurtained casements glow
In houses on the quay below.

But most my spirit stirs in me,
Touched to a full humanity,
When clear above the ocean's swell
I hear the tinkling vesper bell,
And know that in the chapel dim
They chant the ancient fisher hymn.

The "Ave Maris Stella," there
Sung to its old pathetic air,
By lips of mothers, sisters, wives,
Pours out the patience of their lives,
And sends to heaven th' eternal cry
For succour and for sympathy.

In springtime, ere the crews go forth
To brave the dangers of the North,
They wait the blessing of the boats,
And from a hundred stalwart throats
The "Ave Maris Stella" soars,
To clamour at celestial doors.

And when the fleet is far away,
Though summer sunshine floods the bay,
The woman-love that bides and waits
Still climbs in prayer to Heaven's gates,
Knows both its weakness and its needs,
And "Ave Maris Stella!" pleads.

And if mid autumn's mist and rain
The barren sea is scanned in vain,
And wives and mothers on the shore
Look for a sail that comes no more,
Still "Ave Maris Stella!" rends the sky
With faith's insistent agony.

O Light all other lights above,
Light of Immortal care and love,
Well may the fishers build to thee
Their chapel by the sounding sea!
Who more would ever face the wave,
Had Earth no Heaven to make her brave!

"Star of the Sea, all hail!" we too,
Dear Breton folk, must cry with you;
For what were life in any clime
But for th' Eternal beyond Time—
The Fixed above the flux and flow
Of ills that come and joys that go!

And so the church beside the sea,
On the wild coast of Brittany,
Is more than broom and clover are,
Or cliffs, or lights on harbour bar;
And thus it is I love so well
The tinkle of its vesper bell.

[By Special Permission of the Author and of the Editor of "The Pall Mall Magazine."]

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah,—come in ! 'Tis kind of thee
 To wait until the Friends were gone, who came to comfort me.
 The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
 But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

Come, sit thee down ! Here is the bench where Benjamin would sit
 On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows flit :
 He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees
 Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple-trees.

I think he loved the spring : not that he cared for flowers : most men
 Think such things foolishness,—but we were first acquainted then,
 One spring : the next he spoke his mind ; the third I was his wife,
 And in the spring (it happened so) our children entered life.

He was but seventy-five ; I did not think to lay him yet
 In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting first we met.
 The Father's mercy shows in this : 'tis better I should be
 Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—than he.

We've lived together fifty years : it seems but one long day,
 One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away ;
 And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet contentment home,
 So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days to come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know
 If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go ;
 For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,
 But mother spoke for Benjamin,—she knew what best to say.

Then she was still : they sat awhile : at last she spoke again,
 "The Lord incline thee to the right !" and "Thou shalt have him, Jane !"
 My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the least of shocks,
 For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we lost :
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see her crossed.
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a hireling
priest—

Ah, dear ! the cross was ours : her life's a happy one, at least.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old as I,—
Would thee believe it, Hannah ? once I felt temptation nigh !
My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste ;
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's side !
I did not dare to lift my eyes : I felt more fear than pride,
Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said, and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no sign ;
With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life :
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah,—thee, too, hast been a wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours ;
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of flowers ;
The neighbours met us in the lane, and every face was kind,—
'Tis strange how lively everything comes back upon my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread :
At our own table we were guests, with father at the head ;
And Dinah Passmore helped us both,—'twas she stood up wit me,
And Abner Jones with Benjamin, and now they're gone, all three !

It is not right to wish for death ; the Lord disposes best.
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His rest ;
And that he halved our little flock was merciful, I see :
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm,—'twas not his call, in truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.
They'll say her ways are not like mine,—young people nowadays
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart ; she keeps the simple tongue ;
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young ;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too much
weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with grace,
And pure almost as angels are, may have a homely face.
And dress may be of less account : the Lord will look within :
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

They mustn't be too hard on Ruth : she's anxious I should go
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.
'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned :
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

"GIVE us a song !" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under ;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow ;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon :
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;
Forgot was Britain's glory :
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars !

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honoured rest
Your truth and valour wearing :
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world, and its toils, and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright, and the air rather pure,
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand—through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks,
With worthless old knicknacks, and silly old books,
And foolish old odds, and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
 Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed ;
 A twopenny treasury wondrous to see !—
 What matter ? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
 Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire ;
 And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get,
 From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp ;
 By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp ;
 A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn,
 'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long, through the hours, and the night and the chimes,
 Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times ;
 As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia,
 This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
 There's one that I love and I cherish the best ;
 For the finest of couches, that's padded with hair,
 I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
 With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet ;
 But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
 I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
 A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms !
 I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair ;
 I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sate in this place,
 She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face,
 A smile on her face and a rose in her hair,
 And she sate there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
 Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince ,
 Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
 The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
 In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
 I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
 My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room ;
 She looks as she *then* did, all beauty and bloom .
 So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
 And vonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

THE GARRET

(*Abridged.*)

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

WITH pensive eyes the little room I view,
 Where, in my youth, I weathered it so long,
 With a wild mistress, a staunch friend or two,
 And a light heart still breaking into song ;
 Making a mock of life and all its cares,
 Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
 Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
 In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes ; 'tis a garret—let him know't who will—
 There was my bed—full hard it was and small ;
 My table there—and I decipher still
 Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
 Ye joys, that Time hath swept with him away,
 Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun ;
 For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
 In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friend and I
 Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
 A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
 And distant cannon opened on our ears :
 We rise,—we join in the triumphant strain,—
 Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—
 Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
 In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone—the place is sad and strange—
 How far, far off, these happy times appear ;
 All that I have to live I'd gladly change
 For one such month as I have wasted here—

To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-one.

THE DEATH OF TH' OWD SQUIRE.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

'Twas a wild, mad kind of night, as black as the bottomless pit ;
The wind was howling away, like a Bedlamite in a fit,
Tearing the ash boughs off, and mowing the poplars down,
In the meadows beyond the old flour-mill, where you turn off
into the town.

And the rain (well, it *did* rain) dashing the window glass,
And pouring on to the roof, as a deluge were come to pass ;
The gutters were running in floods outside the stable-door,
And the spouts splashed from the tiles, as if they would never
give o'er.

Lor' how the winders rattled ! you'd almost ha' thought that thieves
Were wrenching at the shutters ; while a ceaseless pelt of leaves
Flew at the door in gusts ; and I could hear the beck
Falling so loud I knew at once it was up to a tall man's neck.

We was huddling in the harness-room, by a little scrap of fire,
And Tom, the coachman, he was there, a-practising for the choir ;
But it sounded dismal, the anthem did, for squire was dying fast,
And the doctor said, " Do what he would, he's breaking up at last."

The death-watch, sure enough, tick'd loud just over th' owd
mare's head,
Tho' he'd never once been heard up there since master's boy lay
dead ;
And the only sound, beside Tom's toon, was the stirring in the
stalls,
And the gnawing and the scratching of the rats in the owd walls.

We couldn't hear Death's foot pass by, but we knew that he was
near ;
And the chill rain and the wind and cold made us all shake with
fear ;

We listened to the clock upstairs, 'twas breathing soft and low,
For the nurse said, "At the turn of night the owd squire's soul
would go."

Master had been a wildish man, and led a roughish life ;
Didn't he shoot the Bowton squire, who dared to write to his wife ?
He beat the Rads at Hindon town, I heard, in twenty-nine,
When every pail in the market-place was brimmed with red port
wine.

And as for hunting, bless your soul, why for forty years or more
He'd kept the Marley hounds, man, as his fayther did afore ;
And now to die, and in his bed—the season just begun—
"It made him fret," the doctor said, "as it might do any one."

And when the young sharp lawyer came to see him sign his will,
Squire made me blow my horn outside as we were going to kill ;
And we turned the hounds out in the court—that seemed to do
him good
For he swore and sent us off to seek a fox in Thornhill Wood.

But then the fever it rose high, and he would go see the room
Where missus died ten years ago when Lammastide shall come ;
I mind the year, because our mare at Salisbury broke down ;
Moreover the town-hall was burned at Steeple Dinton town.

It might be two, or half-past two, the wind seemed quite asleep ;
Tom, he was off, but I, awake, sat watch and ward to keep ;
The moon was up, quite glorious like, the rain no longer fell,
When all at once out clashed and clanged the rusty turret bell

That hadn't been heard for twenty year, not since the Luddite days.
Tom he leaped up, and I leaped up, for all the house ablaze
Had sure not scared us half as much ; and out we ran like mad,
I, Tom, and Joe, the whipper-in, and th' little stable lad.

"He's kill'd hisself," that's the idea that came into my head ;
I felt as sure as though I saw Squire Barrowly was dead ;
When all at once a door flew back, and he met us face to face ;
His scarlet coat was on his back, and he looked like the owd race.

The nurse was clinging to his knees, crying like a child ;
The maids were sobbing on the stairs, for he looked fierce and
wild ;
"Saddle me Lightning Bess, my man," that's what he said to me ;
"The moon is up, we're sure to find at Stop or Etterby.

"Get out the hounds; I'm well to-night, and young again and sound,

I'll have a run once more before they put me under ground;
They brought my father home feet first, and it never shall be said
That his son Joe, who rode so straight, died quietly in his bed.

"Brandy!" he cried; "a tumbler full, you women howling there,"
Then clapped the old black velvet cap upon his long gray hair,
Thrust on his boots, snatched down his whip, though he was old
and weak;

There was a spirit in his eye that would not let me speak.

We loosed the hounds to humour him, and sounded on the horn;
The moon was up above the woods, just east of Haggard Bourne;
I buckled Lightning's throat-lash fast; the squire was watching me;
He let the stirrups down himself so quick, yet carefully.

Then up he got and spurred the mare, and, ere I well could
mount,

He drove the yard-gate open, man, and called to old Dick Blount,
Our huntsman, dead five years ago—for the fever rose again
And was spreading like a flood of flame fast up into his brain.

Then off he flew before the hounds, yelling to call us on,
While we stood there, all pale and dumb, scarce knowing he was
gone;

We mounted, and below the hill we saw the fox break out,
And down the covert side we heard the owd squire's parting shout.

And in the moonlit meadow mist we saw him fly the rail
Beyond the hurdles by the beck, just half-way down the vale;
I saw him breast fence after fence—nothing could turn him back;
And in the moonlight after him streamed out the brave old pack.

'Twas like a dream, Tom cried to me, as we rode free and fast,
Hoping to turn him at the brook, that could not well be passed,
For it was swollen with the rain; but Lor'! 'twas not to be;
Nothing could stop old Lightning Bess but the broad breast of
the sea.

The hounds swept on, and well in front the mare had got her
stride;

She broke across the fallow land that runs by the down side;
We pulled up on Chalk Linton Hill, and as we stood us there,
Two fields beyond we saw the squire fall stone dead from the mare.

Then she swept on, and in full cry the hounds went out of sight ;
A cloud came over the broad moon and something dimmed our
sight,
As Tom and I bore master home, both speaking under breath ;
And that's the way I saw th' owd squire ride boldly to his death.

THE CURFEW BELL

BY ROSA HARTWICK THORPE.

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting o'er the hill-tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And its last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,—
He with steps so slow and weary ; she with sunny floating hair ;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful ; she, with lips all cold
and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring
to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy, moss-grown walls, dark, damp,
and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew ; and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset ;" and her lips grew strangely
white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmy spoke the sexton (every word pierced her young
heart
Like a gleaming death-winged arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart),
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy
shadowed tower ;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has tolled the twilight hour.
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right :
Now I'm old, I will not miss it. Curfew bell must ring to-night !"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her
thoughtful brow ;
And within her heart's deep centre Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,—
"At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood *must die*."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and
bright ;
One low murmur, faintly spoken, "Curfew *must not* ring to-night!"

She with quick step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before.
Not one moment paused the maiden, but, with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro ;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, on which fell no ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "*Curfew shall not ring to-night !*"

She has reached the topmost ladder ; o'er her hangs the great, dark bell ;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell.
See ! the ponderous tongue is swinging ; 'tis the hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring ? No, never ! Her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs, and grasps it firmly : "*Curfew shall not ring to-night !*"

Out she swung,—far out. The city seemed a speck of light below,—
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro.
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf heard not the bell,
Sadly thought that twilight curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden, clinging firmly, quivering lip and fair face white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating : "*Curfew shall not ring to-night !*"

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying ; and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where, for hundred years before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had done
Should be told long ages after. As the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with golden beauty, aged sires, with heads of white,
Tell the children why the curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills comes Cromwell. Bessie sees him ; and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn ;

And her sweet young face, still haggard, with the anguish it had worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light.
"Go! your lover lives," cried Cromwell. "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Wide they flung the massive portals, led the prisoner forth to die,
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the darkening English sky
Bessie came, with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with love-light sweet;
Kneeling on the turf beside him, laid his pardon at his feet.
In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the face upturned and white,
Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me; curfew will not ring to-night."

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THE SEA-FAIRIES.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

SLOW sail'd the weary mariners and saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
The little harps of gold; and while they mused,
Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reach'd them on the middle sea.
Whither away, whither away, whither away? fly no more.
Whither away from the high green field and the happy blossoming shore?
Day and night to the billow the fountain calls;
Down shower the gambolling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea:
Out of the live-green heart of the dells
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells
High over the full-toned sea:
O hither, come hither and furl your sails,
Come hither to me and to me:
Hither, come hither and frolic and play;
Here it is only the mew that wails;
We will sing to you all the day:
Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,

For here are the blissful downs and dales,
 And merrily merrily carol the gales,
 And the spangle dances in bight and bay,
 And the rainbow forms and flies on the land
 Over the islands free ;
 And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand ;
 Hither, come hither and see ;
 And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,
 And sweet is the colour of cove and cave,
 And sweet shall your welcome be :
 O hither, come hither, and be our lords,
 For merry brides are we :
 We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words :
 O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
 With pleasure and love and jubilee :
 O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
 When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords
 Runs up the ridged sea.
 Who can light on as happy a shore
 All the world o'er, all the world o'er ?
 Whither away ? listen and stay : mariner, mariner, fly no
 more.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

PART I.

ON either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
 And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot ;
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Thro' the wave that runs for ever
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses ; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot :
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement seen her stand ?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot :
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot :
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;
 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
 The knights come riding two and two :
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights,
 For often thro' the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights,
 And music, went to Camelot :
 Or when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed ;
 "I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,
 The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
 A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.
 The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot :
 And from his blazon'd baldric slung
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armour rung,
 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
 The helmet and the helmet-feather
 Burn'd like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot,

As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror crack'd from side to side ;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot ;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right—
 The leaves upon her falling light—
 Thro' the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot :
 And as the boat-head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darkened wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot ;
 For ere she reach'd upon the tide
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
 By garden-wall and gallery,
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
 Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this ? and what is here ?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer ;
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot ;
 But Lancelot mused a little space ;
 He said, " She has a lovely face ;
 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

CENONE.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
 The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen—

Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway-down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning : but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
Mournful CEnone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper-cliff.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill :
The grasshopper is silent in the grass :
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps.
The purple flowers droop : the golden bee
Is lily-cradled : I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves,
That house the gold-crown'd snake ! O mountain brooks,
I am the daughter of the River-God,
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gather'd shape : for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.

I waited underneath the dawning hills,
 Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
 And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine :
 Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
 Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd, white-hooved,
 Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

“ O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Far-off the torrent call'd me from the cleft :
 Far up the solitary morning smote
 The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
 I sat alone : white-breasted like a star
 Fronting the dawn he moved ; a leopard skin
 Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
 Cluster'd about his temples like a God's ;
 And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brightens
 When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
 Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

“ Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
 Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
 That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd
 And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech
 Came down upon my heart.

“ ‘ My own CEnone,
 Beautiful-brow'd CEnone, my own soul,
 Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingravn
 “ For the most fair,” would seem to award it thine,
 As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
 The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
 Of movement, and the charm of married brows.’

“ Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
 And added ‘ This was cast upon the board,
 When all the full-faced presence of the Gods
 Ranged in the halls of Peleus ; whereupon
 Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due :
 But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
 Delivering, that to me, by common voice,
 Elected umpire, Herè comes to-day,
 Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each
 This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave
 Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
 May'st well behold them unbeheld, unheard
 Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.

“Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.

It was the deep midnight : one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piney sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies : and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

“O mother Ida, harken ere I die.

On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom
Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestioned, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many a vale
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
Or labour'd mines undrainable of ore.
Honour,' she said, 'and homage, tax and toll,
From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

“O mother Ida, harken ere I die.

Still she spake on, and still she spake of power,
'Which in all action is the end of all ;
Power fitted to the season ; wisdom-bred
And throned of wisdom—from all neighbour crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,
A shepherd all thy life, but yet king-born,
Should come, most welcome, seeing men, in power
Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss
In knowledge of their own supremacy.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
 Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of power
 Flatter'd his spirit ; but Pallas where she stood,
 Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
 O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
 Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
 The while, above, her full and earnest eye
 Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
 Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

" 'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
 Yet not for power (power of herself
 Would come uncall'd for), but to live by law,
 Acting the law we live by without fear ;
 And, because right is right, to follow right
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Again she said : 'I woo thee not with gifts.
 Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
 To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
 So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,

If gazing on divinity disrobed
 Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
 Unbiass'd by self-profit, oh ! rest thee sure
 That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
 So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,
 Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,
 To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,
 Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
 Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,
 Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
 Commensure perfect freedom.'

"Here she ceased,

And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, 'O Paris,
 Give it to Pallas !' but he heard me not,
 Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me !

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
 Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
 With rosy slender fingers backward drew

From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder : from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

“ Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh,
Half-whispered in his ear, ‘ I promised thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.
She spoke and laugh’d : I shut my sight for fear,
But when I look’d, Paris had raised his arm,
And I beheld great Herè’s angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower ;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

“ Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest—why fairest wife ? am I not fair ?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
Crouch’d fawning in the weed. Most loving is she.
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

“ O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My dark tall pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Foster’d the callow eaglet—from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn,
The panther’s roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone CEnone see the morning mist
Sweep through them ; never see them overlaid
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her,
The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change ; that I might speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone ?
Seal'd it with kisses ? water'd it with tears ?
O happy tears, and how unlike to these !
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face ?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight ?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live :
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids : let me die.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die,
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born : her child !—a shudder comes
Across me : never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes !

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of Death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth

'Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire."

THE SISTERS.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

WE were two daughters of one race :
She was the fairest in the face :
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
They were together, and she fell ;
Therefore revenge became me well.
O the Earl was fair to see !

She died : she went to burning flame :
She mix'd her ancient blood with shame.
The wind is howling in turret and tree.
Whole weeks and months, and early and late,
To win his love I lay in wait :
O the Earl was fair to see !

I made a feast ; I bade him come ;
I won his love, I brought him home.
The wind is roaring in turret and tree.
And after supper, on a bed,
Upon my lap he laid his head :
O the Earl was fair to see !

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest :
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
The wind is raging in turret and tree.
I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well.
O the Earl was fair to see !

I rose up in the silent night :
I made my dagger sharp and bright.
The wind is raving in turret and tree.
As half-asleep his breath he drew,
Three times I stabb'd him thro' and thro'
O the Earl was fair to see !

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,
He look'd so grand when he was dead.
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet.
O the Earl was fair to see !

THE GOOSE.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor,
Her rags scarce held together ;
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,
He utter'd rhyme and reason,
" Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,
It is a stormy season."

She caught the white goose by the leg,
A goose—'twas no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
With cackle and with clatter.

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf,
And ran to tell her neighbours ;
And bless'd herself, and cursed herself,
And rested from her labours.

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied ;
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,
The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder :
But ah ! the more the white goose laid
It clack'd and cackled louder.

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there ;
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle :
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
And hurl'd the pan and kettle.

“A quinsy choke thy cursed note !”
Then wax'd her anger stronger.
“Go, take the goose, and wring her throat,
I will not bear it longer.”

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the cat ;
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.
The goose flew this way and flew that,
And fill'd the house with clamour.

As head and heels upon the floor
They flounder'd all together,
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather :

He took the goose upon his arm,
He utter'd words of scorning ;
“So keep you cold, or keep you warm,
It is a stormy morning.”

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
The blast was hard and harder.
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
And a whirlwind clear'd the larder.

And while on all sides breaking loose
Her household fled the danger,
Quoth she, “The Devil take the goose,
And God forget the stranger !”

ULYSSES.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.

I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
 Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all ;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met ;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
 For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains : but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence, to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port : the vessel puffs her sail :
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;
 Death closes all : but something ere the end,

Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TITHONUS.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Ay me ! Ay me ! the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the earth and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes : I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas ! for this gray shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God !
I ask'd thee, " Give me immortality."
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their will,
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,

And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd
 To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
 Immortal age beside immortal youth,
 And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
 Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
 Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
 Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
 To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
 Why should a man desire in any way
 To vary from the kindly race of men,
 Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
 Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
 A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
 Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
 From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
 And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
 Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
 Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
 Ere yet they blind the stars, and that wild team
 Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
 And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes.
 And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
 In silence, then before thine answer given
 Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
 And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
 In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
 "The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
 In days far-off, and with what other eyes
 I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
 The lucid outline forming round thee, saw
 The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
 Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
 Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
 Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
 Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
 With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
 Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
 Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
 Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
 While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East :
How can my nature longer mix with thine ?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground ;
Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave :
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn ;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

AMPHION.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

My father left a park to me,
But it is wild and barren,
A garden too with scarce a tree
And waster than a warren :
Yet say the neighbours when they call,
It is not bad but good land,
And in it is the germ of all
That grows within the woodland.

O had I lived when song was great
In days of old Amphion,
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
Nor cared for seed or scion !
And had I lived when song was great,
And legs of trees were limber,
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
And fiddled in the timber !

'Tis said he had a tuneful tongue,
Such happy intonation,
Wherever he sat down and sung
He left a small plantation ;
Wherever in a lonely grove
He set up his forlorn pipes,
The gouty oak began to move,
And flounder into hornpipes.

The mountain stirr'd its bushy crown,
 And, as tradition teaches,
 Young ashes pirouetted down
 Coquetting with young beeches ;
 And briony-vine and ivy-wreath
 Ran forward to his rhyming,
 And from the valleys underneath
 Came little cōpses climbing.

The linden broke her ranks and rent
 The woodbine wreaths that bind her,
 And down the middle buzz ! she went
 With all her bees behind her :
 The poplars, in long order due,
 With cypress promenaded,
 The shock-head willows two and two
 By rivers galloped.

Came wet-shot alder from the wave,
 Came yews, a dismal coterie ;
 Each pluck'd his one foot from the grave,
 Poussetting with a sloe-tree :
 Old elms came breaking from the vine,
 The vine stream'd out to follow,
 And, sweating rosin, plump'd the pine
 From many a cloudy hollow.

And wasn't it a sight to see,
 When, ere his song was ended,
 Like some great landslip, tree by tree,
 The countryside descended ;
 And shepherds from the mountain-eaves
 Look'd down, half-pleased, half-frighten'd,
 As dash'd about the drunken leaves
 The random sunshine lighten'd !

Oh, nature first was fresh to men,
 And wanton without measure ;
 So youthful and so flexile then,
 You moved her at your pleasure.
 Twang out, my fiddle ! shake the twigs
 And make her dance attendance ;
 Blow, flute, and stir the stiff-set sprigs
 And scirrhous roots and tendons.

Tis vain ! in such a brassy age
I could not move a thistle ;
The very sparrows in the hedge
Scarce answer to my whistle ;
Or at the most, when three-parts-sick
With strumming and with scraping,
A jackass heehaws from the rick,
The passive oxen gaping.

But what is that I hear ? a sound
Like sleepy counsel pleading :
O Lord !—'tis in my neighbour's ground,
The modern Muses reading.
They read Botanic Treatises,
And Works on Gardening thro' there,
And Methods of transplanting trees,
To look as if they grew there,

The wither'd Misses ! how they prose
O'er books of travell'd seamen,
And show you slips of all that grows
From England to Van Diemen.
They read in arbours clipt and cut,
And alleys, faded places,
By squares of tropic summer shut
And warm'd in crystal cases.

But these, tho' fed with careful dirt,
Are neither green nor sappy ;
Half-conscious of the garden-squirt,
The spindlings look unhappy.
Better to me the meanest weed
That blows upon its mountain,
The vilest herb that runs to seed
Beside its native fountain.

And I must work thro' months of toil,
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil
To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom :
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.

S T. A G N E S' E V E.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon :
My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord :
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee :
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up ! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride.

EDWARD GRAY.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON:

SWEET Emma Moreland of yonder town
Met me walking on yonder way,
"And have you lost your heart?" she said;
"And are you married yet, Edward Gray?"

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me :
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away :
"Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

"Ellen Adair she loved me well,
Against her father's and mother's will.
To-day I sat for an hour and wept,
By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold ;
Thought her proud, and fled over the sea ;
Fill'd I was with folly and spite,
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

"Cruel, cruel the words I said !
Cruelly came they back to-day :
'You're too slight and fickle,' I said,
'To trouble the heart of Edward Gray'

"There I put my face in the grass—
Whisper'd, 'Listen to my despair :
I repent of me all I did ;
Speak a little, Ellen Adair !'

"Then I took a pencil and wrote
On the mossy stone, as I lay,
'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair ;
And here the heart of Edward Gray !'

"Love may come, and love may go,
And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree :
But I will love no more, no more,
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

"Bitterly wept I over the stone :
 Bitterly weeping I turn'd away :
 There lies the body of Ellen Adair !
 And there the heart of Edward Gray !"

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play !
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill ;
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

I.

BURY the Great Duke
 With an empire's lamentation,
 Let us bury the Great Duke
 To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
 Mourning when their leaders fall,
 Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
 And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant : sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow ;
The last great Englishman is low.

IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute :
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good grey head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

V.

All is over and done :
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.

Let the bell be toll'd.
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 And render him to the mould.
 Under the cross of gold
 That shines over city and river,
 There he shall rest for ever
 Among the wise and the bold.
 Let the bell be toll'd :
 And a reverend people behold
 The towering car, the sable steeds :
 Bright let it be with his blazon'd deeds,
 Dark in its funeral fold.
 Let the bell be toll'd :
 And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd ;
 And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
 Thro' the dome of the golden cross ;
 And the volleying cannon thunder his loss :
 He knew their voices of old.
 For many a time in many a clime
 His captain's-ear has heard them boom
 Bellowing victory, bellowing doom ;
 When he with those deep voices wrought,
 Guarding realms and kings from shame ;
 With those deep voices our dead captain taught
 The tyrant, and asserts his claim
 In that dread sound to the great name,
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,
 In praise and in dispraise the same,
 A man of well attemper'd frame.
 O civic muse, to such a name,
 To such a name for ages long,
 To such a name,
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,
 And ever-ringing avenues of song.

VI.

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?
 Mighty seaman, this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea,
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
 The greatest sailor since our world began.
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes ;

For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea ;
His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
O give him welcome, this is he,
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee ;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun ;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won ;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings ;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down ;
A day of onsets of despair !
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew,
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo !
Mighty seaman, tender and true,

And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit among things divine,
 If love of country move thee there at all,
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine
 And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
 In full acclaim,
 A people's voice,
 The proof and echo of all human fame,
 A people's voice, when they rejoice
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honour, honour, honour honour, to him,
 Eternal honour to his name.

VII.

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;
 Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
 His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers,
 We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
 Of boundless love and reverence and regret
 To those great men who fought, and kept it ours
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
 Remember him who led your hosts ;
 He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 For ever ; and whatever tempests lour
 For ever silent ; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
Who never spoke against a foe ;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

VIII.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he : his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure

Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory :
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see :
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung :
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain !
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere.
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane :
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will ;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul ?

On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears :
The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears ;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
He is gone who seem'd so great.—
Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

I.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade !
Charge for the guns !" he said :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II

"Forward, the Light Brigade !"
Was there a man dismay'd ?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd :
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd :
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonness about their Lord,
King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
" The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king :
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known :
But now delay not : take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere :
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight :
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.

This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud :

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done
What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself ?
The king is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt ? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honour and much fame were lost.'

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time.
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
"What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence.
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword.
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
" My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear " Quick, quick !
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony,
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
 And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
 But she, that rose the tallest of them all
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
 And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow
 Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
 And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
 Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
 That made his forehead like a rising sun
 High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust;
 Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips
 So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
 "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 Such times have been not since the light that led
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world;
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou see'st—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

LYRICS FROM THE PRINCESS.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

HOME they brought her warrior dead :
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry :
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee—
 Like summer tempest came her tears—
 "Sweet, my child, I live for thee."

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea !
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dropping moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me ;
 While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon :
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

The splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story :
 The long light shakes across the lakes
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river :
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

GONE HOME ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY FREDERIC E. WEATHERLEY.

“‘HOME,’ did you say, my darling? We haven’t got where to go!

Only the dreary pavement, only the freezing snow,
Only the hard cold stones against our weary feet,
Only the flaring lamplight, only the open street!

“‘Cold,’ did you say, my darling? I know the cloak is thin,
But I haven’t got anything better or warmer to wrap you in!
Yet hug it closer round you, though it *is* so thin and old,
And we’ll go and sit on this doorstep, out of the bitter cold!

“We can hear the loud bells ringing: I love to hear them so!
They remind me of one past New Year’s Eve, only a year ago;
Only twelve short, short months, but they seem like as many
years;
Then my eyes shone brightly, but now—they are dull with tears.

“A New Year’s Eve, my darling,—the last that I was to see
With my husband, round the fireside, and you upon my knee;
And, as the bells were ringing—just as it may be to-night
He talked of the Past and the Present, and all looked cheerful
and bright.

“He talked of a soft Spring morning, when first he saw my
face:
He was an unknown painter, and had come to stay in the place;
And he used to take his painting out in the sunny land—
It was there that I first met him, it was there that he asked my
hand.

“And oft at eve in the sunlight by the fern-clad stile we stood
That leads from the field of clover into the hazel wood,
While the thousand voices of Labour came up from the village
below,
And, through the leaves beside us, we heard the river flow.

“And fondly he talked of our marriage, and anon of a happy
morn,
All in the flowery Summer, when, darling, you were born;
Until soon the candle flickered, and the falling ashes grew dim—
Then we slept, and all through the quiet I lay and dreamt of
him.

"Gladly I woke on the morrow, the first day of the year ;
 Gladly I heard from the village the chimes go loud and clear :
 Gladly I woke, and leant over to kiss your sunny hair,
 And I turned to kiss your father—I turned—but he was not
 there.

"Gone ! after all his fondness, on the Old Year's dying day !
 Gone ! after all his kind words ! But a letter remained to say
 That he long had feared his parents wouldn't know him for their
 own,
 If they heard of his humble marriage—so he left me all alone !

"And the parish turned us out ! it wasn't our house, they said :
 O God ! but is it wicked to wish that I were dead ?
 They came and turned us out, and we hadn't got where to go,—
 Only the dreary common, only the driving snow.

"And all looked bleak and friendless, and I clasped you, darling,
 tight—
 Clasped you tight to my bosom, and away in the dark rough
 night,
 Away from the sleeping village, along the desolate road
 We walked, until soon before us the lights in London glowed.

"But the brightness seemed to mock us, and the glare to laugh
 us down,
 As, weary and faint with our journey, we entered the noisy town ;
 And the heartless passers spurned us—they never had known a
 care—
 O God ! it is hard, my darling—O God ! it is hard to bear !

"And once on an Autumn evening, as I was wandering by,
 I stopped and looked in at a window, I looked—but I know not
 why ;
 And by the cheerful fireside I saw a well-known face,
 And another, a lovely maiden, was sitting there in my place.

"And my spirit yearned towards her, but could I say a word ?
 So I bitterly wept at the window—it was only the rain they
 heard :
 My spirit yearned towards her, to tell her to have good care :
 For I said in my anger, 'The painter has another victim there !

"But I checked the words of anger ; I wouldn't darken their
 love :
 If *he* doesn't care about me, there's One who does above !

Yet still I can see that window, and the well-known features
there—

O God ! it is hard, my darling—O God ! it is hard to bear !

“ It was only yesterday evening that they passed us in the street,
But he turned his face to the darkness, not to see who lay at his
feet ;

Nor saw the look of sweet compassion that crossed his wife’s fair
face—

Little, I trow, she fancied she held *my* rightful place.

“ Listen ! the bells are telling the Year is dying slow :

It was just like this that I heard them, only a year ago !

They sound like the bells of our village, rolling up from below
the hill—

Why don’t you answer, darling ? why do you lie so still ?

“ Why are the blue eyes closed ? Why are the limbs so cold ?

And yet on the pale lip lingers the sunny smile of old—

[But while the bells were ringing out through the frosty air,
An angel had taken my darling to Heaven, to be happy there !]

“ ‘ Home,’ did you say, my darling ? Yes, *you’ve* found a home
of rest,

Although your frail little body hangs lifeless on my breast !

‘ Home,’ did I say, my darling ? *I* haven’t got where to go,—

Only the hard, hard pavement—only the cold, cold snow ! ”

(By Special Permission of the Author.)

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

FROM the hills of home forth looking, far beneath the tent-like
span

Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the headland of Cape Ann.

Well I know its coves and beaches to the ebb-tide glimmering
down,

And the white-walled hamlet children of its ancient fishing-town.

Long has passed the summer morning, and its memory waxes
old,

When along yon breezy headlands with a pleasant friend I
strolled.

Ah ! the autumn sun is shining, and the ocean wind blows cool,
And the golden-rod and aster bloom around thy grave, Rantoul !

With the memory of that morning by the summer sea I blend
 A wild and wondrous story, by the younger Mather penned,
 In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with all strange and marvellous
 things,
 Heaped up huge and undigested, like the chaos Ovid sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of the dual life of old,
 Inward, grand with awe and reverence; outward, mean and
 coarse and cold;
 Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and vulgar clay;
 Golden-threaded fancies weaving in a web of hodden gray.

The great eventful Present hides the Past; but through the din
 Of its loud life hints and echoes from the life behind steal in;
 And the lore of home and fireside, and the legendary rhyme,
 Make the task of duty lighter which the true man owes his time.

So, with something of the feeling which the Covenanters knew,
 When with pious chisel wandering Scotland's moorland graveyards
 through,
 From the graves of old traditions I part the blackberry-vines,
 Wipe the moss from off the headstones, and retouch the faded
 lines.

Where the sea-waves back and forward, hoarse with rolling pebbles,
 ran,
 The garrison-house stood watching on the gray rocks of Cape
 Ann;
 On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and palisade,
 And rough walls of unhewn timber with the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and eastward looking
 forth
 O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with breakers stretching
 north,—
 Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged capes, with bush
 and tree,
 Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by dying brands,
 Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with their muskets in their
 hands;
 On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison haunch was shared,
 And the pewter tankard circled slowly round from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together,—talked of wizards Satan-sold ;
Of all ghostly sights and noises,—signs and wonders manifold ;
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men in her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water in the loom of morning clouds ;

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the depths of Gloucester
woods,
Full of plants that love the summer,—blossoms of warmer latitudes ;
Where the Arctic birch is braided by the tropic's flowery vines,
And the white magnolia-blossoms star the twilight of the pines !

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky tones of fear,
As they spake of present tokens of the powers of evil near ;
Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel and aim of of gun ;
Never yet was ball to slay them in the mould of mortals run !

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from the midnight
wood they came,—
Thrice round the block-house marching, met, unharmed, its
volleyed flame ;
Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in earth or lost in air
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit sands lay bare.

Midnight came ; from out the forest moved a dusky mass that
soon
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly marching in the
moon.
“Ghosts or witches,” said the captain, “thus I foil the Evil
One !”
And he rammed a silver button, from his doublet, down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded wall about ;
Once again the levelled muskets through the palisades flashed
out,
With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top might not shun,
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless shower of lead.
With a laugh of fierce derision, once again the phantoms fled ;
Once again, without a shadow on the sands the moonlight lay,
And the white smoke curling through it drifted slowly down the
bay !

“God preserve us !” said the captain ; “never mortal foes were
there ;
They have vanished with their leader, Prince and Power of the
air !

Lay aside your useless weapons ; skill and prowess naught avail ;
They who do the Devil's service wear their master's coat of
mail ! ”

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when again a warning call
Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round the dusky hall :
And they looked to flint and priming, and they longed for break
of day,
But the captain closed his Bible : “ Let us cease from man, and
pray ! ”

To the men who went before us, all the unseen powers seemed
near,
And their steadfast strength of courage struck its roots in holy
fear.
Every hand forsook the musket, every head was bowed and bare,
Every stout knee pressed the flagstones, as the captain led in
prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the spectres round the wall,
But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears and hearts of all,—
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish ! Never after mortal man
Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the block-house of Cape
Ann.

So to us who walk in summer through the cool and sea-blown
town,
From the childhood of its people comes the solemn legend down.
Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose moral lives the youth
And the fitness and the freshness of an undecaying truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings come the spectres of the mind,
Doubts and fears and dread forebodings, in the darkness
undefined ;
Round us throng the grim projections of the heart and of the
brain,
And our pride of strength is weakness, and the cunning hand is
vain.

In the dark we cry like children ; and no answer from on high
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no white wings
downward fly ;
But the heavenly help we pray for comes to faith, and not to
sight,
And our prayers themselves drive backward all the spirits of the
night !

MAUD MULLER.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed : " Ah me !
That I the Judge's bride might be !

" He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

" My father should wear a broadcloth coat ;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

" I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

" And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

" A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

" And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

" Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay :

" No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

" But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go ;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
" Ah, that I were free again !

" Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and many a pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot,
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot.

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these : "It might have been !"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away !

THE PROUD LADYE.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

"'Tis a cheerless morn for a gallant to swim,
And the moat shines cold and clear ;
Sir Knight, I was never yet baulked of my whim,
And I long for the lilies that float on the brim,
Go, bring me those blossoms here !"
Then I offered them low on my bended knee,
"They are faded and wet," quoth the Proud Ladye.

A jay screamed out from the topmost pine,
That waved by the castle wall,
And she vowed if I loved her I'd never decline
To harry his nest for this mistress of mine,
Though I broke my own neck in the fall ;
Then I brought her the eggs and she flouted me,
"You would climb too high," said the Proud Ladye.

The lists were dressed and the lances in rest,
 And the knightly band arrayed ;
 'Twas stout Sir Hubert who bore him the best,
 With a queen's white glove carried high on his crest,
 Till I shore it away with my blade.
 But I reeled as I laid it before her. " See,
 It is soiled with your blood," said the Proud Ladye.

" You have sweet red lips, and an ivory brow,
 But your heart is as cold as a stone,
 Though I loved you so fondly and truly, now
 I have broken my fetters and cancelled my vow,
 You may sigh at your lattice alone ;
 There are women as fair who are kinder to me,
 Go look for another, my Proud Ladye ! "

Her tears fell fast, she began to rue,
 When she counted the cost of her pride,
 Till she played and lost it she never knew,
 The worth of a heart that was loving and true ;
 And she beckoned me back to her side.
 While softly she whispered, " I love but thee ! "
 So I won her at last, my Proud Ladye.

THE LEPER.

By N. P. WILLIS.

(ST. LUKE xvii.)

" Room for the leper ! room ! " And, as he came,
 The cry pass'd on—" Room for the leper ! room ! "
 Sunrise was slanting on the city gates
 Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
 The early risen poor were coming in,
 Duly and cheerfully to their toil, and up
 Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
 Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
 And all that in a city murmur swells—
 Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
 Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick
 Hailing the welcome light and sounds that chase
 The death-like images of the dark away.
 " Room for the leper ! " And aside they stood—

Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
 Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
 And onward through the open gate he came,
 A leper with the ashes on his brow,
 Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
 A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
 And with a difficult utterance, like one
 Whose heart is like an iron nerve put down,
 Crying, "Unclean ! unclean !"

"Twas now the first
 Of the Judean autumn, and the leaves,
 Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
 Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
 Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,
 And eminently beautiful, and life
 Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip
 And sparkled in his glance, and in his mien
 There was a gracious pride that every eye
 Follow'd with benisons—and this was he !
 With the soft airs of summer there had come
 A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
 Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
 Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs
 The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
 The blood beat not as wont within his veins ;
 Dimness crept o'er his eye ; a drowsy sloth
 Fetter'd his limbs like palsy, and his mien,
 With all its loftiness, seem'd struck with eld.
 Even his voice was changed—a languid moan
 Taking the place of the clear silver key ;
 And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light
 And very air were steep'd in sluggishness.
 He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,
 Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
 Slacken'd within his grasp, and in its poise
 The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook.
 Day after day, he lay as if in sleep.
 His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales,
 Circled with livid purple, cover'd him.
 And then his nails grew black, and fell away
 From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
 Deepen'd beneath the hard unmoisten'd scales,
 And from their edges grew the rank white hair,
 —And Helon was a leper !

Day was breaking
When at the altar of the Temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
Burn'd with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swell'd through the hollow arches of the roof
Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bow'd down his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb ;
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom :—

Depart ! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God !
For He has smote thee with His chastening rod ;
And to the desert wild,
From all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague His people may be free.

Depart ! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more ;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er ;
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way ; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide ;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide ;
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well or river's grassy brink ;

And pass thou not between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze ;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen ;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn or yellow grain.

And now depart ! and when
Thy heart is heavy and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him

Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel His chastening rod.
Depart ! O leper ! and forget not God !

And he went forth—alone ! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea—he went his way,
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die !
For God had cursed the leper !

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touch'd
The loathsome water to his fever'd lips,
Praying that he might be so blest—to die !
Footsteps approach'd, and, with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean ! unclean !" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the Stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name—
"Helon !" The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet ;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon ! arise !" and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the Stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore ;
No followers at His back, nor in His hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear,—yet in His mien
Command sat throned serene, and if He smiled,
A kingly condescension graced His lips,
The lion would have crouch'd to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and His sandals worn ;
His stature modell'd with a perfect grace ;
His countenance the impress of a God,

Touch'd with the opening innocence of a child ;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon ; His hair, unshorn,
Fell to His shoulders, and His curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He look'd on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if His heart were moved, and stooping down,
He took a little water in His hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, " Be clean ! "
And lo ! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet and worshipp'd Him,

ABSALOM.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

(2 SAMUEL XIX.)

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds ; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And lean'd in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashion'd for a happier world !

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem ; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath ; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gather'd round him on the fresh green bank,

And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He pray'd for Israel—and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for those
Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being, who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherish'd him—for him he pour'd,
In agony that would not be controll'd,
Strong supplication; and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straighten'd for the grave; and, as the folds
Sank to the still proportions, they betray'd
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they sway'd
'To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
His helm was at his feet: his banner, soil'd
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him: and the jewell'd hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his cover'd brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasp'd his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David enter'd, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back

The pall from the still features of his child,
He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe :

“ Alas ! my noble boy ! that thou shouldst die !
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair !
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair !
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb !
My proud boy, Absalom !

“ Cold is thy brow, my son ! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee !
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet ‘ *My father !* ’ from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom !

“ But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young ;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung ;—
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom !

“ And oh ! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token !
It were so sweet, amid death’s gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom !

“ And now, farewell ! ’Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee ;—
And thy dark sin !—Oh ! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have call’d thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom !”

He cover’d up his face, and bow’d himself
A moment on his child : then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasp’d
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer ;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently—and left him there—
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

LUCY GRAY ; OR, SOLITUDE.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

OFt I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“ To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“ That, father, will I gladly do :
’Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon.”

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb ;
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and turning homeward, cried,
" In heaven we all shall meet : "
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They track the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WE ARE SEVEN.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

—————A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad :
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
Her beauty made me glad.

" Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ?"
" How many ? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

" And where are they ? I pray you tell."
She answered, " Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

" Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

" You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
" Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

" You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

" Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
" Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

" My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

" And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

THE HOST OF THE AIR.

BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

O'DRISCOLL drove with a song
The wild duck and the drake,
From the tall and the tufted reeds
Of the drear Hart Lake.

And he saw how the reeds grew dark
At the coming of night tide,
And dreamed of the long dim hair
Of Bridget his bride.

He heard while he sang and dreamed
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls
Who danced on a level place,
And Bridget his bride among them,
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him,
And many a sweet thing said,
And a young man brought him red wine,
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve
Away from the merry bands,
To old men playing at cards,
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,
For these were the host of the air ;
He sat and played in a dream
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men,
And thought not of evil chance,
Until one bore Bridget his bride
Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,
The handsomest young man there,
And his neck and his breast and his arms
Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll scattered the cards,
 And out of his dream awoke :
 Old men and young men and young girls
 Were gone like a drifting smoke ;

But he heard high up in the air
 A piper piping away,
 And never was piping so sad,
 And never was piping so gay.

"Dr. Joyce says : ' of all the different kinds of goblins . . . air demons were most dreaded by the people. They lived among clouds and mists and rocks and hated the human race with the utmost malignity.' They are said to steal brides just after their marriage, and sometimes in a blast of wind."

[*By Special Permission of the Author and of the Publisher Mr. Elkin Mathews.*]

THE BIRKENHEAD.

BY SIR HENRY YULE.

AMID the loud ebriety of War,
 With shouts of "la République" and "la Gloire,"
 The *Vengeur's* crew, 'twas said, with flying flag
 And broadside blazing level with the wave
 Went down erect, defiant, to their grave
 Beneath the sea. 'Twas but a Frenchman's brag,
 Yet Europe rang with it for many a year.
 Now we recount no fable ; Europe, hear !
 And when they tell thee "England is a fen
 Corrupt, a kingdom tottering to decay,
 Her nerveless burghers lying an easy prey
 For the first comer," tell how the other day
 A crew of half a thousand Englishmen
 Went down into the deep in Simon's Bay !

Not with the cheer of battle in the throat,
 Or cannon-glare and din to stir their blood,
 But, roused from dreams of home to find their boat
 Fast sinking, mustered on the deck they stood,
 Biding God's pleasure and their chief's command.
 Calm was the sea, but not less calm that band
 Close ranged upon the poop, with bated breath
 But flinching not though eye to eye with Death !

Heroes ! Who were those heroes ? Veterans steeled
 To face the King of Terrors mid the scaith
 Of many an hurricane and trenchèd field ?
 Far other : weavers from the stocking-frame ;
 Boys from the plough ; cornets with beardless chin,
 But steeped in honour and in discipline !

Weep, Britain, for the Cape whose ill-starred name,
 Long since divorced from Hope suggests but shame,
 Disaster, and thy Captains held at bay
 By naked hordes ; but as thou weapest, thank
 Heaven for those undegenerate sons who sank
 Aboard the *Birkenhead* in Simon's Bay !

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

ANONYMOUS.

THE King sits in Dumfermline town,
 Drinking the blude-red wine ;
 "Oh whare will I get a skeely skipper,
 To sail this new ship of mine !"

Oh up and spake an eldern knight,
 Sat at the King's right knee,—
 "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
 That ever sailed the sea."

Our King has written a braid letter,
 And sealed it with his hand,
 And sent to Sir Patrick Spens,
 Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
 To Noroway o'er the faem ;
 The King's daughter of Noroway,
 'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
 Sae loud loud laughed he ;
 The neist word that Sir Patrick read
 The tear blinded his e'e.

"Oh wha is this has done this deed,
 And tauld the King o' me,
 To send us out, at this time of year,
 To sail upon the sea ?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet
 Our ship must sail the faem ;
 The King's daughter of Noroway,
 'Tis we must fetch her hame.

"Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a'
 Our gude ship sails the morn !"
 "Now ever alack, my master dear,
 I fear a deadly storm !

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
 Wi' the auld moon in her arm ;
 And, if we gang to sea, master,
 I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
 A league but barely three,
 When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud
 And gurly grew the sea.

Oh laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
 To wet their cork-heeled shoon !
 But long or a' the play was played,
 They wat their hats aboon.

Oh lang, lang may the ladyes sit
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
 Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
 Awaiting for their ain dear loves,
 For them they'll see na mair !

Half o'er, half o'er to Aberdour,
 'Tis fifty fathom deep ;
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL.

ANONYMOUS.

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
 And a wealthy wife was she ;
 She had three stout and stalwart sons,
 And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
 A week but barely ane,
 When word cam' to the carline * wife,
 That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
 A week but barely three,
 When word cam' to the carline wife
 That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
 Nor fish be in the flood,
 Till my three sons come hame to me,
 In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,
 When nights are lang and mirk,
 The carline wife's three sons cam' hame,
 And their hats were o' the birk.†

It neither grew in syke ‡ nor ditch,
 Nor yet in any sheugh;||
 But at the gates o' Paradise
 That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
 Bring water from the well!
 For a' my house shall feast this night,
 Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
 She's made it large and wide;
 And she's ta'en her mantle round about,
 Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
 And up and crew the gray:—
 The eldest to the youngest said,
 "'Tis time we were away.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
 The channerin' * worm doth chide;
 Gin we be missed out o' our place,
 A sair pain we maun bide."

* Old peasant-woman.

‡ Marsh.

* Fretting.

† Birch.

|| Trench.

" Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
 Lie still but if we may ;
 Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes
 She'll go mad ere it be day.

" Our mother has nae mair but us ;
 See where she leans asleep ;
 The mantle that was on herself
 She has happed it round our feet."

O it's they have ta'en up their mother's mantle,
 And they've hung it on a pin ;
 " O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantle,
 Ere ye hap us again !

" Fare ye weel, my mother dear !
 Fareweel to barn and byre ! †
 And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
 That kindles my mother's fire ! "

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

ANONYMOUS.

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
 Night and day on me she cries ;
 O that I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirkconnell lea !

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
 And died to succour me !

O thinkna ye my heart was sair
 When my love dropt down, and spak' nae mair ?
 There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
 On fair Kirkconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,
 None but my foe to be my guide
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 On fair Kirkconnell lea ;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
 I hackèd him in pieces sma',
 I hackèd him in pieces sma'
 For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair beyond compare !
 I'll mak' a garland o' thy hair,
 Shall bind my heart for evermair,
 Until the day I dee !

O that I were where Helen lies !
 Night and day on me she cries ;
 Out of my bed she bids me rise,
 Says, " Haste, and come to me ! "

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
 If I were with thee I were blest,
 Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
 On fair Kirkconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
 A winding-sheet drawn ower my e'en,
 And I in Helen's arms lying
 On fair Kirkconnell lea,

I wish I were where Helen lies !
 Night and day on me she cries,
 And I am weary of the skies
 For her sake that died for me.

DAGOBERT THE JESTER.

ANONYMOUS.

THE Princess was queenly and fair in face,
 And she was the last of a royal race.

From far and near came her suitors proud,
 But she looked at none in that goodly crowd.

Nineteen summers had passed away,
 And she knew nothing of Love's sweet sway.

Nor prince, nor knight, nor gentle squire
 Could light in her breast the sacred fire.

"It were best for the people that thou shouldst wed,
And raise up princes," the graybeards said.

But no man moved that heart of stone,
And the Princess lived and ruled alone.

Yet oft to herself she whispered low :
"A time will come, be time swift or slow,
When my heart to its master must outward go.

"Never a man have I seen as yet
That could fill my heart with Love's regret.

"All men bow in my presence the knee ;
But he who weds me my king must be,

"And him will I serve each hour and day,
And own myself conquered in Love's sweet sway.

"For Love is worth nor tittle nor jot
If the husband no power to rule has got !"

She sat in her palace one sweet spring day,
And idled the afternoon hours away.

She called to a maiden who lingered there :
"Go fetch me the jester Dagobert."

The jester came, with his serious face,
And a shadow fell on the sunlit place.

Misshapen and stunted and crabbed was he ;
As sorry a jester as well could be !

His great head fell on his pointed chest,
And a grievous hump on his shoulders prest ;

His small eyes gleamed through his shaggy hair :
Such was the jester Dagobert.

The Princess beckoned him near her feet,
But her glance knew nothing of pity sweet.

"Thou art a man of ready wit :
Come, tell me the reason and meaning of it.

"Oft I have said that no man's power
Hath rested on me a single hour,

"And yet for three days past my soul
Hath felt the might of a man's control."

*What sound was that in the perfumed air ?
A sigh from the jester Dagobert.*

"Speak, my Princess, and tell me all—
Who holds thy heart at his beck and call?"

"Neither his name nor his race I know,
Nor who is he that enthrals me so."

"Strange, my Princess, thy story seems.
Is it some creature of maiden dreams?"

"Nay, but for three nights past my ears
Have heard a voice that can move my tears.

"He sings of war and of mighty deeds;
And under it all his own love pleads."

*What was it that stirred the silent air ?
A sigh from the jester Dagobert.*

"Where, my Princess, was this strange thing?
And whence did he come for thy pleasure to sing?"

"Where or whence I little know;
But my heart keeps saying, '*I love him so !*'"

"Three nights past he has sung beneath
My window of Love that will last till death.

"His voice is the voice of a man so brave
That I would follow him to his grave.

"And I—I listen, and long to reply:
'I love thee, I love thee until I die !'"

*What was that in the heavy air ?
A groan from the jester Dagobert.*

"Thou art a man of ready wit:
Come, tell me the meaning and reason of it."

In the jester's eyes there lurked a flame,
And he bit his lip till the red blood came.

His body shivered, and underneath
The unkempt beard he ground his teeth ;

And sudden he answered : " A fool's poor wit
Can see no meaning or reason in it.

" Find the meaning thyself, nor try
To coax love-nonsense from such as I."

Over her face flashed the angry blood,
And she struck the jester where he stood.

At the touch of her fingers he shivered again ;
But it was not the blow that caused his pain.

" Go !" she cried, " to thy bells and cap !
What knowest thou of Love's sweet hap ?

" What Love is, and what Love can be,
Is all unguessed by a thing like thee.

" How shouldst thou, in thy ugliness,
Ever the might of Love confess ?

" Love is for those that are fair and free,
Not for misshapen things like thee !"

He shrank away to his chattering ape,
A poor, ill-favoured, and fearful shape.

He leaned his head on his hands, and knew
That the cruel words were more than true.

And the only sounds in the silent air
Were the sighs of the jester Dagobert.

The Princess stood at her window that night ;
There was no light there but the pale starlight.

Far below, in the evening breeze,
She heard the rustle of waving trees.

Sudden a voice through the silence rang :
Of Love that will last till death it sang.

And all through the wonderful ebb and flow
A voice repeated, "*I love thee so !*"

She leaned through the casement, and closed her eyes,
And fancied her soul in Paradise.

And sudden the song died out, and her ears
Caught the sobs of one in a passion of tears !

The Princess sat on her father's throne,
And looked on the halls that were all her own.

Each was filled with a moving throng
Of courtiers threading their way along.

Lord and lady of high degree
Were there in their pride and their bravery.

And the Princess was decked with jewels rare,
And diamonds gleamed in her sunny hair,
And she was the fairest woman there.

She rose from her throne, and the voices hushed,
And her dark eye gleamed and her fair face flushed,

And her beauty increased and grew, no less
Because of her maidenly bashfulness.

Then to the graybeards round she said :
" Oft you have told me that I must wed ;

" But never there came across my way
A man who could hold my heart in sway.

" Yet now I would have you all to know
That my heart to its master must outward go.

" Four nights now 'neath my palace wall
I have heard a voice, and have felt its thrall.

" And, oh ! if the singer among you be,
Let him come forth and marry with me ! "

Silence fell on the wondering crowd
As they gazed at the Princess fair and proud,
Whose heart by the power of Love was bowed.

But no voice answered from out the throng
In the tones that had chanted that witching song.

"Oh, let him speak!" she cried; "for, lo!
He has chained my heart, and I love him so!"

She stood with her hand stretched out so fair,
And looked for his coming to claim her there.

And sudden there rose a strange, fierce cry
From the daïs behind her: "*It was I.*"

And out there stepped from a sheltering chair
The humpbacked jester Dagobert!

Then a voice arose in the wondering hall,
That was full of gibe in its mocking call:
"Sing us the song that can so enthrall!"

And into the midst of the perfumed air
Soared the voice of the jester Dagobert.

It told of the years of sorrow and pain,
And the ceaseless thoughts of the scheming brain.

It told of the love that breathed and burned
In the shapeless body by all men spurned;

It told how the heart was brave and true
To the love and passion that in it grew;

And because of its passionate, fierce regret,
The eyes of many with tears were wet.

It ceased, and the jester raised his face
And looked at the Princess of noble race.

Would she remember his pain and woe,
And come to his side with "*I love thee so*"?

She turned away with a glance of scorn;
And the hunchback's love died out in its morn.

But, suddenly springing, he caught her hand:
"*I was the king that could thee command!*"

And, for one brief moment of passionate bliss,
He pressed her lips with a burning kiss.

Swords flashed out in the courtier crowd,
And the murmurs of hate were fierce and loud:

"He dies, the varlet ! Ho, draw him apart !"
But he drove his own dagger right through his heart.

And ere any could reach him the life was fled
From the shapeless body and shaggy head.

Out into the starlight, pure and fair,
Passed the soul of the jester Dagobert.

THE NEWSBOY'S DEBT.

ANONYMOUS.

ONLY last year, at Christmas-time, while pacing down the city street,

I saw a tiny, ill-clad boy—one of the many that we meet—
As ragged as a boy could be, with half a cap, with one good shoe,
Just patches to keep out the wind—I know the wind blew keenly too :

A newsboy, with a newsboy's lungs, a square Scotch face, an honest brow,

And eyes that liked to smile so well, they had not yet forgotten how :

A newsboy, calling his last sheets with loud persistence. Now and then

Stopping to beat his stiffened hands, then trudging bravely on again.

Dodging about among the crowd, shouting his "Extras" o'er and o'er ;

Pausing by whiles to cheat the wind within some alley, by some door.

At last he stopped—six papers left, tucked hopelessly beneath his arm—

To eye a fruiterer's outspread store : here, products from some country farm ;

And there, confections, all adorned with wreathed and clustered leaves and flowers,

While little founts, like frosted spires, tossed up and down their mimic showers.

He stood and gazed with wistful face, all a child's longing in his eyes ;

Then started as I touched his arm, and turned in quick, mechanic wise,

Raised his torn cape with purple hands, said, "Papers, sir? *The Evening News!*"

He brushed away a freezing tear, and shivered, "Oh, sir, don't refuse!"

"How many have you? Never mind—don't stop to count—I'll take them all;

And when you pass my office here, with stock on hand, give me a call."

He thanked me with a broad Scotch smile, a look half wondering, and half glad.

I fumbled for the proper "change," and said, "You seem a little lad

To rough it in the streets like this." "I'm ten years old on Christmas-day!"

"Your name?" "Jim Hanley." "Here's a crown, you'll get it changed there across the way.

"Five shillings. When you've got the change come to my office—that's the place.

Now wait a bit, there's time enough. you need not run a headlong race.

Where do you live?" "Most anywhere. We hired a stable-loft to-day.

Me and two others." "And you thought the fruiterer's window pretty, hey?

"Or, were you hungry?" "Just a bit," he answered bravely as he might.

"I couldn't buy a breakfast, sir, and had no money left last night."

"And you are cold?" "Ay, just a bit. I don't mind cold."

"Why, that is strange!"

He smiled and pulled his ragged cap, and darted off to get the "change."

So, with a half-unconscious sigh I sought my office-desk again:

An hour or more my busy wits found work enough with book and pen.

But when the mantel clock struck five I started with a sudden thought,

For there beside my hat and cloak lay those six papers I had bought.

"Why, where's the boy? and where's the 'change' he should have brought an hour ago?

Ah, well! ah, well! they're all alike! I was a fool to tempt him so.

Dishonest ! Well, I might have known ; and yet his face seemed candid, too.

He would have earned the difference if he had brought me what was due.

"But caution often comes too late." And so I took my homeward way,

Deeming distrust of human kind the only lesson of the day.

Just two days later, as I sat, half dozing, in my office chair, I heard a timid knock, and called, in my brusque fashion, "Who is there ?"

An urchin entered, barely seven—the same Scotch face, the same blue eyes—

And stood, half doubtful, at the door, abashed at my forbidding guise.

"Sir, if you please, my brother Jim—the one you give the crown, you know—

He couldn't bring the money, sir, because his back was hurted so.

"He didn't mean to keep the 'change.' He got runned over, up the street ;

One wheel went right across his back, and t'other fore-wheel smashed his feet.

They stopped the horses just in time, and then they took him up for dead,

And all that day and yesterday he wasn't rightly in his head.

"They took him to the hospital—one of the newsboys knew 'twas Jim—

And I went too, because, you see, we two are brothers, I and him.

He had that money in his hand, and never saw it any more,

Indeed, he didn't mean to steal ! He never stole a pin before !

"He was afraid that you might think he meant to keep it, any way ;

This morning when they brought him to, he cried because he couldn't pay.

He made me fetch his jacket here ; it is torn and dirtied pretty bad ;

It's only fit to sell for rags, but then, you know, it's all he had.

"When he gets well—it won't be long—if you will call the money lent,

He says he'll work his fingers off but what he'll pay you, every cent."

And then he cast a rueful glance at the soiled jacket where it lay,
 "No! no! my boy! take back the coat. Your brother's badly
 hurt you say?"

"Where did they take him? Just run out and hail a cab, then
 wait for me,
 Why, I would give a thousand coats, and pounds, for such a boy
 as he!"

A half-hour after this we stood together in the crowded wards,
 And the nurse checked the hasty steps that fell too loudly on the
 boards.

I thought him smiling in his sleep, and scarce believed her when
 she said,

Smoothing away the tangled hair from brow and cheek, "The
 boy is dead."

Dead? dead so soon? How fair he looked! One streak of
 sunshine on his hair.

Poor lad! Well, it is warm in heaven: no need of "change"
 and jackets there!

And something rising in my throat made it so hard for me to
 speak,

I turned away, and left a tear lying upon his pallid cheek.

[From "*Harper's Magazine*." By Special Permission of Messrs. *Harper
 & Brothers.*]

THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST.

ANONYMOUS.

VERY high in the pine-tree
 The little Turtle-dove
 Made a pretty little nursery,
 To please her little love.
 She was gentle, she was soft,
 And her large dark eye
 Often turned to her mate,
 Who was sitting close by.

"Coo," said the Turtle-dove,
 "Coo," said she;
 "Oh, I love thee," said the Turtle-dove,
 "And I love THEE."

In the long shady branches
 Of the dark pine-tree,
 How happy were the Doves
 In their little nursery!

The young Turtle-doves
 Never quarrelled in the nest ;
 For they dearly loved each other,
 Though they loved their mother best.
 "Coo," said the little Doves,
 "Coo," said she.
 And they played together kindly
 In the dark pine-tree.

In this nursery of yours,
 Little sister, little brother,
 Like the Turtle-dove's nest—
 Do you love one another ?
 Are you kind, are you gentle,
 As children ought to be ?
 Then the happiest of nests
 Is your own nursery.

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HUMOROUS VERSE.

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

I'm a proken-hearted Deutscher,
 Vot's villed mit crief und shame.
 I dells you vot der drouple ish :
I doosn't know my name.

You dinks dis fery vunny, eh ?
 Ven you der schtory hear,
 You vill not vonder den so mooch,
 It vas so schtrange und queer.

Mine moder had dwo leedle twins
 Dey vas me und mine broder :
 Ve lookt so fery mooch alike,
 No von knew vich vrom toder.

Von off der poys was "Yawcob,"
 Und "Hans" der oder's name ;
 But den it made no tifferent,
 Ve both got called der same.

Vell ; von of us got tead—
 Yaw, Mynheer, dot ish so !
 But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
 Mine moder she don'd know.

Und so I am in drouples :
 I gan't kit droo mine hed,
Vedder I'm Hans vot's lifing
Or Yawcob vot is tead !

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DOT BABY OFF MINE.

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

MINE cracious ! Mine cracious ! shust look here und see
 A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe.
 Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
 Vas grazy mit trinking, or someding like dot ;
 Id wasn't because I trinks lager und vine,
 Id vas all on aggount of dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle yellow I dells you vas qveer ;
 Not mooch pigger round as a goot glass off beer,
 Mit a bare-footed hed, and nose but a schpeck,
 A mout dot goes most to der pack of his neck,
 Und his leedle pink toes mid der rest all combine
 To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von of der poys,
 Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise ;
 He shust has pegun to shbeak goot English, too,
 Says "Mamma," und "Bapa," und somedimes "ah-goo !"
 You don't find a baby den dimes oudt off nine
 Dot vas quite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloer over, und drows dings aboutt,
 Und puts efryding he can find in his mout ;
 He dumbles der shtairs down, and falls vrom his chair,
 Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible schare.
 Mine hair stands like shquills on a mat borcupine
 Ven I dinks of dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

Der vas someding, you pet, I don't likes pooty yell ;
 To hear in der nighdt-dimes dot young Deutscher yell,
 Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es,
 Vhile der chills down der shpine off mine pack quickly goes.
 Dose leedle shimnasdic dricks vasn't so fine
 Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vos goin' to pe men,
 Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den ;
 Dey vill veer a vwhite shirt-vront inshted of a bib,
 Und wouldn't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib.
 Vell ! vell ! ven I'm feeple und in life's decline,
 May mine oldt age pe cheered by dot baby off mine.

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YAW, DOT IS SO!

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

YAW, dot is so ! yaw, dot is so !
 " Dis vorltd vas all a fleeting show ! "
 I shmokes mine pipe,
 I trinks mine beer,
 Und efry day to vork I go ;
 " Dis vorltd vas all a fleeting show ; "
 Yaw, dot is so !

Yaw, dot is so ! yaw, dot is so !
 I don't got mooch down here below.
 I eadt und trink,
 I vork and sleep,
 Und find out, as I oldter grow,
 I haf a hardter row to hoe ;
 Yaw, dot is so !

Yaw, dot is so ! yaw, dot is so !
 Dis vorltd don't gife me half a show ;
 Somedings to veer,
 Some food to eadt ;
 Vot else ? Shust vait a minute, dough ;
 Katrina, und der poys ! oho !
 Yaw, dot is so !

Yaw, dot is so ! yaw, dot is so !
 Dis vorltd don't been a fleeting show,
 I haf mine frau,
 I haf mine poys
 To sheer me, daily, as I go ;
 Dot's pest as anydings I know ;
 Yaw, dot is so !

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MINE VAMILY.

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

DIMBLED cheeks, mit eyes off plue,
 Mout' like id vas moisd mit dew,
 Und leedle teeth shust peekin' droo—
 Dot's der baby.

Curly head, und full off glee,
 Drowzers all oudt at der knee—
 He vas been blaying horse, you see—
 Dot's leedle Yawcob.

Von hundord-seexty in der shade,
 Der oder day when she vas veighed—
 She beats me soon, I vas avraid—
 Dot's mine Katrina.

Barefooted head, und pooty stoudt,
 Mit grooked legs dot vill bend oudt,
 Fond off his beer und sauer-kraut—
 Dot's me himself.

Von schmall young baby, full off fun,
 Von leedle prite-eyed, roguish son,
 Von frau to greet when vork vas done—
 Dot's mine vamily.

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YAWCOB STRAUSS.

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to mine knee ;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts of der house ;
But vot off dat ? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measels und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt ;
He sbills mine glass of lager beer,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,—
Dot vas der roughest chouse ;
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schticks to beat it mit,—
Mine gracious, dot vos drue !
I dinks mine hed was schplit abart,
He kicks oup sooch a touse :
But never mind ; der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions, sooch as dese :
Who baints mine nose so red ?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed ?
Und vhere der blaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss.

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
 Mit sooch a grazzy poy,
 Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
 Und beaceful dimes enshoy;
 But ven he vash asleep in ped,
 So guiet as a mouse,
 I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
 But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

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THE FIRST IDEALIST.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

A JELLY-FISH swam in a tropical sea,
 And he said, "This world it consists of me.
 There's nothing above and nothing below,
 That a jelly-fish ever can possibly know,
 (Since we've got no sight, or hearing, or smell,)
 Beyond what one single sense can tell,
 Now, all that I learn from the sense of touch
 Is the fact of my feelings, viewed as such.
 But to think they have any external cause
 Is an inference clean against logical laws.
 Again, to suppose, as I've hitherto done,
 There are other jelly-fish under the sun,
 Is a pure assumption that can't be back'd
 By a jot of proof or a single fact.
 In short, with Hume, I very much doubt
 If there's anything else at all without.
 So I come at last to the plain conclusion,
 When the subject is fairly set free from confusion,
 That the Universe simply centres in me,
 And if *I* were not, then nothing would be."
 That minute, a shark, who was strolling by,
 Just gulped him down in the wink of an eye,
 And he died, with a few convulsive twists,
 But, somehow, the Universe still exists.

TITTLE TATTLE.

BY MARK AMBIENT.

I.

SWEET Mistress Ann
 Asked Lady Fan
 To drink a dish of tea,
 And Lady Fan
 Wrote, "Dearest Ann,
 Delighted I shall be,
 For I've just heard—
 But not a word,
 Lest some this note should see,
 It's quite, quite true
 And I'll tell it to you
 When I come round to tea."
 And so they met
 A cosy set,
 Beneath the apple tree,
 One afternoon
 In laughing June,
 To drink a dish of tea.
 Just Lady Fan
 And Mistress Ann,
 With her fair sisters three,
 Blue-eyed Elaine
 And Clara Jane,
 And *little Charitee* !

O ladies, ye are kittle-cattle :
 Don't ye love your tittle-tattle
 Round a dish of tea !
 Tho' ye're shod in dainty sandals,
 Ye are Goths and ye are Vandals
 When ye brew your home-made scandals
 Round a dish of tea !

II.

"Now, dearest Fan,
 Do tell," said Ann,
 "Your tale of He and She."
 "We die to hear,"
 Said Clara dear ;
 But *dumb* was Charitee !

" A bird has flown
 But not alone—
 A bird of high degree ! "
 " Do tell her name ! "
 " No, no, for shame !
 A secret that must be. "
 " You might just spell ! "
 " Oh, very well ;
 'Tis M-A-D-G-E. "
 " What ! Madge Carew ? "
 " 'Tis but too true :
 She's now across the sea. "
 " Whose laugh was that ? "
 Hearts go pit-pat !
 Down drop five cups of tea !
 " Dear Madge, how mean !
 You've listening been
 Behind the apple tree ! "

O ladies, ye are kittle-cattle :
 Don't ye love your tittle-tattle
 Round a dish of tea !
 Tho' ye're shod in dainty sandals,
 Ye are Goths and ye are Vandals
 When ye brew your home-made scandais
 Round a dish of tea !

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WHAT MAY SAID TO DECEMBER

BY MARK AMBIENT.

I.

OLD December in his dotage
 Tottered down the hill one day,
 Stopped at Widow Worldly's cottage—
 Stopped to talk to little May.
 May was busy in the dairy,
 Old December said, " Good-day, "
 Thought she looked just like a fairy
 Told her not to run away.
 " Prithee, dear, do you remember
 What I said last Christmas Day ? "

But May laughed at old December,
 Said she'd taken it in play :
 Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !
 Said she'd taken it in play,
 Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !
 Laughed the merry little May.

II.

"Nay, I meant each word I uttered
 That day 'neath the mistletoe."
 "Do you like your parsnips buttered ?"
 Little May asked, laughing low.
 "Child, I wish that for one moment
 You would try to serious be,
 For I've spoken to your mother
 And she tells me you are free,
 But, my dear, you have *one* lover—"
 (Here he dropped on gouty knee,
 Nearly knocked the milk-pail over !)
 "Do not laugh, dear—I am he !"
 Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !
 "Do not laugh, dear—I am he."
 Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !
 "Are you really—He ! *He ! He !*"

III.

"Of my wealth you'll be partaker,
 I can't spend it all myself,
 Gold have I, and many an acre—"
 "Please sir, put this on the shelf."
 "Child, my wishes are your mother's,
 She has told me so herself,
 She prefers me to all others,
 Think of *her*, you thoughtless elf."
 "That I will," said May, "for really
 I don't care for lands or pelf,
 And as mother loves you dearly
 She may marry you herself."
 Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !
 "She may marry you herself,"
 Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !
 Laughed the merry little elf.

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THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

BY RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

(Ingoldsby Legends.)

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair !
 Bishop and abbot and prior were there ;
 Many a monk, and many a friar,
 Many a knight, and many a squire,
 With a great many more of lesser degree,—
 In sooth a goodly company ;
 And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
 Never, I ween,
 Was a prouder seen,
 Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
 Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims.

 In and out
 Through the motley rout,
 The little Jackdaw kept hopping about ;
 Here and there,
 Like a dog in a fair,
 Over comfits and cates,
 And dishes and plates,
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
 Mitre and crosier ! he hopp'd upon all
 With saucy air,
 He perch'd on the chair
 Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat ;
 And he peer'd in the face
 Of his Lordship's Grace,
 With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
 " We two are the greatest folks here to-day ! "
 And the priests, with awe,
 As such freaks they saw,
 Said, " The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw ! "

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
 The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
 And six little singing-boys,—dear little souls !
 In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
 Came, in order due,
 Two by two,

Marching that grand refectory through !
 A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
 Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
 As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
 Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
 Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
 Carried lavender-water and eau-de-Cologne ;
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
 One little boy more
 A napkin bore,
 Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
 And a Cardinal's hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
 Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white :
 From his finger he draws
 His costly turquoise ;
 And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
 Deposits it straight
 By the side of his plate,
 While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;
 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
 That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

 There's a cry and a shout,
 And a deuce of a rout,
 And nobody seems to know what they're about,
 And the monks have their pockets all turned inside out ;
 The friars are kneeling,
 And hunting and feeling
 The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
 The Cardinal drew
 Off each plum-colour'd shoe,
 And left his red stockings exposed to the view :
 He peeps, and he feels
 In the toes and the heels ;
 * They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates, --
 They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
 —They turn up the rugs,
 They examine the mugs :
 But, no !—no such thing ;—
 They can't find THE RING !

And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigg'd it,
 Some rascal or other had popp'd in and prigg'd it !"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
 He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book !
 In holy anger, and pious grief,
 He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !
 He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;
 From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;
 He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
 He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright ;
 He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
 He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking ;
 He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;
 He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,

Never was heard such a terrible curse !
 But what gave rise
 To no little surprise,
 Nobody seem'd one penny the worse !
 The day was gone,
 The night came on,
 The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn.
 When the Sacristan saw,
 On crumpled claw,
 Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw !
 No longer gay,
 As on yesterday ;
 His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way ;—
 His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
 His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;
 His eye so dim,
 So wasted each limb,
 That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, " THAT'S HIM !—
 That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing !
 That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring !"
 The poor little Jackdaw,
 When the monks he saw,
 Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;
 And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
 " Pray, be so good as to walk this way !"
 Slower and slower
 He limp'd on before,
 Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
 Where the first thing they saw,
 'Midst the sticks and the straw,
 Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw !

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took ;

The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,

And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution !

—When those words were heard,

That poor little bird

Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd,

He grew sleek and fat ;

In addition to that,

A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat !

His tail waggled more

Even than before ;

But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,

No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.

He hopp'd now about

With a gait devout ;

At matins, at vespers, he never was out ;

And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,

He always seem'd telling the confessor's beads.

If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—

Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happen'd to snore,

That good Jackdaw

Would give a great “ Caw ! ”

As much as to say, “ Don't do so any more ! ”

While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,

That they “ never had known such a pious Jackdaw ! ”

He long lived the pride

Of that country-side,

And at last in the odour of sanctity died ;

When, as words were too faint

His merits to paint,

The Conclave determined to make him a Saint ;

And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,

It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,

So they canonised him by the name of Jim Crow !

LEGEND OF HAMILTON TIGHE.

BY RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

(Ingoldsby Legends.)

THE Captain is walking his quarter-deck,
With a troubled brow and a bended neck ;
One eye is down through the hatchway cast,
The other turns up to the truck on the mast ;
Yet none of the crew may venture to hint
"Our Skipper hath gotten a sinister squint !"

The Captain again the letter hath read
Which the bum-boat woman brought out to Spithead
Still, since the good ship sail'd away,
He reads that letter three times a-day ;
Yet the writing is broad and fair to see
As a Skipper may read, in his degree,
And the seal is as black, and as broad, and as flat.
As his own cockade in his own cock'd hat :
He reads, and he says, as he walks to and fro,
"Curse the old woman—she bothers me so !"

He pauses now, for the topmen hail—
"On the larboard quarter a sail ! a sail !"
That grim old Captain he turns him quick,
And bawls through his trumpet for Hairy-faced Dick
"The breeze is blowing—huzza ! huzza !
The breeze is blowing—away ! away !
The breeze is blowing—a race ! a race !
The breeze is blowing—we near the chase !
Blood will flow, and bullets will fly,—
Oh, where will be then young Hamilton Tighe ?"

"On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,
With a sword in his hand, and his foe at his knee.
Cockswain, or boatswain, or reefer may try,
But the first man on board will be Hamilton Tighe !"
Hairy-faced Dick hath a swarthy hue,
Between a gingerbread-nut and a Jew,
And his pigtail is long, and bushy, and thick,
Like a pump-handle stuck on the end of a stick.
Hairy-faced Dick understands his trade ;
He stands by the breech of a long carronade.
The linstock glows in his bony hand,
Waiting that grim old Skipper's command.

"The bullets are flying—huzza!—huzza!
 The bullets are flying—away!—away!"—
 The brawny boarders mount by the chains,
 And are over their buckles in blood and in brains :
 On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,
 Young Hamilton Tighe
 Waves his cutlass high,
 And *Capitaine Crapaud* bends low at his knee.
 Hairy-faced Dick, linstock in hand,
 Is waiting that grim-looking Skipper's command :—
 A wink comes sly
 From that sinister eye—
 Hairy-faced Dick at once lets fly,
 And knocks off the head of young Hamilton Tighe !

There's a lady sits lonely in bower and hall,
 Her pages and handmaidens come at her call :
 "Now, haste ye, my handmaidens, haste and see
 How he sits there and glow'rs with his head on his knee!
 The maidens smile, and, her thought to destroy,
 They bring her a little, pale, mealy-faced boy ;
 And the mealy-faced boy says, "Mother, dear,
 Now Hamilton's dead, I've a thousand a-year!"

The lady has donn'd her mantle and hood,
 She is bound for shrift at St. Mary's Rood :—
 "Oh! the taper shall burn, and the bell shall toll,
 And the mass shall be said for my step-son's soul,
 And the tablet fair shall be hung on high,
Orate pro animâ Hamilton Tighe."
 Her coach and four
 Draws up to the door,
 With her groom, and her footman, and half-a-score more ;
 The lady steps into her coach alone,
 They hear her sigh, and they hear her groan,
 They close the door, and they turn the pin,
But there's One rides with her that never slept in!

All the way there, and all the way back,
 The harness strains, and the coach-springs crack,
 The horses snort, and plunge, and kick,
 Till the coachman thinks he is driving Old Nick :
 And the grooms and the footmen wonder, and say,
 "What makes the old coach so heavy to-day?"
 But the mealy-faced boy peeps in and sees
 A man sitting there with his head on his knees !

'Tis ever the same,—in hall or in bower,
 Wherever the place, whatever the hour,
 That lady mutters, and talks to the air,
 And her eye is fix'd on an empty chair ;
 But the mealy-faced boy still whispers with dread,
 "She talks to a man with never a head !"

There's an old Yellow Admiral living at Bath,
 As grey as a badger, as thin as a lath ;
 And his very queer eyes have such very queer leers,
 They seem to be trying to peep at his ears.
 That old Yellow Admiral goes to the Rooms,
 And he plays long whist, but he frets and he fumes,
 For all his Knaves stand upside down,
 And the Jack of Clubs does nothing but frown !
 And the Kings, and the Aces, and all the best trumps
 Get into the hands of the other old frumps :
 While close to his partner, a man he sees
 Counting the tricks with his head on his knees.

In Ratcliffe Highway there's an old marine store,
 And a great black doll hangs out of the door ;
 There are rusty locks, and dusty bags,
 And musty phials, and fusty rags,
 And a lusty old woman, call'd Thirsty Nan,
 And her crusty old husband's a Hairy-faced man !

That Hairy-faced man is sallow and wan,
 And his great thick pig-tail is wither'd and gone ;
 And he cries "Take away that lubberly chap
 That sits there and grins with his head in his lap !"
 And the neighbours say, as they see him look sick,
 "What a rum old covey is Hairy-faced Dick !"

That Admiral, Lady, and Hairy-faced man
 May say what they please, and may do what they can ;
 But one thing seems remarkably clear,—
 They may die to-morrow, or live till next year,—
 But wherever they live, or whenever they die.
 They'll never get quit of young Hamilton Tighe !

THE CHAPERON.

BY HENRY CUYLER BUNNER.

I TAKE my chaperon to the play—
 She thinks she's taking me,
And the gilded youth who owns the box,
 A proud young man is he ;
But how would his young heart be hurt
 If he could only know
 That not for his sweet sake I go
 Nor yet to see the trifling show ;
But to see my chaperon flirt.

Her eyes beneath her snowy hair
 They sparkle young as mine ;
There's scarce a wrinkle in her hand
 So delicate and fine.
And when my chaperon is seen,
 They come from everywhere—
 The dear old boys with silvery hair,
 With old-time grace and old-time air,
To greet their old-time queen.

They bow as my young Midas here
 Will never learn to bow
(The dancing-masters do not teach
 That gracious reverence now) ;
With voices quavering just a bit,
 They play their old parts through,
 They talk of folk who used to woo,
 Of hearts that broke in 'eighty-two—
Now none the worse for it.

And as those aged crickets chirp
 I watch my chaperon's face,
And see the dear old features take
 A new and tender grace ;
And in her happy eyes I see
 Her youth awakening bright,
 With all its hope, desire, delight—
 Ah, me ! I wish that I were quite
As young—as young as she !

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

BY SIR F. C. BURNAND.

I'd been away from her three years—about that—
And I returned to find my Mary true ;
And when I questioned her, I did not doubt that
It was unnecessary so to do.

'Twas by the chimney-corner we were sitting—
“Mary,” said I, “have you been always true ?”
“Oh, yes,” she said, just pausing in her knitting,
“I don't think I've unfaithful been to you ;
But for these three years past I'll tell you what
I've done : then say if I've been true or not.

“When first you left, my grief was uncontrollable,
Alone I mourned my miserable lot ;
And all who saw me thought me inconsolable,
Till Captain Clifford came from Aldershot ;
To flirt with him amused me while 'twas new ;
I don't call that unfaithfulness. Do you ?

“The next—oh ! let me see—'twas Frankie Phipps
I met him at my uncle's—Christmas-tide ;
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet lips,
He gave me his first kiss”—and here she sighed ;
“We stayed six weeks at uncle's—how time flew !
I don't call that unfaithfulness. Do you ?

“Lord Cecil Fossmote—only twenty-one—
Lent me his horse. Oh, how we rode and raced !
We scoured the downs—we rode to hounds—such fun !
And often was his arm around my waist—
That was to lift me up and down. But who
Would count that as unfaithfulness ? Do you ?

“Do you know Reggy Vere ? Ah, how he sings !
We met—'twas at a picnic. Oh, such weather !
He gave me—look, the first of these two rings,
When we were lost in Cliefden woods together.
Ah, what a happy time we spent, we two !
I don't call that unfaithfulness. Do you ?

"I've yet another ring from him. D'ye see
The plain gold circlet that is shining here?"
I took her hand: "Oh, Mary! Can it be
That you—" "Well, yes—that I am Mrs. Vere—
I don't call that unfaithfulness. Do you?"
"No," I replied, "for I am married, too."

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

BY GEORGE CANNING.

Friend of Humanity.

"NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road—your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

"Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day 'Knives and
Scissors to grind O!'

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

"Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a law-suit?

"(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

Knife-Grinder.

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into
Custody ; they took me before the justice ;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir."

Friend of Humanity.

"I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damn'd first—
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast !"

[*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a
transport of Republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]

GEMINI AND VIRGO.

BY C. S. CALVERLEY.

SOME vast amount of years ago,
Ere all my youth had vanish'd from me,
A boy it was my lot to know,
Whom his familiar friends called Tommy.

I love to gaze upon a child ;
A young bud bursting into blossom
Artless, as Eve yet unbeguiled,
And agile as a young opossum :

And such was he. A calm-brow'd lad,
Yet mad, at moments, as a hatter :
Why hatters as a race are mad
I never knew, nor does it matter.

He was what nurses call a "limb" ;
One of those small misguided creatures,
Who, tho' their intellects are dim,
Are one too many for their teachers :

And, if you asked of him to say
What twice 10 was, or 3 times 7,
He'd glance (in quite a placid way)
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;

And smile, and look politely round,
To catch a casual suggestion ;
But make no effort to propound
Any solution of the question.

And so not much esteemed was he
Of the authorities : and therefore
He fraternised by chance with me,
Needing a somebody to care for :

And three fair summers did we twain
Live (as they say) and love together ;
And bore by turns the wholesome cane
Till our young skins became as leather :

And carved our names on every desk,
And tore our clothes, and inked our collars ;
And looked unique and picturesque,
But not, it may be, model scholars.

We did much as we chose to do ;
We'd never heard of Mrs. Grundy ;
All the theology we knew
Was that we mightn't play on Sunday ;

And all the general truths, that cakes
Were to be bought at four a penny,
And that excruciating aches
Resulted if we ate too many :

And seeing ignorance is bliss,
And wisdom consequently folly,
The obvious result is this—
That our two lives were very jolly.

At last the separation came.
Real love, at that time, was the fashion ;
And by a horrid chance, the same
Young thing was, to us both, a passion.

Old Poser snorted like a horse :
His feet were large, his hands were pimply,
His manner, when excited, coarse :—
But Miss P. was an angel simply.

She was a blushing gushing thing ;
All—more than all—my fancy painted ;
Once—when she helped me to a wing
Of goose—I thought I should have fainted.

The people said that she was blue :
But I was green, and loved her dearly
She was approaching thirty-two ;
And I was then eleven, nearly.

I did not love as others do ;
(None ever did that I've heard tell of ;)
My passion was a byword through
The town she was, of course, the belle of :

Oh, sweet—as to the toilworn man
The far-off sound of rippling river ;
As to cadets in Hindostan
The fleeting remnant of their liver—

To me was Anna ; dear as gold
That fills the miser's sunless coffers ;
As to the spinster, growing old,
The thought—the dream—that she had offers

I'd sent her little gifts of fruit ;
I'd written lines to her as Venus ;
I'd sworn unflinchingly to shoot
The man who dared to come between us :

And it was you, my Thomas, you,
The friend in whom my soul confided,
Who dared to gaze on her—to do,
I may say, much the same as I did.

One night, I *saw* him squeeze her hand ;
There was no doubt about the matter ;
I said he must resign, or stand
My vengeance—and he chose the latter.

We met, we "planted" blows on blows :
We fought as long as we were able :
My rival had a bottle-nose,
And both my speaking eyes were sable,

When the school-bell cut short our strife.
 Miss P. gave both of us a plaister ;
 And in a week became the wife
 Of Horace Nibbs, the writing-master.

I loved her then—I'd love her still,
 Only one must not love Another's ;
 But thou and I, my Tommy, will,
 When we again meet, meet as brothers.

It may be that in age one seeks
 Peace only : that the blood is brisker
 In boys' veins, than in theirs whose cheeks
 Are partially obscured by whisker ;

Or that the growing ages steal
 The memories of past wrongs from us.
 But this is certain—that I feel
 Most friendly unto thee, oh, Thomas !

And wheresoe'er we meet again,
 On this or that side the equator,
 If I've not turned teetotaller then,
 And have wherewith to pay the waiter,

To thee I'll drain the modest cup,
 Ignite with thee the mild Havannah ;
 And we will waft, while liquoring up,
 Forgiveness to the heartless Anna.

[*By Special Permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons.*]

SHELTER.

By C. S. CALVERLEY.

By the wide lake's margin I mark'd her lie—
 The wide, weird lake where the alders sigh—
 A young fair thing, with a shy, soft eye ;
 And I deem'd that her thoughts had flown
 To her home, and her brethren and sisters dear,
 As she lay there watching the dark, deep mere.
 All motionless, all alone.

Then I heard a noise, as of men and boys,
 And a boisterous troop drew nigh.
 Whither now will retreat those fairy feet?
 Where hide till the storm pass by?
 One glance—the wild glance of a hunted thing—
 She cast behind her ; she gave one spring ;
 And there follow'd a splash and a broadening ring
 On the lake where the alders sigh.

She had gone from the ken of ungentle men !
 Yet scarce did I mourn for that ;
 For I knew she was safe in her own home then,
 And, the danger past, would appear again,
 For she was a water-rat.

[*By Special Permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons.*]

WAITING.

BY C. S. CALVERLEY.

“O COME, O come,” the mother pray’d
 And hush’d her babe : “let me behold
 Once more thy stately form array’d
 Like autumn woods in green and gold.

“I see thy brethren come and go ;
 Thy peers in stature, and in hue
 Thy rivals. Some like monarchs glow
 With richest purple : some are blue

“As skies that tempt the swallow back ;
 Or red as, seen o’er wintry seas,
 The star of storm ; or barr’d with black
 And yellow, like the April bees.

“Come they and go ! I heed not, I—
 Yet others hail their advent, cling
 All trustful to their side, and fly
 Safe in their gentle piloting

“To happy homes on heath or hill,
 By park or river. Still I wait
 And peer into the darkness : still
 Thou com’st not—I am desolate.

"Hush! hark! I see a towering form!
From the dim distance slowly roll'd
It rocks like lilies in a storm,
And O, its hues are green and gold:

"It comes, it comes! Ah, rest is sweet,
And there is rest, my babe, for us!"
She ceased, as at her very feet
Stopp'd the St. John's Wood omnibus.

[*By Special Permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons.*]

THE SYCOPHANTIC FOX AND THE GULLIBLE RAVEN.

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

A RAVEN sat upon a tree,
And not a word he spoke, for
His beak contained a piece of Brie,
Or, maybe, it was Roquefort:
We'll make it any kind you please—
At all events, it was a cheese.

Beneath the tree's umbrageous limb
A hungry fox sat smiling;
He saw the raven watching him
And spoke in words beguiling:
"Admire," said he, "*ton beau plumage.*"
(The which was simply persiflage.)

Two things there are, no doubt you know,
To which a fox is used,—
A rooster that is bound to crow,
A crow that's bound to roost,
And whichever he espies
He tells the most unblushing lies

"Sweet fowl," he said, "I understand
You're more than merely natty:
I hear you sing to beat the band
And Adelina Patti.
Pray render with your liquid tongue
A bit from 'Götterdämmerung.'"

This subtle speech was aimed to please
 The crow, and it succeeded :
 He thought no bird in all the trees
 Could sing as well as he did.
 In flattery completely doused,
 He gave the "Jewel Song" from "Faust."

But gravitation's law, of course,
 As Isaac Newton showed it,
 Exerted on the cheese its force,
 And elsewhere soon bestowed it.
 In fact, there is no need to tell
 What happened when to earth it fell.

I blush to add that when the bird
 Took in the situation
 He said one brief, emphatic word,
 Unfit for publication.
 The fox was greatly startled, but
 He only sighed and answered "Tut!"

THE MORAL is : A fox is bound
 To be a shameless sinner.
 And also : When the cheese comes round
 You know it's after dinner.
 But (what is only known to few)
 The fox is after dinner, too.

[By Special Permission of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.]

TWO THUMPERS.

BY ALIPH CHEEM.

IN the Dashty-second Crashers was a Major Corker, who
 Was remarkable for stories, which were very seldom true.
 There was also in the regiment a Captain, Goak by name,
 A rival of the Major's, for his talents were the same.

When Corker told a cracker which made everybody stare,
 The Captain told a buster which erected all your hair ;
 And the Major waxing furious at being thus outdone,
 Came down on his opponent with a truly fearful one !

One evening at the Crasher mess, a goodly party met,
And the statements these romancers made I never shall forget ;
They'd respectively resolved for once and ever to decide
Who told the taller tales, who more astonishingly lied.

And rooted to their chairs remained a dozen men or so,
With their big cheroots and coffee, with their sherry and
Bordeaux,
While spicy stories circled not unmixed with scandal choice,
And loud above the others sounded Major Corker's voice.

He'd an anecdote astounding *à propos* of every thing,
His fancy soared to dizzy heights when once upon the wing,
And when they got to "tiger" he was game to make a bet ;
A certain tiger feat of his had ne'er been equalled yet.

"Perhaps you may have heard," he said, "the human eye hath
power
To make the brute creation quail, the fiercest beast to cower ;
Well, I've—you may have noticed it—a most commanding eye,
And I resolved, for science' sake, its influence to try.

"Last year, not far from Jaulnah, I was following up a cheetah,
When I came upon a tiger, a notorious man-eater ;
He was munching at the thigh bone of a half-digested nigger—
I raised my gun to pot him, and my hand was on the trigger,

"When I haply recollected that the human eye to test
On a tiger at his lunch would be a thing of interest :
I laid my Purdy down, to my servant's great surprise,
And crossed my arms and calmly stared the tiger in the eyes.

"The monster rose and licked his chops, and flicked his mangy tail,
And growled a growl which seemed to say, 'You're dead, sir, as a
nail,'
Then crouched to spring, but didn't spring—and shall I tell you
why?—
My stern mesmeric glance had told—I'd caught his wicked eye.

"He blinked and winked, and strove to shirk my steady, stony
stare,
But still I gazed, and still he crouched with disconcerted air ;
At last he turned, unable to endure my aspect more,
And vanished in the jungle with a half-attempted roar.

" Another day I met this tiger on an open plain—
He knew me in a moment, and I fixed his eye again,
My stern reproachful look it was again too much for him,
And, like a felon caught i' the act, he shook in every limb.

" A little while he strove to bear the horror of my face,
Then stuck his tail between his legs and fled at headlong pace.
Not far there stood a cavern wild, fit home for jungle elf,
I saw him reach that cavern wild, and there he hid himself.

" I followed and I peered within : beyond the reach of day,
Upon a rock, all foul with human gore, the tiger lay ;
Before the cavern's yawning mouth I gravely sat me down,
Resolved to starve the monster out, as Germans do a town.

" For ten long days and weary nights I sat before that den,
At dawn upon the eleventh morn, I shouted to my men.
They came. With lighted torch we stood inside the cave of death,
And there we saw the grim man-eater draw his final breath ! "

He ceased, and then there came a pause, and Corker looked
about,
As if to ask if any there were bold enough to doubt.
Said Goak, " I've done that sort of thing with an elephant instead ;
But now I'll spin a yarn of the sea." And this is what he said :

" I was coming out to India, round the Cape, three years ago,
In the clipper ship *Miranda*, owned by Messrs. Green & Co. ;
We'd been driven to the southward by a series of gales,
And were fairly in the latitude of icebergs and of whales.

" One morn the sun was rising gloomy from his ocean bed,
When I heard a noise above me and a cry of ' Boat ahead !
I siezed my big binoculars and hurried up on deck,
And far ahead upon the wave I saw a tiny speck.

" We drove before a mighty wind, and soon we made out well
The outline of the tiny speck, as it nearer rose and fell ;
A minute more, the speck and we were almost side by side,
'Twas nothing but a hen-coop, with a bearded man astride.

" A solar hat was on his head, and in his hand an oar,
A life-belt round his waist this lonely navigator wore ;
Of waterproof he also had a tightly-fitting suit,
And in his mouth he seemed to suck a half-consumed cheroot.

"Our Captain grasped his speaking-trumpet, hove his vessel to,
And bellowed from the shrouds, 'Hi!—what the blazes!—who
are you?

Some shipwrecked seaman, I suppose, so come aboard my ship.'
The stranger bawled, 'Thanks, very much, but that is not my
tip!

"No luckless shipwrecked mariner do you behold in me,
But just a man of roving tastes and bent upon a spree :
I left Bombay a month ago—I'm bound for Liverpool—
I'm right as ninepence, only find the nights a little cool.

"Just cast your eye,' the stranger said, 'my little bark within,
I've got, you see, inside the coop a largish case of tin :
For lack of food and liquor I shall never come to grief,
It's full, the case, of Mr. Liebig's concentrated beef!

"I'm truly grateful, Captain, but I have no pressing needs,
The only thing I want is some Vesuvians for my weeds.'
A box was thrown, the stranger lit his half-consumed cigar,
And in our wake we watched him dwindling to a speck afar.

"I subsequently heard that, spite of nights a little cool,
This stranger safely worked his hen-coop up to Liverpool ;
And when he tells the story of his wild sea-faring whim,
He shows the empty match-box which the Captain gave to him."

Now, Captain Goak, *he* looked around with triumph in his eye,
He thought "'Twill take the Major all he knows to top *that* lie."
And all the hearers looked at Corker, thinking much the same,
But Corker coolly said, "My friends, I know that stranger's name ;

"And all that Goak has said to-night corroborate I can ;
I know it, and I ought to know, because I was the man .
'Twas I who on the hen-coop rode to Liverpool by sea,
And here's the empty match-box which the Captain gave to me."

[By Special Permission of Messrs. W. Thacker & Co.]

THE KITCHEN CLOCK.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

KNITTING is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly,
Doing nothing sits the chore boy, Billy :
"Seconds reckoned,
Seconds reckoned ;
Every minute,
Sixty in it.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Nick-knock, knock-nick,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly,
Every whit as close and cosy, Billy :
"Time's a-flying,
Worth your trying ;
Pretty Milly—
Kiss her, Billy !
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Now—now, quick—quick !
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened, very red is Milly,
Billy boy is looking very silly ;
"Pretty misses,
Plenty kisses ;
Make it twenty,
Take a plenty.
Billy, Milly,
Milly, Billy,
Right—left, left—right,
That's right, all right,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Weeks gone, still they're sitting, Milly, Billy ;
O, the winter winds are wondrous chilly !

"Winter weather,
Close together ;
Wouldn't tarry,
Better marry.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Two—one, one—two,
Don't wait, 'twon't do,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly ?
Spring has come again, and where is Billy ?

"Give me credit,
For I did it ;
Treat me kindly,
Mind you wind me.
Mister Billy,
Mistress Milly,
My—O, O—my,
By-by, by-by,
Nickety-knock, cradle rock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

[By Special Permission of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.]

THE DOMESTIC DOLORES.

BY COTSFORD DICK.

Don't we know our domestic Dolores,
Is she not always with us, poor dear,
With her patient and pitiful stories
Of a candidly cashless career ?
When, in quest of some weird occupation,
Our aid and advice she convenes,
Then she's somewhat a trying relation,
The lady of limited means.

She would offer her *maisonette*, "charming
In homelike refinement," to share,
At a figure not very alarming
With a youthful and newly-wed pair.

Take out to dance, dinner, or supper,
 Some Baltimore belle in her 'teens,
 Who should move in the circles called "upper"
 With the lady of limited means.

Sub rosa she'll traffic in bonnets,
 In bric-à-brac, cigarettes, cats,
 Or supply with acrostics and sonnets
 The "weeklies,"—or decorate flats.
 She will e'en undertake "interviewing,"
 But *gare* how your secrets she gleans,
 Or the eloquent pen you'll be rueing
 Of the lady of limited means.

O head that oft aches with contriving
 However both ends are to meet,
 O hands that are weary of striving
 To keep life's poor livery neat,
 With the cares of this world overladen,
 To you all our sympathy leans—
 Here's luck, be she matron or maiden,
 To the lady of limited means!

[*By Special Permission of the Trustees to Mr. George Redway.*]

THE ART OF SMARTNESS.

(ADVICE TO A YOUNG WIFE ON THE MANAGEMENT
 OF HER SOCIAL REPUTE.)

BY COTSFORD DICK.

THEY tell me, dear Flo, for the season
 You've taken a house in Mayfair;
 And there's really no possible reason
 (Though your spouse *is* a parvenu's heir)
 That, with your own remarkable beauty,
 And a husband so ready to "part,"
 You should not regard it a duty
 To make yourself thoroughly "smart."

First, see you've a cellar completely
 Sans peur, and a cook *sans reproche* ;
Then let your frocks fit you quite neatly,
 Not a wrinkle from *plastron* to *poche*.
So you'll lure the best men to your table
 To sample your sole *à la crème* ;
And the women—to see if they're able
 To find out your dressmaker's name.

When you send out your cards, "small and early,"
 Old acquaintance should all be forgot ;
You don't wish a cousin that's burly
 To be on your ball the one blot.
Nay, even the villa parental
 By degrees you will have to taboo ;
They'd really prove too detrimental—
 Your relatives there (*entre nous*).

Then a *cavaliere servente*,
 To guide you about, you must find ;
Of scions *pur sang* there are plenty,
 Unbiased by money or mind.
At every board of pretension
 To "*ton*" he'll secure you a seat,
And persuade the reporters to mention
 Your presence among the *élite*.

You must learn all the chaff and the chatter
 That passes for wisdom and wit,
And of the last scandal (no matter
 How *scabreux*) all knowledge admit.
You must always be late at a function,
 You must always a dinner delay,
And talk, without any compunction,
 Through the whole of a concert or play.

With the people you know, when you greet them
 Shake hands, *à la mode*, in the air ;
And the people you don't, when you meet them
 Repel with a malapert stare.
You must snub undue familiarity
 From all who move not in your sphere ;
And if ever you sing for a charity,
 Let it be a duet with a peer.

Enfin, if you're pleasant when playing
 At cards, and but follow these hints,
 One day—well, there's really no saying—
 Perhaps you may punt with a Prince!

[*By Special Permission of the Trustee to Mr. George Redway.*]

OVER THE FISHPOND TO FASHION.

(NEW RENDERING OF AN OLD RHYME OVERHEARD
 BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.)

BY COTSFORD DICK.

"WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"Into Society, stranger," she said.

"How will you get there, adventurous maid?"

"I guess I've a 'pile' that will do it," she said.

"What doors shall you knock at, pecunious maid?"

"Why, *the* very smartest, you bet," she said.

"How will you get on with the women, bold maid?"

"I'll make them sit up with my frocks," she said.

"And what of the men, ingenuous maid?"

"Have the best of them fussing around me," she said

"Pray, whom shall you marry, omnipotent maid?"

"The most elegant lord I can find," she said.

"What is your father, redoubtable maid?"

"A spook, I suppose, since he's dead," she said.

"And where is your mother, irreverent maid?"

"She'll be fixing her 'bangs' against dinner," she said.

"What is your fortune, most whimsical maid?"

"Way down in Chicago, in hogs," she said.

"O may I come with you, my beautiful maid?"

"Why, yes, if you're 'in' with the swells," she said

"And supposing I'm not, irresistible maid?"

"Then I reckon you needn't apply," she said.

"Ah, you'll soon be the fashion, you 'cute little maid."

"That's so : what do *you* think? Bye-bye," she said.

[*By Special Permission of the Trustee to Mr. George Redway.*]

THE GROOM'S STORY

BY SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

TEN mile in twenty minutes ! 'E done it, sir. That's true.
The big bay 'orse in the further stall—the one wot's next to you.
I've seen some better 'orses ; I've seldom seen a wuss,
But 'e 'olds the bloomin' record, an' that's good enough for us.

We knew as it was in 'im. 'E's thoroughbred, three part :
We bought 'im for to race 'im, but we found 'e 'ad no 'eart ;
For 'e was sad and thoughtful, and amazin' dignified,
It seemed a kind o' liberty to drive 'im or to ride ;

For 'e never seemed a-thinkin' of what 'e 'ad to do,
But 'is thoughts was set on 'igher things, admirin' of the view.
'E looked a puffleck pictur', and a pictur' 'e would stay,
'E wouldn't even switch 'is tail to drive the flies away.

And yet we knew 'twas in 'im ; we knew as 'e could fly ;
But what we couldn't git at was 'ow to make 'im try.
We'd almost turned the job up, when all at once one day
We got the last yard out of 'im in a most amazin' way.

It was all along o' master ; which master 'as the name
Of a reg'lar true blue sportsman, an' always acts the same ;
But we all 'as weaker moments, which master 'e 'ad one,
An' 'e went and bought a motor-car when motor-cars begun.

I seed it in the stable yard—it fairly turned me sick—
A greasy, wheezy engine as can neither buck nor kick.
You've a screw to drive it forrard, and a screw to make it stop,
For it was foaled in a smithy stove an' bred in a blacksmith shop.

It didn't want no stable, it didn't ask no groom,
It didn't need no nothin' but a bit o' standin' room.
Just fill it up with paraffin an' it would go all day,
Which the same should be agin' the law if I could 'ave my way.

Well, master took 'is motor-car, an' moted 'ere an' there,
A frightenin' the 'orses an' a poisonin' the air.
'E wore a bloomin' yachtin' cap, but Lor' ! wot *did* 'e know,
Excep' that if you turn a screw the thing would stop or go ?

An' then one day it wouldn't go. 'E screwed and screwed again,
But somethin' jammed, an' there 'e stuck in the mud of a country
lane.

It 'urt 'is pride most cruel, but what was 'e to do?
So at last 'e bade me fetch a 'orse to pull the motor through.

This was the 'orse we fetched 'im ; an' when we reached the car,
We braced 'im tight and proper to the middle of the bar,
And buckled up 'is traces and lashed them to each side,
While 'e 'eld 'is head so 'aughtily, an' looked most dignified.

Not bad tempered, mind you, but kind of pained and vexed,
And 'e seemed to say, " Well, bli' me ! wot *will* they ask me next ?
I've put up with some liberties, but this caps all by far,
To be assistant engine to a crocky motor-car ! "

Well, master 'e was in the car, a-fiddlin' with the gear,
And the 'orse was mediatin', an' I was standin' near,
When master 'e touched somethin'—what it was we'll never
know—

But it sort o' spurred the boiler up and made the engine go.

" Old 'ard, old gal ! " says master, and " Gently then ! " says I,
But an engine won't 'eed coaxin' an' it ain't no use to try ;
So first 'e pulled a lever, an' then 'e turned a screw,
But the thing kept crawlin' forrard spite of all that 'e could do.

And first it went quite slowly and the 'orse went also slow,
But 'e 'ad to buck up faster when the wheels began to go ;
For the car kept crowdin' on 'im and buttin' 'im along,
And in less than 'alf a minute, sir, that 'orse was goin' strong.

At first 'e walked quite dignified, an' then 'e 'ad to trot,
And then 'e tried a canter when the pace became too 'ot.
'E looked 'is very 'aughtiest, as if 'e didn't mind,
And all the time the motor-car was pushin' 'im be'ind.

Now, master lost 'is 'ead when 'e found 'e couldn't stop,
And 'e pulled a valve or somethin' an somethin' else went pop,
An' somethin' else went fizzywiz, and in a flash, or less,
That blessed car was goin' like a limited express.

Master 'eld the steerin' gear, an' kept the road all right,
And away they whizzed and clattered—my aunt ! it was a sight.
E seemed the finest draught 'orse that ever lived by far,
For all the country Juggins thought 'twas 'im that pulled the car.

'E was stretchin' like a grey'ound, 'e was goin' all 'e knew ;
 But it bumped an' shoved be'ind 'im, for all that 'e could do ;
 It butted 'im an' boosted 'im an' spanked him on a'ead,
 Till he broke the ten-mile record, same as I already said.

Ten mile in twenty minutes ! 'E done it, sir. That's true.
 The only time we ever found what that 'ere 'orse could do.
 Some say it wasn't 'ardly fair, and the papers made a fuss,
 But 'e broke the ten-mile record, and that's good enough for us.

You see that 'orse's tail, sir ? You don't ! No more do we,
 Which really ain't surprisin', for 'e 'as no tail to see ;
 That engine wore it off 'im before master made it stop,
 And all the road was littered like a bloomin' barber's shop.

And master ? Well, it cured 'im. 'E altered from that day,
 And come back to 'is 'orses in the good old-fashioned way.
 And if you wants to git the sack, the quickest way by far
 Is to 'int as 'ow you think he ought to keep a motor-car.

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THE OWL CRITIC.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

"WHO stuffed that white Owl ?" No one spoke in the shop.
 The Barber was busy, and he couldn't stop ;
 The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
 The *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Daily News*, little heeding
 The young man who blurted out such a blunt question.
 Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion ;
 And the Barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
 Cried the youth, with a frown,
 "How wrong the whole thing is—
 How preposterous each wing is—
 How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
 In short, the whole Owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis !
 I make no apology—
 I've learned owl-eology—
 I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
 And cannot be blinded to any deflections

Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
 To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
 Mister Brown ! Mister Brown !
 Do take that bird down,
 Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town !"
 And the Barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* Owls,
 And other night fowls,
 And I tell you
 What I know to be true •
 An Owl cannot roost
 With his limbs so unloosed,
 No Owl in this world
 Ever had his claws curled,
 Ever had his legs slanted,
 Ever had his bill canted,
 Ever had his neck screwed
 Into that attitude.
 He can't *do* it, because
 'Tis against all bird laws.
 Anatomy teaches,
 Ornithology preaches,
 An Owl has a toe
 That *can't* turn out so !
 I've made the white Owl my study for years,
 And to see such a job almost moves me to tears !
 Mister Brown, I'm amazed
 You should be so gone crazed
 As to put up a bird
 In that posture absurd !
 To *look* at that Owl really brings on a dizziness ;
 The man who stuffed him don't half know his business !"
 And the Barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
 I'm filled with surprise
 Taxidermists should pass
 Off on you such poor glass ;
 So unnatural they seem
 They'd make Audubon scream,
 And John Burroughs laugh
 To encounter such chaff.
 Do take that bird down ;
 Have him stuffed again, Brown !"
 And the Barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
 I could stuff in the dark
 An Owl better than that.
 I could make an old hat
 Look more like an Owl
 Than that horrid fowl—
 Stuck up there so stiff, like a side of coarse leather.
 In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
 The Owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
 Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding Critic
 (Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
 And then fairly hooted, as if he should say,
 "Your learning's at fault this time, any way ;
 Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
 I m an Owl ; you're another, Sir Critic. Good-day !"
 And the Barber kept on shaving.

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JUPITER AND TEN.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

MRS. CHUB was rich and portly,
 Mrs. Chub was very grand,
 Mrs. Chub was always reckoned
 A lady in the land.

You shall see her marble mansion
 In a very stately square—
 Mr. C. knows what it cost him,
 But that's neither here nor there.

Mrs. Chub was so sagacious,
 Such a patron of the arts ;
 And she gave such foreign orders
 That she won all foreign hearts.

Mrs. Chub was always talking,
 When she went away from home,
 Of a most prodigious painting
 Which had just arrived from Rome.

"Such a treasure," she insisted,
 "One might never see again!"
 "What's the subject?" we inquired
 "It is 'Jupiter and Ten'!"

"Ten what?" we blandly asked her,
 For the knowledge we did lack.
 "Ah! that I cannot tell you,
 But the name is on the back.

"There it stands in printed letters.
 Come to-morrow, gentlemen,
 Come and see our splendid painting,
 Our fine 'Jupiter and Ten.'"

When Mrs. Chub departed
 Our brains we all did rack;
 She could not be mistaken,
 For the name was on the back.

So we begged a great professor
 To lay aside his pen,
 And give some information
 Touching "Jupiter and Ten."

And we pondered well the subject,
 And our Lemprière we turned,
 To discover what the Ten were;
 But we could not, though we burned

But when we saw the picture,—
 Oh, Mrs. Chub! oh, fie! oh!
 We perused the printed label,
 And 'twas "Jupiter and Io"!

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HE WANTED TO KNOW.

BY SAM W. FOSS.

HE wanted to know how God made the worl'
 Out er nothin' at all;
 W'y he didn' make it square, like a block or a brick,
 Stid er roun', like a ball;
 How it managed to stay held up in the air,
 An' w'y it didn't fall;
 All sich kin' er things, above an' below,
 He wanted to know.

He wanted to know who Cain had for a wife,
 An' if the two fit ;
Who hit Billy Paterson over the head,
 If he ever got hit ;
An' where Moses wuz w'en the candle went out,
 An' if others were lit ;
If he couldn' find these out, w'y his cake wuz all dough,
 An' he wanted to know.

An' he wanted to know 'bout original sin,
 An' about Adam's fall ;
If the snake hopped aroun' on the end of his tail
 Before doomed to crawl,
An' w'at would hev happened if Adam hedn' et
 The ol' apple at all ;
These ere kin' er things seemed ter fill him 'ith woe,
 An' he wanted to know.

An' he wanted to know w'y some folks wuz good
 An' some folks wuz mean ;
W'y some folks wuz meddlin', an' some folks wuz fat,
 An' some folks wuz lean.
An' some folks wuz very learned an' wise,
 An' some folks dern green ;
All these kin' er things they troubled him so
 That he wanted to know.

An' so he fired conundrums aroun',
 For he wanted to know ;
An' his nice crop er taters did rot in the groun',
 An' his cabbage wouldn't grow ;
For it took so much time to ask questions like these,
 He'd no time to hoe ;
He wanted to know if these things were so,
 Course he wanted to know.

An' his cattle they died, an' his horses grew sick,
 'Cause they didn't hev no hay ;
An' his creditors pressed him to pay up his bills,
 But he'd no time to pay,
For he had to go roun' askin' questions, you know,
 By night an' by day,
He'd no time to work, for they troubled him so,
 An' he wanted to know.

An' now in the poor-house he travels aroun'
 In jest the same way,
 An' asks the same questions right over ag'in,
 By night an' by day ;
 But he hain't foun' no fellow can answer 'em yit,
 An' he's ol' an' he's grey ;
 But these same ol' conundrums they trouble him so
 That he still wants to know.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THEN AG'IN.

BY SAM W. FOSS.

JIM BOWKER, he said, ef he'd had a fair show,
 And a big enough town for his talents to grow,
 And the least bit assistance in hoein' his row,
 Jim Bowker, he said,
 He'd filled the world full of the sound of his name,
 An' clim the top round in the ladder of fame.

 It may have been so ;

 I dunno ;

 Jest so, it might been,

 Then ag'in—

But he had tarnal luck—everythin' went ag'in him,
 The arrers of fortune they allus 'ud pin him ;
 So he didn't get no chance to show off what was in him.

 Jim Bowker, he said,

Ef he'd had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd come,
 An' the feats he'd a-done, an' the heights he'd a-clum—

 It may have been so ;

 I dunno ;

 Jest so, it might been,

 Then ag'in—

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less—
 Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success,
 An' give fortune the blame for all our distress,

 As Jim Bowker, he said,

Ef it hadn't been for luck an' misfortune an' sich,
 We might a-been famous, an' might a-been rich.

 It might be jest so ;

 I dunno ;

 Jest so, it might been,

 Then ag'in—

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

"HULLO."

BY SAM W. FOSS.

W'EN you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "hullo!"
Say "hullo," an' "how d'ye do!"
"How's the world a-usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring yer han' down with a whack;
Waltz right up, an' don't go slow,
Grin an' shake an' say "hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? O sho!
Walk right up an' say "hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale an' hearty "how d'ye do!"
Don't wait for the crowd to go;
Walk right up and say "hullo!"

W'en big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away.
Jest the same are you an' me,
Lonesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let yer speakin'-trumpet blow,
Lift yer horn an' cry "hullo!"

Say "hullo," an' "how d'ye do!"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en ye leave yer house of clay,
Wanderin' in the Far-Away,
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who ye be, an' say "hullo!"

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

KATIE'S ANSWER.

By W. B. FOWLE.

OCH, Katie's a rogue it is thrue,
But her eyes, like the sky, are so blue,
 An' her dimples so swate,
 An' her ankles so nate,
She dazed, an' she bothered me, too.

Till one mornin' we wint for a ride,
Whin, demure as a bride, by my side
 The darlint, she sat,
 Wid the wickedest hat
Neath purty girl's chin iver tied.

An' my heart, arrah, thin how it bate!
For my Kate looked so temptin' an' swate,
 Wid cheeks like the roses,
 An' all the red posies
That grow in her garden so nate.

But I sat just as mute as the dead,
Till she said wid a toss of her head,
 " If I'd known that to-day
 Ye'd have nothing to say,
I'd have gone wid my cousin, instead."

Thin I felt myself grow very bowld
For I knew she'd not scold if I towld
 Uv the love in my heart,
 That would never depart,
Though I lived to be wrinkled and old.

An' I said: " If I dared to do so,
I'd lit go uv the baste, and I'd throw
 Both arms round her waist,
 An' be stalin' a taste
Uv them lips that are coaxin' me so."

Thin she blushed a more illigent red
As she said, without raisin' her head,
 An' her eyes lookin' down
 Neath her lashes so brown,
" Would ye like me to drive, Misther Ted? "

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

CAPTAIN REECE

BY W. S. GILBERT.

OF all the ships upon the blue,
No ship contained a better crew
Than that of worthy Captain Reece,
Commanding of *The Mantelpiece*.

He was adored by all his men,
For worthy Captain Reece, R.N.,
Did all that lay within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,
Their captain danced to them like mad,
Or told, to make the time pass by,
Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather-bed had every man,
Warm slippers and hot-water can,
Brown windsor from the captain's store,
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn,
Lo, seltzogenes at every turn,
And on all very sultry days
Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops
Stood handily on all the "tops";
And also, with amusement rife,
A "Biograph, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea
From Mister Mudie's libraree;
The Times and *Saturday Review*
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R.N.,
Was quite devoted to his men;
In point of fact, good Captain Reece
Beatified *The Mantelpiece*.

One summer eve, at half-past ten,
He said (addressing all his men) :
" Come, tell me, please, what I can do
To please and gratify my crew.

" By any reasonable plan
I'll make you happy if I can ;
My own convenience count as *nil* .
It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answered William Lee
(The kindly captain's coxswain he,
A nervous, shy, low-spoken man),
He cleared his throat and thus began :

" You have a daughter, Captain Reece.
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A Ma, if what I'm told is true,
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

" Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,
More friendly-like we all should be,
If you united of 'em to
Unmarried members of the crew.

" If you'd ameliorate our life,
Let each select from them a wife ;
And as for nervous me, old pal,
Give me your own enchanting gal !

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man,
Debated on his coxswain's plan :
" I quite agree," he said, " O Bill ;
It is my duty, and I will.

" My daughter, that enchanting gurl,
Has just been promised to an Earl,
And all my other familiee
To peers of various degree.

" But what are dukes and viscounts to
The happiness of all my crew ?
The word I gave you I'll fulfil ;
It is my duty, and I will.

"As you desire it shall befall,
I'll settle thousands on you all,
And I shall be, despite my hoard,
The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of *The Mantelpiece*,
He blushed and spoke to Captain Reece
"I beg your honour's leave," he said ;
"If you would wish to go and wed,

"I have a widowed mother who
Would be the very thing for you—
She long has loved you from afar :
She washes for you, Captain R."

The Captain saw the dame that day—
Addressed her in his playful way—
"And did it want a wedding ring?
It was a tempting ickle sing !

"Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,
We'll all be married this day week
At yonder church upon the hill ;
It is my duty, and I will !"

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,
And widowed Ma of Captain Reece,
Attended there as they were bid ;
It was their duty, and they did.

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THE CAVALIER'S CHOICE.

BY J. W. VON GOETHE.

It was a gallant cavalier
Of honour and renown,
And all to seek a ladye-love
He rode from town to town ;
Till at a widow woman's door
He drew the rein so free,
For at her side the knight espied
Her comely daughters three.

Well might he gaze upon them,
For they were fair and tall ;
Ye never have seen fairer
In bower nor yet in hall.
Small marvel if the gallant's heart
Beat quicker in his breast ;
'Twas hard to choose and hard to lose,
How might he know the best.

" Now maidens, pretty maidens mine,
Who'll read me riddles three ?
And she who answers best of all
Shall be my own ladye."
I ween they blushed as maidens do
When such rare words they hear ;
" Now speak thy riddles if thou wilt,
Thou gay young cavalier."

" What's longer than the longest path
First tell ye that to me ?
And tell me what is deeper
Than is the deepest sea ?
And tell me what is louder
Than is the loudest horn ?
And tell me what is sharper
Than is the sharpest thorn ?

And tell me what is greener
Than greenest grass on hill ?
And tell me what is crueller
Than a wicked woman's will ?"
The eldest and the second maid
They sat and thought awhile,
The youngest she looked upward,
And spoke with a merry smile :

" Oh, Love is surely longer far
Than the longest paths that be,
And Hades is far deeper
Than is the deepest sea ;
And Thunder it is louder
Than is the loudest horn,
And Hunger it is sharper
Than is the sharpest thorn.

"I know a deadly poison
 More green than grass on hill,
 And the foul fiend is crueller
 Than any woman's will."
 Scarce had the maiden spoken
 When the youth was by her side,
 And all for what she answered him
 He claimed her as his bride.

The eldest and the second maid
 They pondered and were dumb,
 And there perchance are waiting yet
 Till another wooer come.
 Then maidens take this warning word,
 Be neither slow nor shy,
 And always when a lover speaks,
 Look kindly and reply.

[Translated from the German.]

FATHER O'FLYNN.

BY A. P. GRAVES.

OF priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
 Far renowned for larnin' and piety;
 Still, I'd advance ye, widout impropriety,
 Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Chorus—

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
 Slainté,* and slainté, and slainté agin;
 Powerfulest preacher, and
 Tinderest teacher, and
 Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
 Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
 Dad and the divels and all at Divinity,
 Father O'Flynn makes hares of them all!

* Your health.

Come, I vinture to give ye my word,
 Never the likes of his logic was heard,
 Down from mythology
 Into thayology,
 Troth ! and conchology if he'd the call.

Chorus—

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
 Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin ;
 Powerfulest preacher, and
 Tinderest teacher, and
 Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Och ! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you
 All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
 All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
 You've such a way wid ye, Father avick ! *
 Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,
 Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control ;
 Checking the crazy ones,
 Coaxin' onaisy ones,
 Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

Chorus—

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
 Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin ;
 Powerfulest preacher, and
 Tinderest teacher, and
 Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
 Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
 Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
 At comicality, Father, wid you ?
 Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
 Till this remark set him off wid the rest :
 "Is it lave gaiety
 All to the laity ?
 Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too ?

* "My son," an obvious Irish bull,

Chorus—

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin ;
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

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BROKERS AHEAD! OR, THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

BY GEORGE GROSSMITH.

I WAS seated alone in my room, lads,
And a knock there came at the door ;
I answered the knock myself, lads ;
I'd no servant, for I was poor.

I WAS overwhelmed with grief, lads,
And was wretched and low and sad,
For I had habits of spending
A good deal more than I had.

I know 'twas wrong for to do so,
And my fault I freely confess ;
But when you have nothing a year, lads,
You can't very well spend less.

Then two men entered the room, lads,
My heart was faint and sick,
For I knew they were both of them brokers
Who had come for every stick.

The water and gas had been cut off,
A hard enough blow, lads, was that—
But they wanted to seize the old arm-chair
In which my great grandmother sat.

It wasn't a chair much to look at,
With age it was dingy and brown,
And its legs would often give way, lads,
And sometimes would let people down.

But 'twas seized by the heartless brokers,
Who carried it off with a jeer,
And my heart was like that of a baby's,
And my eyes were dimmed with a tear.

Then they went to the little wine cupboard—
A bottle there stood on the shelf;
They seized it, and found it was empty,
I'd finished that bottle myself.

Then they seized all my shirts and my collars—
Of the latter I had but a few;
And they pounced on my only sheet, lads
Which had served as a table-cloth too.

When they stripped me of every stick, lads,
Another knock came at the door,
And I answered that knock myself, lads,
As I'd no servant, for I was poor.

But I found 'twas the family lawyer,
Who said a relation had died,
And, believe me, I danced with delight, lads,
And I laughed, and I laughed till I cried.

My heart was like that of a school-boy's,
You could hear its beats and its bounds,
For I knew that good old relation
Had left me a million pounds.

The brokers brought back every stick, lads,
I paid them their claim and they fled,
And the arm-chair and I both gave way, lads,
And I fractured the back of my head.

I am now worth a million of money,
And I owe not a penny, I swear;
And if ever I get into debt, lads,
You may sit in the old arm-chair.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE WIFE WHO SAT UP.

BY GEORGE GROSSMITH.

IN a chair sat a weary wife dozing,
Awaiting her husband's return ;
The clock in the hall struck midnight,
She sighed with the deepest concern—

“The club has the usual attraction,
And I am too injured to speak ;
But I *will*, yes, I will sit up for him
If I have to sit up for a week.”

The fire on the hearth had burnt lower ;
The room became suddenly chilled ;
Her heart which was beating and beating,
With stern indignation was filled.

To wait for her husband's returning,
And give him a piece of her mind,
Was the object for which she was yearning,
Yearning and yawning combined.

The clock in the hall struck *one* first,
And then it struck *two*—and then *three*—
And when it struck *four*, she rose proudly,
And said, “It's an insult to me.”

It was, for the husband had quietly
Sneaked in fifteen minutes before—
He made not a sound with the latch-key,
Or in closing his dressing-room door.

She found him in peaceful slumber,
Not even the ghost of a snore ;
She smothered her deep indignation,
But *never* sat up any more.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

BY COLONEL JOHN HAY.

FYTTE THE FIRST: *wherein it shall be shown how the Truth is too mighty a Drug for such as be of feeble temper.*

THE King was sick. His cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright ;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And doctors came by the score :
They did not cure him ; he cut off their heads
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat,—
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book ;
His patients gave him no trouble—
If they recovered they paid him well,
If they died their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the King on his couch reclined ;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
"Hang him up!" roared the King in a gale,—
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage ;
The other leech grew a shade pale ;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran,—
*The King will be well, if he sleeps one night
In the Shirt of a Happy Man.*

FYTTE THE SECOND : *tells of the search for the Shirt, and how it was nigh found, but was not, for reasons which are said or sung.*

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no Happy Man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,
And rich who thought they were poor ;
And men who twisted their waists in stays,
And women that shorthose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot ;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there ;
He whistled and sang and laughed and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay ;
And one of them said, " Heaven save you, friend !
You seem to be happy to-day."

" O yes, fair sirs ! " the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad,
" An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

" This is our man," the courier said ;
" Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black ;
" I would do it, God wot," and he roared with the fun,
" But I haven't a shirt to my back."

FYTTE THE THIRD : *showing how His Majesty the King came at last to sleep in a Happy Man his Shirt.*

Each day to the King the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom ;
He opened his windows and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world and toiled
In his own appointed way ;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
And the King was well and gay.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE HAT.

ANONYMOUS.

(RECITED BY M. COQUELIN, OF THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE.)

ONE day this winter I went out to dine.
All was first-rate—the style, the food, the wine.
A concert afterward—*en règle*—just so.
The hour arrived. I entered, bowing low,
My heels together. Then I placed my hat
On something near, and joined the general chat.
At half-past eight we dined. All went off well,
Trust me for being competent to tell !
I sat between two ladies—mute as fishes.
With nothing else to do but count the dishes.
I learned each item in each course by heart.
I hate tobacco, but as smoke might part
Me from those ladies, with a sober face
I took a strong cigar, and kept my place.
The concert was announced for half-past ten,
And at that hour I joined a crowd of men.
The ladies, arm to arm, sweet, white, we found,
Like rows of sugared almonds, seated round.

I leaned against the door—there was no chair.
 A stout, fierce gentleman, got up with care
 (A cuirassier I set him down to be),
 Leaned on the other door-post, hard by me,
 Whilst far off in the distance some poor girl
 Sang, with her love-lorn ringlets out of curl,
 Some trashy stuff of love and love's distress.
 I could see nothing, and could hear still less.
 Still, I applauded, for politeness' sake.

Next a dress-coat of fashionable make
 Came forward and began. It clad a poet.
 That's the last mode in Paris. Did you know it?
 Your host or hostess, after dinner, chooses
 To serve you up some effort of the Muses,
 Recited with *vim*, gestures, and by-play
 By some one borrowed from the great Français.

I blush to write it—poems, you must know,
 All make me sleepy ; and it was so now.
 For as I listened to the distant drone
 Of the smooth lines, I felt my lids droop down,
 And a strange torpor I could not ignore
 Came creeping o'er me.

“Heavens ! suppose I snore?
 Let me get out,” I cried, “or else—”

With that
 I cast my eyes around to find my hat.

The *console* where I laid it down, alas !
 Was now surrounded (not a mouse could pass)
 By triple rows of ladies gaily dressed,
 Who fanned and listened calmly, undistressed.

No man through that fair crowd could work his way,
 Rank behind rank rose heads in bright array.
 Diamonds were there, and flowers, and, lower still,
 Such lovely shoulders ! Not the smallest thrill
 They raised in me. My thoughts were of my hat.
 It lay beyond where all those ladies sat,
 Under a candelabrum, shiny, bright,
 Smooth as when last I brushed it, full in sight,
 Whilst I, far off, with yearning glances tried
 Whether I could not lure it to my side.

"Why may my hand not put thee on my head,
And quit this stifling room?" I fondly said.
"Respond, dear hat, to a magnetic throb.
Come, little darling, cleave this social mob.
Fly over heads; creep under. Come, oh, come!
Escape. We'll find no poetry at home."

And all the while did that dull poem creep
Drearly on, till, sick at last with sleep,
My eyes fixed straight before me with a stare,
I groaned within me:

"Come, my hat—fresh air!
My darling, let us both get out together,
Here all is hot and close; outside, the weather
Is simply perfect, and the pavement's dry.
Come, come, my hat—one effort! Do but try.
Sweet thoughts the silence and soft moon will stir
Beneath thy shelter."

Here a voice cried:

"Sir,
Have you done staring at my daughter yet?
By Jove! sir."

My astonished glance here met
The angry red face of my cuirassier.
I did not quail before his look severe,
But said, politely,

"Pardon, sir, but I
Do not so much as know her."

"What, sir! Why,
My daughter's yonder, sir, beside that table.
Pink ribbons, sir. Don't tell me you're unable
To understand."

"But, sir—"

"I don't suppose
You mean to tell me—"

"Really—"

"Who but knows
Your way of dealing with young ladies, sir?
I'll have no trifling, if you please, with her."
"Trifling?"

"Yes, sir. You know you've jilted five.
Every one knows it—every man alive."
"Allow me—"

"No, sir. Every father knows
Your reputation, damaging to those
Who—"

"Sir, indeed—"

"How dare you in this place
Stare half-an-hour in my daughter's face?"

"*Sapristi, monsieur!* I protest—I swear—
I never looked at her."

"Indeed! what were
You looking at, then?"

"Sir, I'll tell you *that*—
My hat, sir."

"*Morbleu!* looking at your hat!"
"Yes, sir, it *was* my hat."

Meantime
The black coat maundered on in dreary rhyme
Papa and I, getting more angry ever,
Exchanged fierce glances, speaking both together,
While no one round us knew what we were at.
"It was my daughter, sir."

"No, sir—my hat."
"Speak lower, gentlemen," said some one near.
"You'll give account for this, sir. Do you hear?"
"Of course, sir."

"Then before the world's astir
You'll get my card, sir."

"I'll be ready, sir."

A pretty quarrel! Don't you think it so?
A moment after, all exclaimed, "Bravo!"
Black coat had finished. All the audience made
A general move toward ice and lemonade.
The coast was clear; my way was open now;
My hat was mine. I made my foe a bow,
And hastened, fast as lover could have moved,
Through trailing trains, toward the dear thing I loved.
I tried to reach it.

"Here's the hat, I think,
You are in search of."

Shapely, soft, and pink,
A lovely arm, a perfect arm, held out
My precious hat. Impelled by sudden doubt
I raised my eyes. Pink ribbons trimmed her dress.
"Here, monsieur, take it. 'Twas not hard to guess
What made you look this way. You long to go.
You were so sleepy, nodding—see!—just so.
Ah, how I wished to help you, if I could!
I might have passed it possibly. I would
Have tried by ladies' chain, from hand to hand,

To send it to you, but, you understand,
 I felt a little timid—don't you see?—
 For fear you might suppose—Ah! pardon me;
 I am too prone to talk. I'm keeping you.
 Take it. Good-night."

Sweet angel, pure and true!
 My looks to their real cause *she* could refer,
 And never thought one glance was meant for her.

Oh, simple trust, pure from debasing wiles!
 I took my hat from her fair hand with smiles,
 And hurrying back, sought out my whilom foe,
 Exclaiming:

"Hear me, sir. Before I go.
 Let me explain. You, sir, were in the right.
 'Twas not my hat attracted me to-night.
 Forgive me, pardon me, I entreat, dear sir.
 I love your daughter, and I gazed at her."
 "You, sir?"

He turned his big round eyes on me,
 Then held his hand out.

"Well, well, we will see."

Next day we talked. That's how it came about.
 And the result you see. My secret's out.
 It was last Tuesday, as I said, and even
 Add, she's an angel, and my home is—Heaven.
 Her father, mild in spite of mien severe,
 Holds a high office—is no cuirassier.
 Besides—a boon few bridegrooms can command—
 He is a widower—so—you understand.

AUNT TABITHA.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WHATEVER I do, and whatever I say,
 Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way;
 When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago)
 Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! If I only would take her advice!
 But I like my own way, and I find it *so* nice!
 And besides, I forget half the things I am told;
 But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out ;
She would never endure an impertinent stare,—
It is *horrid*, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own,
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone ;
So I take a lad's arm—just for safety, you know,—
But Aunt Tabitha tells me *they* didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then !
They kept at arm's length those detestable men ;
What an era of virtue she lived in !—But stay—
Were the *men* all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day ?

If the men *were* so wicked, I'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma ?
Was he like the rest of them ? Goodness ! Who knows ?
And what shall *I* say, if a wretch should propose ?

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been !
And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how shockingly sad !
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad !

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can ;
Let *me* perish—to rescue some wretched young man !
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha'll tell me *she* never did so !

[By Special Permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

A SEA DIALOGUE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Cabin Passenger.

Man at Wheel.

Cabin Passenger.

FRIEND, you seem thoughtful. I not wonder much
That he who sails the ocean should be sad.
I am myself reflective.—When I think
Of all this wallowing beast, the Sea, has sucked
Between his sharp, thin lips, the wedgy waves,
What heaps of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls ;

What piles of shekels, talents, ducats, crowns,
 What bales of Tyrian mantles, Indian shawls,
 Of laces that have blanked the weavers' eyes,
 Of silken tissues, wrought by worm and man,
 The half-starved workman, and the well-fed worm ;
 What marbles, bronzes, pictures, parchments, books ;
 What many-lobuled, thought-engendering brains ;
 Lie with the gaping sea-shells in his maw,—
 I, too, am silent ; for all language seems
 A mockery, and the speech of man is vain.
 O mariner, we look upon the waves
 And they rebuke our babbling. "Peace!" they say,—
 "Mortal, be still!" My noisy tongue is hushed,
 And with my trembling finger on my lips
 My soul exclaims in ecstasy—

Man at Wheel.

Belay.

Cabin Passenger.

Ah yes! "Delay," it calls, "nor haste to break
 The charm of stillness with an idle word!"
 O mariner, I love thee, for thy thought
 Strides even with my own, nay, flies before.
 Thou art a brother to the wind and wave ;
 Have they not music for thine ear as mine,
 When the wild tempest makes thy ship his lyre.
 Smiting a cavernous basso from the shrouds
 And climbing up his gamut through the stays,
 Through buntlines, bowlines, ratlines, till it shrills
 An alto keener than the locust sings,
 And all the great Æolian orchestra
 Storms out its mad sonata in the gale?
 Is not the scene a wondrous and—

Man at Wheel.

Avast!

Cabin Passenger.

Ah yes, a vast, a vast and wondrous scene!
 I see thy soul is open as the day
 That holds the sunshine in its azure bowl
 To all the solemn glories of the deep.

Tell me, O mariner, dost thou never feel
The grandeur of thine office—to control
The keel that cuts the ocean like a knife
And leaves a wake behind it like a seam
In the great shining garment of the world?

Man at Wheel.

Belay y'r jaw, y' swab! y' hoss-marine!

(To the Captain.)

Ay, ay, sir! Stiddy, sir! Sou'wes' b' sou'!

[By Special Permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should
see;
I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining
stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
O there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,—
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—“O what was that, my daughter?”

“’Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water.”

“And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?”

“It’s nothing but a porpoise, sir, that’s been a-swimming past.”

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—“Now bring me my harpoon!
I’ll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon.”

Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swoond,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned;

But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

[By Special Permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

NOVEMBER IN LONDON.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

No sun—no moon—

No morn—no noon—

No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—

No sky—no earthly view—

No distance looking blue—

No road—no street—no “t’other side the way”—

No end to any row—

No indications where the crescents go—

No top to any steeple—

No recognitions of familiar people—

No courtesies for showing ’em—

No knowing ’em!

No travelling at all—no locomotion,

No inkling of the way—no notion—

“No go”—by land or ocean—

No mail—no post—

No news from any foreign coast—

No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—

No company—no nobility—

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees—
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no trees—
November!

THE DEMON SHIP.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

TWAS off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea looked black
and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went my helm—close reefed—the tack held freely in my
hand—

With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hissed the sea beneath her lea—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!
What darksome caverns yawned before! what jagged steeps
behind!

Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and galloped in its place;
As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a sailor's shroud:
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heaped in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling fast,
As if the scooping sea contained one only wave at last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
It seemed as though some cloud had turned its hugeness to a wave!
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse—and down it rushed—an avalanche of brine!
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home;

The waters closed—and when I shrieked, I shrieked below the foam !

Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

“Where am I?—in the breathing world, or in the world of death?”
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath ;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seemed around ?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft ;
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft ?
A face, that mocked the human face, before me watched alone ;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that looked against my own ?
Oh, never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I looked, on that accursèd night !

I’ve seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever ; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—
Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare—
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimmed and banished by the light !
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast !

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as dark :

His hand was black, and where it touched, it left a sable mark ;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I looked beneath,
His breast was black—all, all was black, except his grinning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves !
Oh, horror ! e’en the ship was black that ploughed the inky waves !

“Alas !” I cried, “for love of truth and blessed mercy’s sake !
Where am I ? in what dreadful ship ? upon what dreadful lake ?
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal ?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gained my soul !
Oh, mother dear ! my tender nurse ! dear meadows that beguiled
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see :
I’m sailing in the Devil’s Ship, upon the Devil’s Sea !”

Loud laughed that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
 His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern—
 A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
 As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once :
 A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the merry fit,
 With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.
 They crowed their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the
 whole :—

“Our skins,” said he, “are black, ye see, because we carry coal ;
 You’ll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
 For this here ship has picked you up—the *Mary Ann* of Shields !”

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY INFANT SON.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

[An author is supposed to be writing an ode on childhood, and his mind is constantly distracted by the presence of the child whom he has set before him to inspire his ideas.]

THOU happy, happy elf !
 (But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
 Thou tiny image of myself !
 (My love, he’s poking peas into his ear !)
 Thou merry, laughing sprite !
 With spirits feather-light,
 Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
 (Good heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little tricksy Puck !
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
 (The door ! the door ! he’ll tumble down the stair !)
 Thou darling of thy sire !
 (Why, Jane, he’ll set his pinafore afire !)
 Thou imp of mirth and joy !
 In Love’s dear chain so strong and bright a link,
 Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy !
 There goes my ink !)

Thou cherub—but of earth ;
 Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
 In harmless sport and mirth,
 (That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !)

Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
 From every blossom in the world that blows,
 Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
 (Another tumble—that's his precious nose !)
 Thy father's pride and hope !
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)
 With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint,
 (Where *did* he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove !
 (He'll have that jug off with another shove !)
 Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest !
 (Are those torn clothes his best ?)
 Little epitome of man !
 (He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan !)
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
 (He's got a knife !)
 Thou enviable being !
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
 Play on, play on,
 My elfin John !

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)
 With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk
 With many a lamb-like frisk,
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)
 Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth !)
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
 (I wish that window had an iron bar !)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
 (I'll tell you what, my love,
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above !)

DOMESTIC ASIDES; OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"I REALLY take it very kind,
 This visit, Mrs. Skinner !
 I have not seen you such an age—
 (The wretch has come to dinner !)

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it perhaps the measles!)

"Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russell's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

"What! little Clara left at home?
Well, now, I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

"And Mr. S., I hope he's well,
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy!)

"Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You're come, of course, to spend the day!
(Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage!)

"What! must you go? next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

"Good-bye! good-bye! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners!")

EQUESTRIAN COURTSHIP.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

It was a young maiden went forth to ride,
And there was a wooer to pace by her side;
His horse was so little, and hers so high,
He thought his angel was up in the sky.

His love was great, though his wit was small ;
 He bade her ride easy—and that was all.
 The very horses began to neigh,—
 Because their betters had nought to say.

They rode by elm, and they rode by oak,
 They rode by a churchyard, and then he spoke :
 “ My pretty maiden, if you’ll agree,
 You shall always amble through life with me.”

The damsel answered him never a word,
 But kicked the grey mare, and away she spurred.
 The wooer still followed behind the jade,
 And enjoyed—like a wooer—the dust she made.

They rode thro’ moss, and they rode thro’ moor,—
 The gallant behind and the lass before :—
 At last they came to a miry place,
 And there the sad wooer gave up the chase.

Quoth he, “ If my nag was better to ride,
 I’d follow her over the world so wide.
 Oh, it is not my love that begins to fail,
 But I’ve lost the last glimpse of the grey mare’s tale ! ”

OUR VILLAGE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

OUR village, that’s to say, not Miss Mitford’s village, but our
 village of Bullock’s Smithy,
 Is come into by an avenue of trees, three oak pollards, two elders,
 and a withy ;
 And in the middle there’s a green, of about not exceeding an acre
 and a half ;
 It’s common to all and fed off by nineteen cows, six ponies, three
 horses, five asses, two foals, seven pigs, and a calf !
 Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a sort of common law
 lease,
 And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three ganders, two dead
 dogs, four drowned kittens, and twelve geese.
 Of course the green’s cropt very close, and does famous for bowling
 when the little village boys play at cricket ;
 Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass, is sure to come
 and stand right before the wicket.

There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns and workshops,
and pigsties, and poultry huts, and such-like sheds,
With plenty of public-houses—two Foxes, one Green Man, three
Bunch of Grapes, one Crown, and six King's Heads.
The Green Man is reckoned the best, as the only one that for
love or money can raise
A postillion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame white horses, and
a ramshackle "neat postchaise!"
There's one parish church for all the people, whatsoever may be
their ranks in life or their degrees,
Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing cold, little Methodist
Chapel of Ease;
And close by the churchyard, there's a stonemason's yard, that
when the time is seasonable
Will furnish with afflictions sore and marble urns and cherubims,
very low and reasonable.
There's a cage comfortable enough; I've been in it with Old Jack
Jeffrey and Tom Pike;
For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin, or any-
thing else you like.
I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them but the
upright post;
But the pound is kept in repairs for the sake of Cob's horse as is
always there almost.
There's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a chap in his
way, Old Joe Bradley,
Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and shoes
horses very badly.
There's a shop of all sorts that sells everything, kept by the widow
of Mr. Task;
But when you go there it's ten to one she's out of everything you
ask.
You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies, about the
old sugary cask:
There are six empty houses and not so well papered inside as out,
For bill-stickers won't beware, but stick notices of sales and
election placards all about.
That's the Doctor's with a green door, where the garden pots in
the window is seen;
A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead geranium,
and a teaplant with five black leaves, and one green.
As for hollyhocks at the cottage doors, and honeysuckles and
jasmynes, you may go and whistle;
But the Tailor's front garden grows two cabbages, a dock, a
ha'porth of pennyroyal, two dandelions, and a thistle!

There are three small orchards—Mr. Busby's the schoolmaster's
is the chief—
With two pear trees that don't bear ; one plum, and an apple that
every year is stripped by a thief.
There's another small day-school too, kept by the respectable Mrs.
Gaby,
A select establishment for six little boys, and one big, and four
little girls and a baby ;
There's a rectory with pointed gables and strange odd chimneys
that never smokes,
For the Rector don't live on his living like other Christian sort of
folks ;
There's a barber's once a week well filled with rough black-
bearded, shock-headed churls,
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two masculine
ladies in false curls ;
There's a butcher, and a carpenter's, and a plumber, and a small
greengrocer's, and a baker,
But he won't bake on a Sunday ; and there's a sexton that's a coal
merchant besides, and an undertaker ;
And a toyshop, but not a whole one, for a village can't compare
with the London shops ;
One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, bats, Clout's balls, and
the other sells malt and hops.
And Mrs. Brown in domestic economy not to be a bit behind her
betters,
Let her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-catcher, a cobbler,
lives in it herself, and it's the post-office for letters.
Now I've gone through all the village—ay, from end to end, save
and except one more house,
But I haven't come to that—and I hope I never shall—and that's
the village Poor House !

ADVICE TO CHILDREN.

BY THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

My little dears, who learn to read, pray early learn to shun
That very silly thing indeed which people call a pun.

Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple an offence
It is to make the selfsame sound afford a double sense.

For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *aunt* an *ant* may kill,
You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill* may pay the *bill*.

Or if to France your bark you steer, at Dover it may be, a *peer*
Appears upon the *pier*, who blind, still goes to *sea*.

Thus one might say when to a treat good friends accept our
greeting,

'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat, should eat their *meat* when
meeting.

Brawn on the *board's* no *bore* indeed, although from *boar* prepared,
Nor can the *fowl* on which we feed *foul* feeding be declared

Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however vulgar they,
And actors still the harder slave the oftener they play.

So poets can't the *baize* obtain unless their tailors choose,
While grooms and coachmen not in vain each evening seek the
news.

The *dyer* who by *dying lives*, a *dire* life maintains ;
The glazier, it is known, receives his profits from his *panes*.

By gardeners *thyme* is *tie* , 'tis true, when Spring is in its prime,
But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you, if you are *tied* for *time*.



CATCHING THE CAT.

BY MARGARET VANDERGRIFF JANVIER.

THE mice had met in council,
They all looked haggard and worn,
For the state of affairs was too terrible
To be any longer borne.
Not a family out of mourning,—
There was crape on every hat,—
They were desperate—something must be done
And done at once, to the cat.

Then rather an old mouse rose, and said :
" It might prove a possible thing
To set the trap which they set for us—
That one with the awful spring ! "
The suggestion was applauded
Loudly by one and all,
Till somebody squeaked : " That trap would be
About ninety-five times too small ! "

Then a medical mouse suggested
 (A little under his breath) :
 "If you confiscate the very first mouse
 That dies a natural death,
 I'll undertake to poison the cat,
 If you'll let me prepare that mouse."
 "There's not been a natural death," they shrieked,
 "Since the cat came into the house !"

The smallest mouse in the council
 Arose with a solemn air,
 And, by way of increasing his stature,
 Rubbed up his whiskers and hair.
 He waited until there was silence
 All along the pantry shelf,
 And then he said with dignity,
 "I will catch the cat myself !

"When next I hear her coming,
 Instead of running away,
 I shall turn and face her boldly,
 And pretend to be at play.
 She will not see her danger,
 Poor creature ! I suppose ;
 But as she stoops to catch me,
 I shall catch her, by the nose !"

The mice began to look hopeful,
 Yes, even the old ones, when
 A grey-haired mouse said slowly,
 "And what will you do with her then ?"
 The champion, disconcerted,
 Replied with dignity, "Well—
 I think, if you'll excuse me,
 'Twould be wiser not to tell !

"We all have our inspirations,"—
 This produced a general smirk,—
 "But we are not all at liberty
 To explain just how they'll work.
 I ask you simply to trust me ;
 You need have no further fears—
 Consider our enemy done for !"
 The council gave three cheers.

"I do believe she's coming!"

Said a small mouse nervously.

"Run if you like," said the champion,

"But I shall wait and see!"

And sure enough she was coming—

The mice all scampered away,

Except the noble champion,

Who had made up his mind to stay.

The mice had faith,—of course they had,

They were all of them trusting souls,—

But a sort of general feeling

Kept them safely in their holes,

Until some time in the evening ;

Then the boldest ventured out,

And there he saw in the distance

The cat prance gaily about !

There was dreadful consternation,

Till some one at last said, "Oh,

He's not had time to do it,

Let us not prejudge him so!"

"I believe in him, of course I do,"

Said the nervous mouse with a sigh,

"But the cat looks uncommonly happy,

And I wish I *did* know why!"

That cat, I regret to mention,

Still prances about that house,

And no message, letter, or telegram

Has come from the champion mouse.

The mice are a little discouraged ;

The demand for crape goes on ;

They feel they'd be happier if they knew

Where the champion mouse has gone.

This story has a moral,—

It is very short you'll see,—

So, of course, you all will listen,

For fear of offending me.

It is well to be courageous,

And valiant, and all that,

But—if you are mice—you'd better think twice,

Before you catch the cat.

THE JUMBLIES.

BY EDWARD LEAR.

THEY went to sea in a sieve they did,
In a sieve they went to sea,
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
And when the sieve went round and round,
And everyone cried, "You'll all be drowned,"
They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big,
But we don't care a button! we don't care a fig!
In a sieve we'll go to sea."

Chorus—

Far and few, far and few
Are the lands where the Jumblies live,
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon by way of a sail
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And every one said who saw them go,
"Oh, won't they soon be upset you know?
For the sky is dark and the voyage is long,
And happen what may, it's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast."

Chorus.

The water it soon came in, it did,
The water it soon came in,
So to keep them dry they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper, all folded neat,
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery jar,
And each of them said, "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."

Chorus.

And all night long they sailed away,
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong
In the shade of the mountains brown.
"Oh, Timballo! How happy we are!
When we live in a sieve and a crockery jar,
And all night long in the moonlight pale
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown."

Chorus.

They sailed to the Wester Sea, they did,
To a land all covered with trees,
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry tart,
And a hive of silvery bees.
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws
And a lovely monkey with lollipop jaws,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese.

Chorus.

And in twenty years they all came back,
In twenty years or more,
And every one said, "How tall they've grown!
For they've been to the lakes and the terrible zone,
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
And they drank their health and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast,
And every one said, "If we only live
We too will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."

Chorus—

Far and few, far and few
Are the lands where the Jumblies live,
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

[By Special Permission of Messrs. F. Warne & Co.]

THE MUSIC IN OUR STREET.

BY R. C. LEHMANN.

A WORD FROM A GIRL WHO LIVES IN IT.

DID you ever 'ear our music ? What, never ? There's a shame,
 I tell yer it's golopshus, we do 'ave such a game.
 When the sun's a-shinin' brightly, when the fog's upon the town,
 When the frost 'as bust the water-pipes, when rain comes pourin'
 down ;
 In the mornin' when the costers come a-shoutin' with their mokes,
 In the evenin' when the gals walk out a-spoonin' with their blokes,
 When mother's washin' Billy, or when father wants 'is tea,
 When the boys are in the " Spotted Dog " a'-aving of a spree,
 No matter what the weather is, or what the time o' day,
Our music allus visits us, and never goes away.
 And when they've tooned theirselves to-rights, I tell yer it's a
 treat
 Just to listen to the lot of 'em a-playin' in our street.

There's a chap as turns the orgin—the best I ever 'eard—
 O lor', he does just jabber, but you can't make out a word.
 I can't a-bear Italians, as allus uses knives,
 And talks a furrin lingo all their miserable lives.
 But this one calls me Bella—which my Christian name is Sue—
 And 'e smiles and turns 'is orgin very proper, that he do.
 Sometimes 'e plays a polker, and sometimes it's a march,
 And I see 'is teeth all shinin' through 'is lovely black mustarch.
 And the little 'uns dance round him, you'd laugh until you cried,
 If you saw my little brothers do their 'ornpipes side by side,
 And the gals they spin about as well, and don't they move their
 feet,
 When they 'ear that pianner-orgin man, as plays about our street.

There's a feller plays a cornet too, and wears a ulster-coat,
 My eye, 'e does puff out 'is cheeks a-tryin' for 'is note.
 It seems to go right through yer, and, oh, it's right-down rare
 When 'e gives us " Annie Laurie " or " Sweet Spirit, 'ear my
 Prayer " ;
 'E's so stout that when 'e's blowin' 'ard you think 'e must go pop ;
 And 'is nose is like the lamp (what's red) outside a chemist's shop.

And another blows the penny-pipe,—I allus thinks it's thin,
And I much prefers the cornet when 'e ain't bin drinkin' gin.
And there's Concertina-Jimmy ; it makes yer want to shout,
When 'e acts just like a windmill, and waves 'is arms about.
Oh, I'll lay you 'alf a tanner, you'll find it 'ard to beat
The good old 'eaps of music that they gives us in our street.

And a pore old ragged party comes shufflin' through the wet,
She sings to suit 'er 'usband, while 'e plays the clarinette.
'Er voice is dreadful wheezy, and I can't exactly say
I like 'er style of singin' "Tommy Dodd" or "Nancy Gray."
But there, she does 'er best, I'm sure ; I mustn't run 'er down,
When she's only tryin' all she can to earn a honest brown.
Still, though I'm mad to 'ear 'em play, and sometimes join the
dance,
I often wish one music gave the other kind a chance.
The orgin might have two days, and the cornet take a third,
While the pipe-man tried o' Thursdays 'ow to imitate a bird.
But they allus comes together, singin', playin', as they meet,
With their clarinettes and orgins, in the middle of our street.

But there, I can't stand chatterin', pore mother's mortal bad,
And she's got to work the whole day long to keep things straight
for dad.

Complain ? Not she. She scrubs an' rubs with all 'er might and
main,

And the lot's no sooner finished, but she's got to start again.
There's a patch for Johnny's jacket, a darn for Billy's socks,
And an hour or so o' needlework a-mendin' Polly's frocks ;
With floors to wash, and plates to clean, she'd soon be skin and
bone

('Er cough's that's aggravatin') if she did it all alone.
There'll be music while we're workin', to keep us on the go—
I like my tunes as fast as fast, pore mother likes 'em slow—
Ah ! she don't get much to laugh at, nor yet too much to eat,
And the music stops 'er thinkin' when they play it in the street.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE TWINS.

BY HENRY S. LEIGH.

IN form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached a fearful pitch ;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed ;
And thus, you see, by Fate's decree,
Or rather nurse's whim,
My brother John got christened me,
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness ever dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged,
When John turned out a fool.
I put this question, fruitlessly,
To every one I knew :
"What would you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were you?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life,
For somehow, my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on,
And when I died, the neighbours came
And buried brother John.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

BY HENRY S. LEIGH.

I HAVE a friend in Eaton-place—
A very wealthy man—
Whose house is one I love to grace
As often as I can.
His meats are always of the best,
His wines are rich and rare ;
A footman, elegantly drest,
Keeps watch behind my chair.

I like the meats—I love the wine—
(For, give me leave to say,
'Tis very seldom that I dine
In that expensive way).
But what is gold and silver plate,
And what is dainty fare ?
They cannot make me tolerate
The man behind my chair.

Perchance I venture on a pun,
A quip, or else a crank,
Amongst my auditors is one
Whose face remains a blank.
I hear the table in a roar,
Loud laughter fills the air ;
But, no, it simply seems to bore
The man behind my chair.

Upon the summit of my crown
I have a trifling patch ;
A little white amidst the brown,
An opening in the thatch.
From all my fellowmen but one
I hide my loss of hair :
He sees it, though ; I cannot shun
The man behind my chair.

Some day, should Fortune only smile
Upon my low estate,
I mean to feed in such a style
As few can emulate.
Should ever such a lot be mine,
I solemnly declare
That I will banish, when I dine,
The man behind my chair.

IN NEVADA.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

LIKE an awful alligator breathing fire and screeching wildly,
With a pack of hounds behind him, as if hunted by the furies,
Came the smoking locomotive, followed by the cars and tender,
Down among the mountain gorges, till it stopped before a village
As the starry night came on.

Just before a mountain village, where there was a howling shindy,
Just around a bran-new gallows, with a roaring blazing bonfire
Casting a red light upon it, while a crowd of roughest rowdies
Shouted, "Cuss him! tear his vitals! bust him! sink him! burn
him! skin him!"—
Evidently much excited—
As the starry night came on.

On the gallows stood a culprit shrieking painfully for mercy.
As the train and engine halted, louder yelled the gasping victim.
Then out cried the grim conductor, "What in thunder is the
matter?
What's ye doin' with that feller? Why've ye got both fire and
gallows?"
And unto him some one answered,
As the starry night came on:

"This all-fired, skunk-eyed villain, whom you see upon the
gallows,
Lately stole the loveliest mewel that you ever sot your peeps on,
For a hundred shiny dollars, went and sold it to the greasers.
But, as you perceive, we've nailed him, and at present we're
debatin'
Whether we had better hang him, or else roast him like an Injun,
Ere the starry night comes on.

"And I think ez ther' ar' ladies here to grace this gay occasion
In the train, and quite convenient, we had better take and burn
him.
'Twould be kinder interestin', or, as folks might say, romantic,
To behold an execution, as we do 'em here in *this* town,
In the real frontier fashion,
Ere the starry night comes on."

Up from all the assembled ladies, and from all the passengeros,
Went a scream of protestation,—“What! for nothing but a
mewel!

Only for a hundred dollars roast alive a fine young fellow!
Never, never, never, ne—ver!” Falling on her knees a damsel
Begged the maddened crowd to spare him! and to her replied
the spokesman,

As the starry night came on :

“Since a lady begs it of us, and as we ar’ gallant fellers,
We will smash the tail of Jestis, and will spare this orful miscript,
Ef you’ll raise a hundred dollars to replace the vanished mewel.
Then this fiend, unwhipped, undamaged, may go wanderin’ to
thunder,

Soon as he tarnation pleases,

Ere the starry night comes on.”

Straight among the pitying ladies, and the other passengeros,
Went the hat around in circle. Dollars, quarters, halves, and
greenbacks

Rained into it till the hundred was accomplished, and the ransom
Paid unto Judge Lynch in person, who received it very gracious,
And at once released the prisoner, sternly bidding him to squaddle,
Just as fast as he could make it,

Ere the starry night came on.

And the lady who by kneeling had destroyed the path of justice,
Seized upon the fine young fellow, he who had the mu—lo—
mania,—

Or who was a klepto—mu—li—ac; and she led him by the
halter,

While the reckless population made atrocious puns upon it;
And she stowed him in the Pullman as the safest sanctuary,

As the starry night came on.

It was over. Loud the whistle blew a signal of departure;
Still the dying bonfire flickering showed on high the ghastly
gallows,

Seeming like some hungry monster disappointed of a victim,
Gasping as in fitful anger, pouring out unto the gallows
Or the sympathetic scaffold, all the story of its sorrow,
As the clouds passed o’er the moon-face,

As the starry night came on.

Soon the train and those within it reached and passed a second station,

And was speeding ever onward, when at once a shriek came ringing—

"Twas an utterance from the lady who by tears had baffled justice ;
Loud she cried, "Where is my hero? Where, oh, where's the handsome prisoner?"

And the affable conductor searched the train from clue to ear-ring,
But they could not find the captive; he had clearly just evaded
At the station just behind them,

As the starry night came on.

Then outspoke a man unnoted hitherto: "I heard the fellow
Say just now to the conductor, ere we reached the second deapot,
That he reckoned he must hook it this here time a little sooner,
If he hoped to get his portion of the hundred, since the last time
He came awful nigh to lose it; for it might be anted off all
'Fore he got a chance to strike it,
Ere the starry night came on."

And the unknown thus continued: "They hev hed that gallows
standin'

All the summer, and the people mostly git ther livin' from it,
For they take ther turns in being mournful victims who hev stolen
Every one a lovely mewel; and they always every evenin'
Hev the awful death-fire kindled, and the ghastly captive ready.
It's the fourth time I hev seen it, comin' through and never
missed it,

Only for a variation now and then they hire a nigger
For the people from New England,

As the starry night comes on.

"And they find that fire and gallows just as good as a bonanza,
For they got the Legislater lately to incopperate it;
And I hear the stock is risin' up like prairie smoke in autumn.
Yes, in this world men diskiver cur'ous ways to make a livin',
Ez you'll find when you hev tried it for a year or so about here."

And the passengers in silence mused upon this new experience,
Most of all the fine young lady, as the dragon darted onward,
And the starry night came on.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN OLD MAN.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

It was a balmeous day in May, when spring was springing high,
And all amid the buttercups the bees did butterfly;
While the butterflies were being enraptured in the flowers,
And winsome frogs were singing soft morals to the showers.

Green were the emerald grasses which grew upon the plain,
And green too were the verdant boughs which rippled in the rain.
Far green likewise the apple hue which clad the distant hill;
But at the station sat a man who looked far greener still—

An ancient man, a boy-like man, a person mild and meek,
A being who had little tongue, and nary bit of cheek;
And while upon him pleasant-like I saw the ladies look,
He sat a-counting money in a brownsome pocket-book.

Then to him a policeman spoke: "Unless you feel too proud,
You'd better stow away that cash while you're in this here crowd;
There's many a chap about this spot who'd clean you out like ten."
"And can it be," exclaimed the man, "there are such wicked men?"

"Then I will put my greenbacks up all in my pocket-book,
And keep it buttoned very tight, and at the button look."
He said it with a simple tone, and gave a simple smile—
You never saw a half-grown shad one-half so void of guile.

And the bumble-bees kept bumbling away among the flowers,
While distant frogs were frogging amid the summer showers,
And the tree-toads were tree-toadying in accents sharp or flat—
All nature seemed a-naturing as there the old man sat.

Then up and down the platform promiscuous he strayed,
Amid the waiting passengers he took his lemonade,
A-making little kind remarks unto them all at sight,
Until he met two travellers who looked cosmopolite.

Now even as the old was green, this pair were darkly brown;
They seemed to be of that degree which sports about the town.
Amid terrestrial mice, I ween, their destiny was Cat;
If ever men were gonoffs, I should say these two were that.

And they had watched that old man well with interested look,
And gazed him counting greenbacks in that brownsome pocket
book ;

And the elder softly warbled with benevolential phiz,
"Green peas has come to market, and the veg'tables is riz."

Yet still across the heavenly sky the clouds went clouding on,
The rush upon the gliding brook kept rushing all alone,
While the ducks upon the water were a-ducking just the same,
And every mortal human man kept on his little game.

And the old man to the strangers very affable let slip
How that jealousy policeman had given him the tip,
And how his cash was buttoned in his pocket dark and dim,
And how he guessed no man alive on earth could gammon him.

In ardent conversation ere long the three were steeped,
And in that good man's confidence the younger party deeped.
The p'liceman, as he shadowed them, exclaimed in blooming rage,
"They're stuffin' of that duck, I guess, and leavin' out the sage."

He saw the game distinctly, and inspected how it took,
And watched the reappearance of that brownsome pocket-book,
And how that futile ancient, ere he buttoned up his coat,
Had interchanged, obliging-like, a greensome coloured note ;

And how they parted tenderly, and how the happy twain
Went out into the Infinite by taking of the train.
Then up the blue policeman came, and said, "My ancient son,
Now you have gone and did it, say what you have been and done."

And unto him the good old man replied with childish glee,
"They were as nice a two young men as I did ever see ;
But they were in such misery their story made me cry ;
So I lent 'em twenty dollars—which they'll pay me by-and-by.

"But as I had no twenty, we also did arrange,
They got from me a fifty bill, and gimme thirty change ;
But they will send that fifty back, and by to-morrer's train"—
"That note," out cried the constable, "you'll never see again !"

"And that," exclaimed the sweet old man, "I hope I never may,
Because I do not care a cuss how far it keeps away ;
For if I'm a judge of money, and I *reether* think I be,
The one I shoved was never worth a cent to them or me.

"They hev wandered with their sorrers into the sunny South,
They hev got uncommon swallows and an extry lot of mouth.
In the next train to the North'ard I expect to widely roam,
And if any come inquirin', jist say I ain't at home."

The p'liceman lifted up his glance unto the sunny skies—
I s'pose the light was fervent, for a tear were in his eyes—
And said, "If in your travels a hat store you should see,
Just buy yourself a beaver tile and charge that tile to me."

Whilst the robins were a-robbing across the meadow gay,
And the pigeons still a-pigeoning among the gleam of May,
All out of doors kept out of doors, as such-like only can,
A-singing of an endless hymn about that good old man.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE BALLAD OF CHARITY.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

It was in a pleasant deepô, sequestered from the rain,
That many weary passengers were waitin' for the train,
Piles of quite expensive baggage, many a gorgeous portmantô,
Ivory-handled umberellas made a most touristic show.

Whereunto there came a person, very humble was his mien,
Who took an observation of the interestin' scene;
Closely scanned the umberellas, watched with joy the mighty
trunks,
And observed that all the people were securin' Pullman bunks:

Who was followed shortly after by a most unhappy tramp,
Upon whose features poverty had jounced her iron stamp;
And to make a clear impression, as bees sting you while they buzz,
She had hit him rather harder than she generally does.

For he was so awful ragged, and in parts so awful bare,
That the folks were quite repulsioned to behold him begging there;
And instead of drawing currency from out their pocket-books,
They drew themselves asunder with aversionary looks.

Sternly gazed the first new-comer on the unindulgent crowd,
Then in tones which pierced the deepô he solilicussed aloud:
"I hev travelled o'er this cont'nent from Quebec to Bogotâw,
But setch a set of scallawags as these I never saw.

"Ye are wealthy, ye are gifted, ye have house and lands and rent,
Yet unto a suff'rin' mortal ye will not donate a cent ;
Ye expend your missionaries to the heathen and the Jew,
But there isn't any heathen that is half as small as you.

"Ye are lucky—ye hev cheque-books and deposits in the bank,
And ye squanderate your money on the titled folks of rank ;
The onyx and the sardonix upon your garments shine,
An' ye drink at every dinner p'r'aps a dollar's wuth of wine.

"Ye are goin' for the summer to the islands by the sea,
Where it costs four dollars daily—setch is not for setch as me ;
Iv'ry-handled umberellers do not come into my plan,
But I kin give a dollar to this suff'rin' fellow-man.

"Hand-bags made of Rooshy leather are not truely at my call,
Yet in the eyes of Mussy I am richer 'en you all,
For I kin give a dollar wher' you dare not stand a dime,
And never miss it nother, nor regret it any time."

Sayin' this, he drew a wallet from the inner of his vest,
And gave the tramp a daddy, which it was his level best ;
Other people, havin' heard him, soon to charity inclined—
One giver soon makes twenty if you only get their wind.

The first who gave the dollar led the other one about,
And at every contribution he a-raised a joyful shout,
Exclaimin' how 'twas noble to relieveiate distress,
And remarkin' that our duty is our present happiness.

Thirty dollars altogether were collected by the tramp,
When he bid 'em all good-evenin' and went out into the damp,
And was followed briefly after by the one who made the speech,
And who showed by good example how to practise as to preach.

Which soon around the corner the couple quickly met,
And the tramp produced the specie for to liquidate his debt ;
Add the couple passed the summer at Bar Harbour with the rest,
Suckin' juleps, playin' poker, and most elegantly dressed.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

EL CAPITAN-GENERAL.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

THERE was a captain-general who ruled in Vera Cruz,
And what we used to hear of him was always evil news :
He was a pirate on the sea—a robber on the shore,
The Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

There was a Yankee skipper who round about did roam ;
His name was Stephen Folger, and Nantucket was his home :
And having gone to Vera Cruz, he had been skinned full sore
By the Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

But having got away alive, though all his cash was gone,
He said, "If there is vengeance, I will surely try it on !
And I do wish I may be lost if I don't clear the score
With Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador !"

He shipped a crew of seventy men—well-arméd men were they,
And sixty of them in the hold he darkly stowed away ;
And, sailing back to Vera Cruz, was sighted from the shore
By the Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

With twenty-five soldados he came on board so pleased,
And said, "*Maldito* Yankee—again your ship is seized.
How many sailors have you got?" Said Folger, "Ten—no
more,"
To the Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

"But come into my cabin and take a glass of wine,
I do suppose, as usual, I'll have to pay a fine :
I have got some old Madeira, and we'll talk the matter o'er—
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador."

And as over that Madeira the captain-general boozed,
It seemed to him as if his head was getting quite confused ;
For it happened that some morphine had travelled from "the
store"
To the glass of Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

"What is it makes the vessel roll? What sounds are these I
hear?
It seems as if the rising waves were beating on my ear!"—
"Oh, it is the breaking of the surf—just that and nothing more,
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador!"

The governor was in a sleep which muddled all his brains ;
 The seventy men had got his gang and put them all in chains ;
 And when he woke the following day he could not see the shore,
 For he was out on the blue water—the Don San Salvador.

“Now do you see that yard-arm—and understand the thing?”
 Said Captain Folger. “For all from that yard-arm you shall
 swing,

Or forty thousand dollars you shall pay me from your store,
 My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.”

The Capitano took a pen—the order he did sign—
 “O Señor Yankee ! but you charge amazing high for wine !”
 But ’twas not till the draft was paid they let him go ashore,
 El Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

The greatest sharp some day will find another sharper wit ;
 It always makes the Devil laugh to see a biter bit ;
 It takes two Spaniards any day to come a Yankee o’er—
 Even two like Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

WIDOW MALONE.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone,
 Ohone !

Who lived in the town of Athlone,
 Alone !

Oh, she melted the hearts
 Of the swains in them parts :

So lovely the Widow Malone,
 Ohone !

So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
 Or more ;

And fortunes they all had galore,
 In store.

From minister down
 To the clerk of the Crown,
 All were courting the Widow Malone,
 Ohone !

All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
 'Twas known
 That no one could see her alone,
 Ohone!
 Let them ogle and sigh,
 They could ne'er catch her eye,
 So bashful the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!
 So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Misther O'Brien, from Clare,
 (How quare!
 It's little for blushing they care
 Down there),
 Put his arm round her waist,
 Gave ten kisses at laste,
 "Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
 My own!
 Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy,
 My eye!
 Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,—
 For why?
 But, "Lucius," says she,
 "Since you've now made so free,
 You may marry your Mary Malone,
 Ohone!
 You may mary your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
 Not wrong;
 And one comfort, it's not very long,
 But strong,—
 If for widows you die,
 Learn to kiss, not to sigh;
 For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
 Ohone!
 Oh, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!

A WAY OUT OF IT.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

"OH, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I ;

"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry ;

"For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never, I know, will consent ;

She says girls in a hurry who marry . .
At leisure repent."

"Then suppose I should talk to your father.
Sweet Mary," says I ;

"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry ;

"For my father, he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go—

If you talk to my father," says Mary . .
"He'll surely say—no."

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel ?
Sweet Mary," says I ;

"If your father and mother's so cruel
Most surely I'll die !"

"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary,

"A way now to save you I see ; . . .
Since my parents are both so contrairy
You'd better ask—*me*."

A RAINY JUNE.

BY ALGERNON H. LINDO.

It ended at last in a blaze of glory,
In sunshine and warmth that came none too soon
But it might be the theme for a tragic story
What we two have lost through a rainy June.

Our picnics were ruined, our plans frustrated,
Our banjos and tempers were out of tune,
The trips up the river we'd contemplated
Were sacrificed all to a rainy June.

What *al fresco* pleasures we might have tasted
What might we have said by the light of the moon !
A whole month's sentiment utterly wasted—
Drowned in the rains of a rainy June.

And yet if J. Pluvius had relented,
Sent sunshine and—moonshine, a gracious boon ;
We might have made love and we might have—repented.
Perhaps 'tis as well 'twas a rainy June.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THAT OTHER MAN.

BY ALGERNON H. LINDO.

I LOVE my neighbour as I should,
As I've been taught to do.
Were you my neighbour, why, I could
Be very fond of you.
I'm kind and gentle as can be,
And love whome'er I can,
But yet it's strange how utterly
I hate "that other man."

The man who worships at your shrine,
I do not know his name,
I only know his tastes and mine
Are very much the same.
And he may hail from Windermere
Or far Afghanistan,
But be he pauper, be he peer
I hate "that other man."

If we were neighbours you and I,
I'd be so fond of you,
But that's not all, you'd have to try
To love your neighbour too.
And if that thing should happen yet
By any sort of plan,
I really think I might forget
To hate "that other man !"

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THAT IS ALL.

BY ALGERNON H. LINDO.

THEY were not engaged to dance it,
But she thought if she could chance it,
He might say what she was longing so to hear.
So the ball-room they deserted,
And they sat it out and flirted,
Having looked to see that nobody was near.

But he, manlike, hesitated,
 Though she waited, and she waited,
 Till she said, "One should be happy at a ball,
 Changing partners never answers,
 Shall we go and join the dancers,
 For you know I love—the Lancers,
 That is all."

But the Lancers all unheeding,
 All at once he started pleading,
 And he told her in a sentimental tone,
 That she simply had no notion
 Of the depth of his devotion,
 And he said, "I want you, dearest, for my own."
 But she answered him demurely,
 "Why, you're not in earnest surely,
 I've so often had proposals at a ball ;
 I'll be always glad I knew you,
 But—you do not mind it, do you ?
 I will be a sister to you,
 That is all."

Then the evening lost its magic,
 And his attitude grew tragic,
 And he said, "Your final answer then is 'No.'
 As I see it will not grieve you,
 Though I love you, dear, I'll leave you,"
 And dejectedly he rose and turned to go.
 But she looked at him so slyly,
 And she murmured very shyly,
 "You are spoiling all my pleasure at this ball."
 And his coat-sleeve softly stroking,
 Said "Perhaps I was provoking,
 But—I love you—and was joking,
 That is all!"

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE OLD NAVY.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

THE captain stood on the carronade : "First lieutenant," says he,
 "Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me ;
 I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred to the
 sea ;
 That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been
to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the
victory!

"That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we*;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys; so each man to his gun;
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.

For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been
to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the
victory!"

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough;
"I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff";
Our captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to *he*;
"I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish to be.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been
to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the
victory!"

Our captain sent for all of us: "My merry men," said he,
"I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be:
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun;
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged each
mother's son.

For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm
at sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory!"

NONSENSE.

By THOMAS MOORE.

Good reader! if you e'er have seen,
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids, with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow:
If you have seen, at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore
If you have seen, through mist of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green;—
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me! what a deal you've seen

THE CATALOGUE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

"COME, tell me," says Rosa, as, kissing and kissed,
One day she reclined on my breast ;

"Come, tell me the number, repeat me the list
Of the nymphs you have loved and caressed."

Oh, Rosa ! 'twas only my fancy that roved,

My heart at the moment was free ;

But I'll tell thee, my girl, how many I've loved,

And the number shall finish with thee !

My tutor was Kitty ; in infancy wild

She taught me the way to be blest ;

She taught me to love her, I loved like a child,

But Kitty could fancy the rest.

This lesson of dear and enrapturing lore

I have never forgot, I allow ;

I have had it *by rote* very often before,

But never *by heart* until now !

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul was all flame,

But my head was so full of romance,

That I fancied her into some chivalry dame,

And I was her knight of the lance !

But Martha was not of this fanciful school,

And she laughed at her poor little knight ;

While I thought her a goddess, she thought me a fool,

And I'll swear *she* was most in the right.

My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris's looks,

Again I was tempted to rove ;

But Cloris, I found, was so learned in books,

That she gave me more logic than love !

So I left this young Sappho, and hastened to fly

To those sweeter logicians in bliss,

Who argue the point with a soul-telling eye,

And convince us at once with a kiss !

Oh ! Susan was then all the world unto me,

But Susan was piously given ;

And the worst of it was, we could never agree

On the road that was shortest to heaven !

"Oh, Susan !" I've said, in the moments of mirth,

"What's devotion to thee or to me ?

I devoutly believe there's a heaven on earth,

And believe that *that* heaven's in *thee* !"

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

BY LADY NAIRNE.

(THE TWO LAST STANZAS WERE ADDED BY MISS FERRIER.)

THE Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great ;
 His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state ;
 He wanted a wife his braw house to keep ;
 But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well
 M'Clish's æ daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee—
 A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was well-pouther'd, as guid as when new,
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue :
 He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat—
 And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that ?

He took the grey mare and rade cannilie—
 And rapped at the yett * o' Claverse-ha' Lee ;
 " Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedily ben :
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine ;
 " And what brings the Laird at sic a like time ?"
 She put off her apron, and on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons and gaed awa' down

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low ;
 And what was his errand he soon let her know,
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, Na,
 And wi' a laigh † curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was, but nae sigh did he gi'e ;
 He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie ;
 And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
 " She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said ;
 " Oh ! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—
 I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

* Gate.

† Low.

Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
 They were gaun arm and arm to the kirk on the green ;
 Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
 But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM.

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

“ Il faut juger des femmes depuis la chaussure jusqu'à la coiffure exclusive-
 ment, à peu près comme on mesure le poisson entre queue et tête.”—LA
 BRUYERE.

YEARS—years ago,—ere yet my dreams
 Had been of being wise or witty,—
 Ere I had done with writing themes,
 Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty ;—
 Years—years ago,—while all my joy
 Was in my fowling-piece and filly,—
 In short, while I was yet a boy,
 I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the County Ball :
 There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle
 Gave signal sweet in that old hall
 Of hands across and down the middle,
 Hers was the subtlest spell by far
 Of all that set young hearts romancing ;
 She was our queen, our rose, our star ;
 And when she danced—O Heaven, her dancing !

Dark was her hair, her hand was white ;
 Her voice was exquisitely tender ;
 Her eyes were full of liquid light ;
 I never saw a waist so slender !
 Her every look, her every smile,
 Shot right and left a score of arrows ;
 I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
 And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked,—of politics or prayers,—
 Of Southey's prose or Wordsworth's sonnets,—
 Of daggers—or of dancing bears,
 Of battles—or the last new bonnets,—
 By candlelight, at twelve o'clock,
 To me it mattered not a tittle ;
 If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
 I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
 I loved her with a love eternal ;
 I sang her praises to the moon,
 I wrote them in the Sunday Journal :
 My mother laughed ; I soon found out
 That ancient ladies have no feeling :
 My father frowned ; but how should gout
 See any happiness in kneeling ?

She was the daughter of a Dean,
 Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic ;
 She had one brother, just thirteen,
 Whose colour was extremely hectic ;
 Her grandmother for many a year
 Had fed the parish with her bounty ;
 Her second cousin was a peer,
 And Lord Lieutenant of the County.

But titles, and the three per cents.,
 And mortgages, and great relations,
 And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
 Oh, what are these to love's sensations ?
 Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks—
 Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chooses ;
 He cares as little for the Stocks,
 As any broker for the Muses.

She sketched ; the vale, the wood, the beach,
 Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading :
 She botanised ; I envied each
 Young blossom in her boudoir fading :
 She warbled Handel ; it was grand ;
 She made the greatest singers jealous :
 She touched the organ ; I could stand
 For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well filled with all an album's glories ;
Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories ;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter,
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored ;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted ;
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted ;
She laughed, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished ;
She frowned, and every look was sad,
As if the Theatre were demolished.

She smiled on many, just for fun ;
I knew that there was nothing in it ;
I was the first—the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute.
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded ;
She wrote a charming hand,—and oh !
How sweetly all her notes were folded !

Our love was like most other loves ;—
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
And " Fly not yet "—upon the river
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows,—and then we parted.

We parted ; months—years rolled by ;
We met again four summers after ;
Our parting was all sob and sigh ;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter :
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers ;
And she was not the ball-room's Belle,
But only—Mrs. Something Rogers !

SCHOOL AND SCHOOLFELLOWS.

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

"Floreat Etona."

TWELVE years ago I made a mock
Of filthy trades and traffics :
I wondered what they meant by stock ;
I wrote delightful sapphics ;
I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
I supped with Fates and Furies,—
Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago !—how many a thought
Of faded pains and pleasures
Those whispered syllables have brought
From Memory's hoarded treasures !
The fields, the farms, the bats, the books,
The glories and disgraces,
The voices of dear friends, the looks
Of old familiar faces !

Kind Mater smiles again to me
As bright as when we parted ;
I seem again the frank, the free,
Stout-limbed, and simple-hearted ;
Pursuing every idle dream,
And shunning every warning ;
With no hard work but Bovney stream,
No chill except Long Morning :

Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball
That rattled like a rocket ;
Now hearing Wentworth's " Fourteen all ! "
And striking for the pocket ;
Now feasting on a cheese and fitch,
Now drinking from the pewter ;
Now leaping over Chalvey ditch,
Now laughing at my tutor.

Where are my friends ? I am alone ;
 No playmate shares my beaker :
 Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
 And some—before the Speaker ;
 And some compose a tragedy,
 And some compose a rondo ;
 And some draw sword for Liberty,
 And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes
 Without the fear of sessions ;
 Charles Medlar loathed false quantities
 As much as false professions :
 Now Mill keeps order in the land,
 A magistrate pedantic ;
 And Medlar's feet repose unscanned
 Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
 Does Dr. Martext's duty ;
 And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
 Is married to a Beauty ;
 And Darrell studies, week by week,
 His Mant, and not his Manton ;
 And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
 Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now ;—
 The world's cold chains have bound me ;
 And darker shades are on my brow,
 And sadder scenes around me :
 In Parliament I fill my seat,
 With many other noodles ;
 And lay my head in Jermyn Street,
 And sip my hock at Boodle's.

But often, when the cares of life
 Have set my temples aching,
 When visions haunt me of a wife,
 When duns await my waking,
 When Lady Jane is in a pet,
 Or Hoby in a hurry,
 When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
 Or Beaulieu spoils a curry,—

For hours and hours I think and talk
 Of each remembered hobby ;
 I long to lounge in Poets' Walk,
 To shiver in the lobby ;
 I wish that I could run away
 From House, and Court, and Levee,
 Where bearded men appear to-day
 Just Eton boys grown heavy,—

That I could bask in childhood's sun
 And dance o'er childhood's roses,
 And find huge wealth in one pound one,
 Vast wit in broken noses,
 And play Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,
 And call the milk-maids Houris,—
 That I could be a boy again,—
 A happy boy,—at Drury's.

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

FROM MISS MEDORA TREVILIAN, AT PADUA, TO MISS ARAMINTA
 VAVASOUR, IN LONDON.

“ Enfin, monsieur, un homme aimable ;
 Voilà pourquoi je ne saurais l'aimer.”—SCRIBE.

You tell me you're promised a lover,
 My own Araminta, next week ;
 Why cannot my fancy discover
 The hue of his coat and his cheek ?
 Alas ! if he look like another,
 A vicar, a banker, a beau,
 Be deaf to your father and mother,
 My own Araminta, say “ No ! ”

Miss Lane, at her Temple of fashion
 Taught us both how to sing and to speak,
 And we loved one another with passion,
 Before we had been there a week :
 You gave me a ring for a token ;
 I wear it wherever I go ;
 I gave you a chain,—is it broken ?
 My own Araminta, say “ No ! ”

O think of our favourite cottage,
 And think of our dear Lalla Rookh !
 How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,
 And drank of the stream from the brook ;
 How fondly our loving lips faltered
 "What further can grandeur bestow ?"
 My heart is the same ;—is yours altered ?
 My own Araminta, say "No !"

Remember the thrilling romances
 We read on the bank in the glen ;
 Remember the suitors our fancies
 Would picture for both of us then.
 They wore the red cross on their shoulder,
 They had vanquished and pardoned their foe—
 Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder ?
 My own Araminta, say "No !"

You know, when Lord Rigmarole's carriage
 Drove off with your cousin Justine,
 You wept, dearest girl, at the marriage,
 And whispered "How base she has been !"
 You said you were sure it would kill you,
 If ever your husband looked so ;
 And you will not apostatise,—will you ?
 My own Araminta, say "No !"

We parted ! but sympathy's fetters
 Reach far over valley and hill ;
 I muse o'er your exquisite letters,
 And feel that your heart is mine still ;
 And he who would share it with me, love,—
 The richest of treasures below,—
 If he's not what Orlando should be, love,
 My own Araminta, say "No !"

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,
 If he comes to you riding a cob,
 If he talks of his baking or brewing,
 If he puts up his feet on the hob,
 If he ever drinks port after dinner,
 If his brow or his breeding is low,
 If he calls himself "Thompson" or "Skinner,"
 My own Araminta, say "No !"

If he studies the news in the papers
While you are preparing the tea,
If he talks of the damps or the vapours
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses,—
My own Araminta, say “No!”

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers,—
My own Araminta, say “No!”

He must walk—like a god of old story
Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile—like the sun in his glory
On the buds he loves ever the best;
And oh! from its ivory portal
Like music his soft speech must flow!—
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,
My own Araminta, say “No!”

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,
Don't hear what they say of his birth,
Don't look at his seat in the county,
Don't calculate what he is worth;
But give him a theme to write verse on,
And see if he turns out his toe;
If he's only an excellent person,—
My own Araminta, say “No!”

THE SABINE FARMER'S SERENADE.

BY FATHER PROUT

(REV. F. MAHONY).

I.

'Twas on a windy night,
 At two o'clock in the morning,
 An Irish lad so tight,
 All wind and weather scorning,
 At Judy Callaghan's door.
 Sitting upon the palings,
 His love-tale he did pour,
 And this was part of his wailings :—
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

II.

Oh ! list to what I say,
 Charms you've got like Venus ,
 Own your love you may,
 There's but the wall between us.
 You lie fast asleep
 Snug in bed and snoring ;
 Round the house I creep,
 Your hard heart imploring.
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

III.

I've got a pig and a sow,
 I've got a sty to sleep 'em ;
 A calf and a brindled cow,
 And a cabin too, to keep 'em ;
 Sunday hat and coat,
 An old grey mare to ride on,
 Saddle and bridle to boot,
 Which you may ride astride on.
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

IV.

I've got an acre of ground,
I've got it set with praties ;
I've got of 'baccy a pound,
I've got some tea for the ladies ;
I've got the ring to wed,
Some whisky to make us gaily ;
I've got a feather bed
And a handsome new shillelagh.

Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

V.

You've got a charming eye,
You've got some spelling and reading,
You've got, and so have I,
A taste for genteel breeding ;
You're rich, and fair, and young,
As everybody's knowing ;
You've got a decent tongue
Whene'er 'tis set a-going.

Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

VI.

For a wife till death
I am willing to take ye ;
But, och ! I waste my breath,
The devil himself can't wake ye.
'Tis just beginning to rain,
So I'll get under cover ;
To-morrow I'll come again,
And be your constant lover.

Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE.

BY JOHN WHITCOMB RILEY.

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay
 An' wash the cups and saucers up, and brush the crumbs away,
 An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth an'
 sweep,
 An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-
 keep;
 An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
 We set around the kitchen fire and has the mostest fun
 A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
 An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

Onc't there was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
 An' when he went to bed 'at night, away up stairs,
 His mamma heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
 An' when they turn'd the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!
 An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
 An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, and ever'wheres, I guess,
 But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round about!—
 An' the gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
 An' make fun for ever' one an' all her blood-an'-kin,
 An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks was there,
 She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
 An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
 They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
 An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she know'd what
 she's about!

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' Little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
 An' the lampwick splutters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
 An' you hear the crickets quiet, an' the moon is gray,
 An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—
 You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond and dear,
 An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
 An' he'p the pore and needy ones 'at clusters all about,
 Er the gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

[*By Special Permission of the Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.*]

THE FISHING-PARTY.

BY JOHN WHITCOMB RILEY.

WUNST we went a-fishing—me
 An' my pa an' ma, all three
 When they wuz a picnic, 'way
 Out to Hanch's Woods, one day.

An' they wuz a crick out there,
 Where the fishes is, an' where
 Little boys 'tain't big an' strong
 Better have their folks along!

My pa he 'ist fished an' fished!
 An' my ma she said she wished
 Me an' her was home; an' pa
 Said he wished so worse 'n ma.

Pa said ef you talk, er say
 Anything, er sneeze, er play,
 Hain't no fish, alive er dead,
 Ever go' to bite! he said.

Purt-nigh dark in town when we
 Got back home; an' ma, says she,
Now she'll have a fish fer shore!
 An' she buyed one at the store.

Nen at supper, pa he won't
 Eat no fish, an' says he don't
 Like 'em—an' he pounded me
 When I choked! . . . Ma, didn't he?

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THE SPOILED CHILD.

By JOHN WHITCOMB RILEY.

'CAUSE Herbert Graham's a only child—

“Wuz I there, ma?”

His parents uz got him purty nigh spiled—

“Wuz I there, ma?”

Allus ever' where his ma tells

Where she's bin at, little Herbert yells,

“Wuz I there, ma?”

An' when she telled us wunst when she

Wuz 'ist 'bout big as him an' me,

W'y, little Herbert he says, says 'ee,

“Wuz I there, ma?”

Foolishest young un' you ever saw,

“Wuz I there, ma? wuz I there, ma?”

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THE RUNAWAY BOY.

By JOHN WHITCOMB RILEY.

WUNST I sassed my pa, an' he

Won't stand that, an' punished me,—

Then when he was gone that day,

I slipped out an' runned away.

I tooked all my copper-cents,

An' clumbed over our back fence

In the prickly weeds 'at grewed

Ever'where all down the road.

Nen I got out there, an' nen

I runned some—and runned again

When I met a man 'at led

A big cow wot shooked her head.

I went down a long, long lane,

Where was little pigs a-play'n';

An' a grea' big pig went “Booh!”

An' jumped up, an' skeered me too.

Nen I scampered past, an' they
 Was somebody hollered "Hey!"
 An' I 'ist looked ever'where,
 An' they was nobody there.

Nen I thought I'd like to try
 To go back. . . An' by-an'-by,
 Somepin' hurts my throat inside—
 Wery bad, an' so I cried.

Nen a grea' big girl come through
 Where's a gate, an' asked me who
 Am I? an' if I tell her where
 My home's at she'll show me there.

But I couldn't 'ist only tell
 What's my name; an' she says, well,
 An' she looked me up, an' says
 She know where I live, she guess.

Nen she telled me hug wite close
 Round her neck!—an' off she goes
 Skippin' up the street! an' nen
 Purty soon I'm home again.

An' my ma, when she kissed me,
 Kissed the big girl too, an' she
 Kissed me, and I p'omise shore
 I won't run away no more!

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BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

BY ALEXANDER RODGER.

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 And dinna be sae rude to me,
 As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gi'e me meikle pain,
 Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
 To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
 But guidsake! no before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 Whate'er ye do, when out o' view,
 Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this ;
But, losh ! I tak' it sair amiss
To be sae teased before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be ;
But yet it doesna' do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair ;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye ha'e done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit ;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To pree their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk.

But, gin you really do insist
 That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
 Gae, get a license frae the priest,
 And mak' me yours before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
 Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

STOKER JOE.

BY ADRIAN ROSS.

JOE? is it Joe that you ask for? your old friend Stoker Joe?
 Where have you managed to be, man? I thought you were sure
 to know!

All the papers had leaders to tell of his awful end—
 And you know nothing about it—and yet you call him your friend!
 Ah, well, I've an hour to spare, before I get out at Penge,
 So I'll tell of Stoker Joe, and the tale of his wild revenge!

Joe was a stoker bold on the Smash 'em and Frighten line,
 Every day he rode on the swift ten fifty-nine;
 Firm as a rock he stood on the bounding engine-plate—
 His train was *never* more than an hour and a quarter late!
 And a prosperous man was Joe, for many a happy year,
 And every Saturday night he could spend his wages in beer;
 For his wife and his darling boy were no mere household drones,
 But the sub-editorial staff of the journal—*Rags and Bones*!

Never read *Rags and Bones*? the greatest hit of the age,
 Only a farthing a copy, and sixteen columns a page,
 Poetry, anecdotes, novels, and jokes for every taste—
 One editor did it all, with his scissors and pot of paste.
 He sat in his little den, with his comic papers round,
 And he called to the Stoker's son to get him his scissors ground,
 And the paste he spread on his sheet, to stick the jokes in a row,
 Was mixed by the diligent hands of the wife of Stoker Joe!

Never saw *Rags and Bones*? That's really remarkably strange!
 Why, tradesmen gave you a copy instead of your farthing change;
 It cut out every paper, or journal, or magazine,
 And *Sloper* in spite grew vulgar, and *Tit-Bits*' cover turned green

Then, think of the prizes it gave ! if you took it in for a year,
You got for a Christmas extra, a bottle of ginger-beer !
And if you had *Rags and Bones* in your hand in a railway smash,
Your sorrowing relatives got two hundred down in cash !

But the owner of *Rags and Bones* grew meaner from day to day ;
He grumbled sore at the wages his editor made him pay,
And he said that he couldn't afford such vain and criminal waste—
Let the editor grind the scissors, the editor mix the paste !
And out of the heartless office were turned to want and woe
The darling child and the wife of gallant Stoker Joe !

I saw his face when he heard it. His cheeks were grimed with
toil,
There was cotton waste in his hair, and his brow was streaked
with oil,
But his eyes shone out like a tiger's, with lurid vengeful light,
As he said to himself, " The villain shall rue his deed this night ! "
Then he turned again to his engine, and need of his work had
she ;
She must carry a great excursion to a station hard by the sea,
Fathers and mothers and sweethearts, and hundreds of little ones,
Flattening their noses against the panes, and swallowing buns,
Some with their wooden spades, and some with their buckets of
tin,
Ready to hold the delicate shells that they hoped to win.
But the Stoker recked not of them, but called for a newsboy
near,
And felt for his last, last sovereign, and dewed its face with a
tear,
Then gave the gold to the boy, and whispered in stifled tones—
" Give every one on the train a copy of *Rags and Bones* ! "

'Twas done, and the great bell rang, and the whistle gave a
scream !
But Stoker Joe stood still, as lost in an awful dream.
What's this ? a struggle—a shriek—a shock—a shout of dismay—
He has hurled the engine-driver off into the six-foot way,
And he springs to the throttle-valve, and away the engine speeds—
" Danger ! " the signals say, but the madman never heeds.
Away, with the lightning's speed, away, with the whirlwind's
power,
Swaying and plunging and reeling at thirty miles to the hour !
Never a brake or a signal can stop the wheels as they go,
For this is the day of vengeance, the vengeance of Stoker Joe !

And now they near the ocean, the great green downs fall back,
 And into the seaside station curves round the shining track.
 Will not the mad race slacken, now that the goal is near?
 And the red smeared cheeks of the children grow pale with
 sudden fear!

But in vain the danger-signals to check that furious course,
 For Stoker Joe spurs onward the speed of his iron horse!
 Crash! go the stout spring buffers—crash! go the station walls—
 Crash! and the Sea-view Terrace like a card-built pyramid falls!
 One leap to the edge of the cliff—one roar from the sea below—
 Where is the train and the engine? and where is Stoker Joe?

They sought in vain for the Stoker, but all the rest they found,
 Down in the doomed excursion, shattered or crushed or
 drowned,

Under the wreck of iron and wood and mighty stones—
 And every clay-cold hand had a copy of *Rags and Bones*!
 And the weeping friends of the dead, although with sorrow
 distraught,

Had read of the promised gift; and an action one of them
 brought,

And the owner of *Rags and Bones* was doomed on legal grounds
 For every passenger dead to pay two hundred pounds!

There's a dreary pauper asylum, and there an old man sits,
 Bereft of his precious money, bereft of his precious wits,
 And he murmurs over and over, in a vacant voice and low—
 "Scissors and paste and *Rags and Bones*, all lost with Stoker Joe!"

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THE FURTHER HISTORY OF KING COPHETUA.

BY ADRIAN ROSS.

COPHETUA was a King of note,
 Who lived in ages far remote,
 Before the days of the Lodger Vote,
 The parachute or telephone;
 This foolish monarch chose to woo
 A beggar-maid without a shoe,
 Whose name, if poets tell us true,
 Was something like Penelophon.

Then hey ! for the crown and the wedding ring
And the beggar-maid who wed a king,
For the glorious fame shall never fade
Of the king who married the beggar-maid !

But afterwards it came to pass
That the King who chose the beggar-lass
Acquired the tastes of the lowest class
In a manner slow and tentative ;
He ate his food in a vulgar way,
Forsook cigars for a short black clay,
And whistled " Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay "
(Or its ancient representative).

For though it may seem a glorious thing
For a beggar-maid to wed a king,
It is not so nice, I am much afraid,
For the king who marries the beggar-maid !

The rest I need not now rehearse ;
Cophetua went from bad to worse,
In spite of being praised in verse
By poets sweet and flowery.
From pomp and power his children fell,
And now his last descendants dwell,
Some in the slums of Whitechapel,
And some in the New York Bowery !

For in spite of all that the poets sing,
A beggar bride is bad for a king,
A fact which was not properly weighed
By the king who married the beggar-maid.

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THE PUZZLED CENSUS TAKER.

BY JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

" GOT any boys ? " the Marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine ;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, " *Nein !* " *

* *Nein*, pronounced *nine*, is the German for " No. "

"Got any girls?" the Marshal said
 To the lady from over the Rhine;
 And again the lady shook her head,
 And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the Marshal said
 To the lady from over the Rhine;
 And again the lady shook her head,
 And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Husband, of course?" the Marshal said
 To the lady from over the Rhine;
 And again she shook her flaxen head,
 And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"What's that you say?" the Marshal said
 To the lady from over the Rhine;
 And again she shook her flaxen head,
 And civilly answered "*Nein!*"

"Now what do you mean by shaking your head,
 And always answering, '*Nine!*'?"
 "*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*" civilly said
 The lady from over the Rhine.

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A NOCTURNE AT DANIELI'S.

(SUGGESTED BY BROWNING'S "A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S.")

BY OWEN SEAMAN.

Caro mio, Pulcinello, kindly hear my wail of woe
 Lifted from a noble structure—late Palazzo Dandolo.

This is Venice, you will gather, which is full of precious "stones,"
 Tintoretto's, picture-postcards, and remains of doges' bones.

Not of these am I complaining; they are mostly seen by day,
 And they only try your patience in an inoffensive way.

But at night, when over Lido rises Dian (that's the moon),
 And the vicious *vaporetti* cease to vex the still lagoon;

When the final *trouvatore*, singing something old and cheap,
 Hurls his *tremolo crescendo* full against my beauty sleep;

When I hear the Riva's loungers in debate beneath my bower
Summing up (about 1.30) certain questions of the hour ;

Then across my nervous system falls the shrill mosquito's boom,
And it's "O, to be in England," where the may is on the bloom.

I admit the power of Music to inflate the savage breast—
There are songs devoid of language which are quite among the
best ;

But the present orchestration, with its poignant oboe part,
Is, in my obscure opinion, barely fit to rank as Art.

Will it solace me to-morrow, being bit in either eye,
To be told that this is nothing to the season in July ?

Shall I go for help to RUSKIN? Would it ease my pimply brow
If I found the doges suffered much as I am suffering now ?

If identical probosces pinked the lovers who were bored
By the sentimental tinkling of GALUPPI's clavichord ?

That's from BROWNING (ROBERT BROWNING)—I have left his
works at home,
And the poem I allude to isn't in the Tauchnitz tome ;

But, if memory serves me rightly, he was very much concerned
At the thought that in the sequel Venice reaped what Venice
earned.

Was he thinking of mosquitoes? Did he mean *their* poisoned
crop ?

Was it through ammonia tincture that the "kissing had to stop?"

As for later loves—for Venice never quite mislaid her spell—
Madame SAND and dear DE MUSSET occupied my own hotel !

On the very floor below me, I have heard the patron say
They were put in No. 13 (No. 36, to-day).

But they parted—"elle et lui"—and it now occurs to me
That mosquitoes came between them in this "kingdom by the
sea."

Poor dead lovers, and such brains, too! What am I that I
should swear

When the creatures munch my forehead, taking more than I can
spare ?

Should I live to meet the morning, should the climate readjust
Any reparable fragments left upon my outer crust,

Why, at least, I still am extant, and a dog that sees the sun
Has the pull of Danieli's den of "lions," dead and done.

Courage ! I will keep my vigil on the balcony till day
Like a knight in full pyjamas who would rather run away.

Courage ! let me ope the casement, let the shutters be withdrawn ;
Let scirocco, breathing on me, check a tendency to yawn ;
There's the sea ! and—*Ecco l' alba !* Ha ! (in other words) the
Dawn !

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

A PLEA FOR TRIGAMY.

BY OWEN SEAMAN.

I've been trying to fashion a wifely ideal,
And find that my tastes are so far from concise
That, to marry completely, no fewer than three'll
Suffice.

I've subjected my views to severe atmospheric
Compression ; but still, in defiance of force,
They distinctly fall under three heads, like a cleric
Discourse.

My *first* must be fashion's own fancy-bred daughter,
Proud, peerless, and perfect—in fact *comme il faut*,
A waltzer and wit of the very first water—
For *show*.

But these beauties that serve to make all the men jealous,
Once face them alone in the family cot !
Heaven's angels incarnate (the novelists tell us)
They're *not*.

But so much for appearances. Now for my *second*,
My lover, the wife of my home and my heart :
Of all fortune and fate of my life to be reckon'd
A part.

She must know all the needs of a rational being,
Be skilled to keep council, to comfort, to coax ;
And, above all things else, be accomplished at seeing
My jokes.

I complete the ménage by including one other
 With all the domestic prestige of a hen :
 As my housekeeper, nurse, or, it may be, a mother
 Of men.

Total *three* ! and the virtues all well represented ;
 With fewer than this such a thing can't be done ;
 Though I've known married men who declare they're contented
 With one.

Would you hunt during harvest, or hay-make in winter ?
 And how can one woman expect to combine
 Certain qualifications essentially inter-
 necine ?

You may say that my prospects are (legally) sunless ;
 I state that I find them as clear as can be :—
 I will marry *no* wife, since I can't do with one less
 Than three.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

COMING OUT.

BY OWEN SEAMAN.

JUST a week more of waiting, a week and a day,
 And the night of delight will be here ;
 So ply me your very best pinions, I pray,
 Wednesday, dear !

We've considered the question, and find that I must
 Have arrived (beyond rational doubt)
 At the age of discretion, and that's why I'm just
 Coming out.

So we're giving a dance, to establish my claim
 To be one with the World and his Wife ;
 And to join, if I choose, in the popular game
 Known as Life.

Yes, we're giving a dance—on an excellent floor—
 To announce that I've come on the scene.
 And that men for the future must say nothing more
 Than they mean.

And the dress I'm to wear is a wonder of white,
Suggesting a fugitive dove ;
And, I'm happy to say, it embraces me quite
Like a glove.

And the household will come and inspect my array,
While I try to look careless and bland,
Like a hair-dresser's doll pirouetting away
On a stand.

And I dream of the partners that jump and that jig,
And the couples that charge and chase ;
And the men who convey you about like a big
Double-bass.

And the fun is to last from a fit time for bed,
All the lovely night through up to five ;
Till the danc'd and the dancers are rather more dead
Than alive.

Then follows discussion, when every one goes,
Of the dresses and who wore what ;
Of the men who were perfect to dance with, and those
Who were not.

And at last and alone I shall probably scan
My programme, and gravely reflect
That I've danced with one partner more frequently than
Was correct.

And the whole to conclude about noon the next day
With a stiffness and something of pique,
To think that one cannot come out in this way
Once a week.

And the moral?—oh, bubbles will burst at a touch,
And I shan't be a child any more ;
Only sadder and wiser by ever so much
Than before.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

SHE was a housemaid, tall and slim,
A well-conducted, modest girl ;
Her dress was always neat and trim,
She never sported fringe or curl.
She did her work, and kept her mind
Intent upon her household cares
One fault alone there was to find—
She left her dustpan on the stairs.

She loved her mistress very much,
She held her master in respect ;
Her grief the hardest heart would touch
When they'd occasion to correct ;
But still, in spite of all they said—
In spite of scolding and of prayers—
Ah, me ! to what at last it led !—
She left her dustpan on the stairs.

One morn while breakfasting below,
And glancing at the *Morning Post*,
She heard a wild and sudden " Oh !"
That made her drop her buttered toast.
She heard a heavy fall—and groans ;
The master, taken unawares,
Had slipped and broken several bones—
She'd left the dustpan on the stairs.

They sent for doctors by the score,
They fetched in haste Sir Andrew Clark ;
But master's sufferings soon were o'er—
That night he sat in Charon's barque.
Now in a cell at Colney Hatch
A gibbering housemaid groans and glares,
And tries with trembling hands to snatch
A ghostly dustpan from the stairs.

[By Special Permission of the Author and Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.]

THE JESTER'S CHOICE.

BY HORACE SMITH.

ONE of the kings of Scanderoon,
A royal jester,
Had in his train a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The Court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule
Occurred not to our jackanapes,
Who, consequently, found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seemed to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure,
Incurred the desperate displeasure
Of his serene and raging highness :
Whether he twitched his most revered
And sacred beard,
Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows : his sin was an occult one,
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaimed, " 'Tis time to stop that breath ;
Thy doom is sealed, presumptuous slave !
Thou stand'st condemned to certain death.
Silence, base rebel ! no replying !
But such is my indulgence still,
That, of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying."
" Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust ;
" Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your Majesty's humane decree
Has deigned to leave the choice to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age !"

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY MEL. B. SPURR.

I'LL tell a doleful tragedy in verse,
In five Acts.
It isn't fiction that I now rehearse,
It's facts.
It's quite as bad as Edgar Allen Poe,
Or *wuss* !
It must be taken dignified and slow—
Like thus !

ACT 1.

It was a chair.
It stood within a darkened room,
In weird, mysterious, dismal gloom,
A simple, leather-seated chair,
With springs gone rocky here and there.
Its legs were bandy, one was gone,
And it stood upon three legs alone.
'Twas only a chair—unsightly, mean,
But, ah ! a tragedy lurked unseen,
In that old chair.

ACT 2.

It was a Youth,
A lad of calm, unruffled mien,
A boy of twelve—perhaps thirteen.
He had an uncle, old and grim,
And, oh ! how that youngster hated him.
He never gave him coin to spend,
But bade him to his tasks attend.
And now, all insults to avenge,
He swears that he will have revenge,
That simple youth.

ACT 3.

It was a pin.
A simple, unobtrusive thing,
Hidden away behind a spring.
It lay in stealthy ambush there,
Serene, unseen, in that old arm-chair.
Its useful, penetrative end
Did upwards from the seat ascend.
It had been placed, I may remark,
By that young varmint for a lark,
That wicked pin.

ACT 4.

It was a man,
Of Brobdingnag proportions he,
He weighed full twenty-two stone three.
He sat down, in careless ease
In that old chair. Then, on the breeze
Arose a yell, and in the air,
A foot or so beyond the chair,
With words of wrath that upward sped,
And brought the plaster on his head,
Uprose that man.

ACT 5.

It was a fight!
A gruesome sight it was to see
That struggle for supremacy.
And first the lad was uppermost,
And then the man would have the boast.
And finally, the elder won,
And shouts were heard, as one by one,
Like postman's vigorous rat-tat-tat,
The strokes fell full on where he sat
After the fight.

[By Special Permission of Messrs. Reynolds & Co., 13 Berners Street,
London, W., who publish a Musical Version of it.]

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

I know not whether it be worth reporting, that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Neots, a well arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees, withy, oak, elm, and ash, dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby.—FULLER.

A WELL there is in the west-country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west-country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne ;
Pleasant it was to his eye,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town
At the well to fill his pail,
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

Now art thou a bachelor, stranger ? quoth he,
For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been ?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life,
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne.

I have left a good woman who never was here,
The stranger he made reply ;
But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why.

St. Keyne, quoth the countryman, many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her
She laid on the water a spell.

If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then !
The stranger stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the waters again.

You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes ?
He to the countryman said.
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch.
But i'faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.

A CONSERVATIVE.

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

THE garden beds I wandered by
One bright and cheerful morn,
When I found a new-fledged butterfly
A-sitting on a thorn,
A black and crimson butterfly,
All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting
To infant butterflies,
So I gazed on this unhappy thing
With wonder and surprise,
While sadly with his waving wing
He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I, "What can the matter be?
Why weepest thou so sore?
With garden fair and sunlight free
And flowers in goodly store—"
But he only turned away from me
And burst into a roar.

Cried he, "My legs are thin and few
Where once I had a swarm!
Soft fuzzy fur—a joy to view—
Once kept my body warm!
Before these flapping wing-things grew,
To hamper and deform!"

Then at that butterfly I shot
The fury of mine eye;
Said I, in scorn all burning hot,
In rage and anger high,
"You ignominious idiot!
Those wings are made to fly!"

"I do not want to fly," said he,
"I only want to squirm!"
And he drooped his wings dejectedly,
But still his voice was firm;
"I do not want to be a fly!
I want to be a worm!"

O yesterday of unknown lack!
To-day of unknown bliss!
I left my fool in red and black;
The last I saw was this,
The creature madly climbing back
Into his chrysalis.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

SIMILAR CASES.

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

THERE was once a little animal,
No bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered
Over Tertiary rocks.
They called him Eohippus,
And they called him very small,

And they thought him of no value—
When they thought of him at all ;
For the lumpish Dinoceras
And Coryphodon so slow
Were the heavy aristocracy
In days of long ago.

Said the little Eohippus,
“ I am going to be a horse !
And on my middle finger-nails
To run my earthly course !
I'm going to have a flowing tail !
I'm going to have a mane !
I'm going to stand fourteen hands high
On the psychozoic plain ! ”

The Coryphodon was horrified,
The Dinoceras shocked ;
And they chased young Eohippus,
But he skipped away and mocked.
Then they laughed enormous laughter,
And they groaned enormous groans,
And they bade young Eohippus
Go view his father's bones.
Said they, “ You always were as small
And mean as now we see,
And therefore it is evident
That you're always going to be.
What ? Be a great, tall, handsome beast,
With hoofs to gallop on ?
Why ! You'd have to change your nature ! ”
Said the Loxolophodon.
They considered him disposed of,
And retired with gait serene—
That was the way they argued
In “ the early Eocene.”

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape,
Far smarter than the rest,
And everything that they could do
He always did the best ;
So they naturally disliked him,
And they gave him shoulders cool,
And when they had to mention him
They said he was a fool.

Cried this pretentious Ape one day,
 "I'm going to be a Man !
And stand upright, and hunt, and fight,
 And conquer all I can !
I'm going to cut down forest trees
 To make my houses higher !
I'm going to kill the Mastodon !
 I'm going to make a fire !"

Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Apes
 With laughter wild and gay ;
They tried to catch that boastful one,
 But he always got away.
So they yelled at him in chorus,
 Which he minded not a whit ;
And they pelted him with cocoanuts,
 Which didn't seem to hit.
And then they gave him reasons
 Which they thought of much avail,
To prove how his preposterous
 Attempt was sure to fail.
Said the sages, "In the first place,
 The thing cannot be done !
And second, if it *could* be,
 It would not be any fun !
And third, and most conclusive,
 And admitting no reply,
You would have to change your nature !
 We should like to see you try !"
They chuckled then triumphantly,
 These lean and hairy shapes,
For these things passed as arguments
 With the Anthropoidal Apes.

There was once a Neolithic Man,
 An enterprising wight,
Who made his chopping implements
 Unusually bright,
Unusually clever he,
 Unusually brave,
And he drew delightful Mammoths
 On the borders of his cave.
To his Neolithic neighbours,
 Who were startled and surprised,
Said he, "My friends, in course of time,
 We shall be civilised !

We are going to live in cities !
 We are going to fight in wars !
 We are going to eat three times a day
 Without the natural cause !
 We are going to turn life upside down
 About a thing called gold !
 We are going to want the earth, and take
 As much as we can hold !
 We are going to wear great piles of stuff
 Outside our proper skins !
 We are going to have Diseases !
 And Accomplishments ! ! And Sins !!! "

Then they all rose up in fury
 Against their boastful friend,
 For prehistoric patience
 Cometh quickly to an end.
 Said one, " This is chimerical !
 Utopian ! Absurd ! "
 Said another, " What a stupid life !
 Too dull, upon my word ! "
 Cried all, " Before such things can come,
 You idiotic child,
You must alter Human Nature ! "
 And they all sat back and smiled.
 Thought they, " An answer to that last
 It will be hard to find ! "
 It was a clinching argument
 To the Neolithic Mind !

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE RATIONALISTIC CHICKEN.

BY REV. S. J. STONE.

MOST strange !
 Most queer—although most excellent a change !
 Shades of the prison-house, ye disappear !
 My fettered thoughts have won a wider range,
 And, like my legs, are free ;
 No longer huddled up so pitiably :
 Free now to pry and probe, and peer and peer,
 And make these mysteries out.
 Shall a free-thinking chicken live in doubt ?
 For now in doubt undoubtedly I am :
 This problem's very heavy on my mind,
 And I'm not one to either shirk or sham—
 I won't be blinded, and I won't be blind.

Now let me see :—

First, I would know how I did get in *there* ?

Then where was I of yore ?

Besides, why didn't I get out before ?

Dear me !

Here are three puzzles (out of plenty more)—

Enough to give me pip upon the brain !

But let me think again.

How do I know I ever *was* inside ?

Now I reflect, it is, I do maintain,

Less than my reason, and beneath my pride,

To think that I could dwell

In such a paltry, miserable cell

As that old shell.

Of course I couldn't ! How could *I* have lain,

Body and beak and feathers, legs and wings,

And my heart's deep sublime imaginings,

In *there* ?

I meet the notion with profound disdain,

It's quite incredible ; since I declare

(And I'm a chicken that you can't deceive),

What I can't understand I won't believe.

Where *did* I come from, then ? Ah ! where, indeed ?

This is a riddle monstrous hard to read.

I have it ! Why, of course,

All things are moulded by some plastic force

Out of some atoms somewhere up in space,

Fortuitously concurrent anywhere.

There now !

That's plain as is the beak upon my face.

What's that I hear ?

My mother cackling at me ! Just her way,

So prejudiced and ignorant, *I* say—

So far behind the wisdom of the day.

What's old I *can't* revere :

Hark at her ! “ You're a silly chick, my dear ;

That's quite as plain, alack !

As is the piece of shell upon your back ! ”

How bigoted ! Upon my back, indeed !

I don't believe it's there,

For I can't *see* it ; and I do declare,

For all her fond deceivin',

What I can't see I never will believe in.

THE SORROWS OF WERTHER.

By W. M. THACKERAY.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter ;
Would you know how first he met her ?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sigh'd and pined and ogled,
And his passion boil'd and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

WHEN MOONLIKE ORE THE HAZURE SEAS.

By W. M. THACKERAY.

WHEN moonlike ore the hazure seas
In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breaze
Bend down the Lily's bells ;
When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
Has lapt your soal in dreems,
R Hangeline ! R lady mine !
Dost thou remember Jeames ?

I mark thee in the Marble All,
Where England's loveliest shine—
I say the fairest of them hall
Is Lady Hangeline.
My soul, in desolate eclipse,
With recollection teems—
And then I hask, with weeping lips,
Dost thou remember Jeames ?

Away ! I may not tell thee hall
This soughring heart endures—
There is a lonely sperrit-call
That Sorrow never cures ;
There is a little, little Star,
That still above me beams ;
It is the Star of Hope—but ar !
Dost thou remember Jeames ?

“NO, THANK YOU, TOM.”

BY FREDERICK E. WEATHERLEY.

THEY met, when they were girl and boy,
Going to school one day,
And, “ Won’t you take my peg-top, dear ? ”
Was all that he could say.
She bit her little pinafore,
Close to his side she came ;
She whispered, “ No ! no, thank you, Tom,”
But took it all the same.

They met one day, the selfsame way,
When ten swift years had flown ;
He said, “ I’ve nothing but my heart,
But that is yours alone ;
And won’t you take my heart ? ” he said,
And called her by her name ;
She blushed, and said, “ No, thank you, Tom,”
But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years
Have brought them care and joy ;
She has the little peg-top still
He gave her when a boy.
“ I’ve had no wealth, sweet wife,” says he,
“ I’ve never brought you fame ; ”
She whispers, “ No ! no, thank you, Tom,
You’ve loved me all the same ! ”

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

PUNCHINELLO.

BY FREDERICK E. WEATHERLEY.

HE was a Punchinello, sweet Columbine was she,
He loved the ground she danced on, she laughed his love to see,
And he laughed himself as gaily, dancing, joking every night :
“ He’s the maddest, merriest fellow ! ” cried the people with
delight,

“ Bravo ! bravo ! Punchinello ! ”

Bright was the day she married, and there among the rest
Came poor old Punchinello, still e’en the blithest guest,
But had they seen his tears at midnight, in garret near the sky,
“ He’s the maddest, quaintest fellow ! ” they’d have thought, and
still would cry :

“ Bravo ! bravo ! Punchinello ! ”

One winter morn they told him sweet Columbine was dead,
He never joked so gaily as after that, the people said.
Never sang and laughed so madly, as he seemed to do each
night.

“ He’s the wildest, brightest fellow ! ” cried the people with
delight.

“ Bravo ! bravo ! Punchinello ! ”

But when the play was over, forth to her grave he crept,
Laid one white rose upon it, then sat him down and wept ;
But the people, had they seen him gaze up to the moonlit sky,
Still had thought he had been acting, and aloud had been their
cry :

“ He’s the merriest, maddest fellow ! ”

Bravo ! bravo ! Punchinello ! ”

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

THE USUAL WAY.

BY FREDERICK E. WEATHERLEY.

THERE was once a gallant youth, and his rod and line he took,
For he said, “ I’ll go a-fishing in the neighbouring brook,”
And it chanced a little maiden was walking out that day,
And they met—in the usual way.

Then he sat him down beside her, and an hour or more went by,
 But still upon the grassy bank his rod and line did lie.
 "I thought," she shyly whispered, "you'd be fishing all the day."
 And he was—in the usual way.

Then he slowly took his rod in hand and threw the line about,
 But the fish perceived distinctly that he was not looking out,
 And he said, "Sweetheart, I love you." She said, "Oh, I
 mustn't stay,"
 But she did—in the usual way.

Then the stars came out above them, and she gave a little sigh,
 As they watched the silver ripples, like the moments running by,
 "We must say good-bye," she whispered, by the alders old and
 grey.

And they did—in the usual way.

And day by day beside that stream they wandered to and fro,
 And day by day the fishes swam securely down below;
 Till this little story ended as such little stories may,
 Very much in the usual way.

And now that they are married, do they always bill and coo?
 Do they never fret and quarrel as some married couples do?
 Does he cherish her and love her? Does she honour and obey.
 Well, they do—in the usual way.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

I CAN'T THINK WHY!

BY FREDERICK E. WEATHERLEY.

"Tu whoo!" said the owl; "tu whoo!" said his wife.
 "That rook down below leads a lonely life;
 A bachelor he lives, a bachelor he'll die,
 Why doesn't he get married? I can't think why!"

So they cried to the rook with a loud tu whoo:
 "Is there never a wife in the world for you?
 There's nothing like Love—if you'll only try.
 Why don't you get married? We can't think why!"

But ere the moon rose and the world was at rest,
 Mistress Owl kicked her husband out of the nest.
 "Caw! caw!" cried the rook, a-sailing by,
 "Why didn't you keep single? I can't think why!"

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

MON AMI.

BY FREDERICK E. WEATHERLEY.

I HAVE a friend,
We were at school,
He always kicked
And called me fool ;
And if I had
What he had not,
He always took it
On the spot.
Eh ? . . . pay ?
He pay ? . . . Not he !
—C'est mon ami !

He knows my faults
Quite well, you see,
He tell them all
To you—and me !
And when my business
Crooked go,
He say, “ Mon cher,
I told you so ! ”
Oh ! . . . no !
He help ? . . . Not he !
—C'est mon ami !

I ask him how
I sing last night,
I want to hear him
Say “ All right ! ”
“ How did you sing ? ”
He say to me,
“ Maurice, mon cher,
Mais—damnably ! ”
So ? . . . Oh !
He's frank, you see !
—C'est mon ami !

Sometimes he ask
Me out to dine,
He choose the menu,
And the wine ;
And when the garçon
Clear away,

"Maurice, mon cher,"
 He say, "you pay!"
 Eh? . . . pay?
He pay? . . . Not he!
 —C'est mon ami!

I walk the Park
 My love to see,
 'Cre nom de nom!
 But there is he!
 He laugh, he nod,
 "Ta! ta! mon cher!"
 And off he go
 Away with her!
 He! . . . She!
 Not I . . . but he,
 —C'est mon ami!

And so I puff
 My light cigar,
 And take my friends
 For what they are.
 Allons! then tell me
 Which of you
 Says my description
 Is untrue?
 Who? . . . you!
 Ha! ha! I see,
 —C'est mon ami!

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

"NINI, NINETTE, NINON."

BY FREDERICK E. WEATHERLEY.

I LOVE three maidens gay and bright,
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon,
 I worship them by day and night,
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon.
 Nini is timid as a flow'r,
 Ninette, she dance from hour to hour,
 Ninon, she big as one big tow'r,
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon.
 Hélas! mon Dieu, what shall I do?
 I cannot marry all of you,
 Mes petites chéries—Que voulez-vous?
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon.

When I met them yesterday,
 (Nini, Ninette, Ninon),
"I cannot marry you," I say,
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon.
Nini she weep, la pauvre chérie,
Ninette she stamp her foot at me,
"Why have you fall in love with three,
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon?"
"Mais mes chéries! Que voulez-vous?
Was bound to fall in love with you,
You all so sweet, what could I do?
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon!"

Ninon she neither stamp or cry,
The great, the grande Ninon,
She look at me with both her eye,
The big, the large Ninon.
"Allons!" she says, "Be quick! Prepare!"
You have to marry me, mon cher!"
What could I say? I laugh, I stare,
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon.
Mais non, Ninon, that cannot be,
I not divide myself you see,
I love the one, the two, the three,
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon.

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

WHAT BECAME OF THEM?

ANONYMOUS.

HE was a rat, and she was a rat,
 And down in one hole they did dwell,
And both were as black as a witch's cat,
 And they loved one another well.

He had a tail, and she had a tail,
 Both long and curling and fine;
And each said, "Yours is the finest tail
 In the world, excepting mine."

He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the cheese,
 And they both pronounced it good;
And both remarked it would greatly add
 To the charms of their daily food.

So he ventured out, and she ventured out,
 And I saw them go with pain;
 But what befell them I never can tell,
 For they never came back again.

'SPÄCIALLY JIM.

ANONYMOUS.

I wus mighty good-lookin' when I wus young—
 Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,
 With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
 'Späcially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all wus he,
 Chipper an' han'som' an' trim;
 But I toss'd up my head, an' made fun o' the crowd,
 'Späcially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men
 An' I wouldn't take stock in *him*!
 But they kep' up a-comin' in spite o' my talk,
 'Späcially Jim.

I got *so* tired o' havin' 'em roun'
 ('Späcially Jim!),
 I made up my mind I'd settle down
 An' take up with him;

So we was married one Sunday in church,
 'Twas crowded full to the brim,
 'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all,
 'Späcially Jim.

THE LITTLE QUAKER SINNER.

ANONYMOUS.

A LITTLE Quaker maiden with dimpled cheek and chin,
 Before an ancient mirror stood, and viewed her form within.
 She wore a gown of sober grey, a cap demure and prim,
 With only simple fold and hem, yet dainty, neat and trim.
 Her bonnet, too, was grey and stiff, its only line of græe,
 Was in the lace so soft and white shirred round her rosy face.

Quoth she, "Oh, how I hate this hat ! I hate this gown and cape !

I do wish all my clothes were not of such outlandish shape !
The children passing by to school have ribbons on their hair ;
The little girl next door wears blue ; oh dear, if I could dare,
I know what I should like to do !" (The words were whispered low,
Lest such tremendous heresy should reach her aunts below.)

Calmly reading in the parlour, sat the good aunts, Faith and Peace,
Little dreaming how rebellious throbbed the heart of their young niece.

All their prudent, humble teaching wilfully she cast aside,
And her mind now fully conquered by sad vanity and pride,
She with trembling heart and fingers, on a hassock sat her down,
And this little Quaker sinner sewed a tuck into her gown.

"Little Patience, art thou ready ? Fifth-day meeting time has come,

Mercy Jones and Goodman Elder with his wife have left their home."

'Twas Aunt Faith's sweet voice that called her, and the naughty little maid,

Gliding down the dark old stairway hoped their notice to evade.
Keeping shyly in the shadow as they went out at the door,
Ah ! never little Quakeress a guiltier conscience bore !

Dear Aunt Faith walked looking upwards ; all her thoughts were pure and holy,

And Aunt Peace walked gazing downwards, with a humble mind and lowly,

But "tuck-tuck !" chirped the sparrows at the little maiden's side,
And in passing Farmer Watson's where the barn-door opened wide,

Every sound that issued from it, every grunt and every cluck,
Seemed to her affrighted fancy like—"a tuck !"—"a tuck !"—"a tuck !"

• In Meeting, Goodman Elder spoke of pride and vanity,
While all the friends seemed looking round that dreadful tuck to see,

How it swelled in its proportions, till it seemed to fill the air,
And the heart of little Patience grew heavier with care.

Oh, the glad relief—when prayers and exhortations ended,
Behind her two good aunts her homeward way she wended.

The pomps and vanities of life she'd seized with eager arms,
And deeply had she tasted of this world's alluring charms.
Yea! to the dregs had drained them, and only this to find:
All was vanity of spirit and vexation of the mind.
So repentant, saddened, humbled, on a hassock she sat down,
And the little Quaker sinner ripped the tuck out of her gown.

HUMAN NATURE.

ANONYMOUS.

Two little children five years old,
Marie the gentle, Charlie the bold;
Sweet and bright and quaintly wise,
Angels both, in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse, shall see,
That they were as human as human can be,
And had not yet learned the maturer art
Of hiding the "self" of the finite heart.

One day they found in their romp and play
Two little rabbits soft and grey—
Soft and grey, and just of a size,
As like each other as your two eyes.

All day long the children made love
To their dear little pets—their treasure-trove
They kissed and hugged them until the night
Brought to the conies a glad respite.

Too much fondling doesn't agree
With the rabbit nature, as we shall see,
For ere the light of another day
Had chased the shadows of night away,

One little pet had gone to the shades,
Or, let us hope, to perennial glades
Brighter and softer than any below—
A heaven where good little bunnies go.

The living and dead lay side by side,
And still alike as before one died;
And it chanced that the children came singly to view
The pets they had dreamed of the whole night through

First came Charlie, and, with sad surprise,
Beheld the dead with streaming eyes ;
Howe'er, consolingly, he said,
" Poor little Marie—her rabbit's dead ! "

Later came Marie, and stood aghast ;
She kissed and caressed it, but at last
Found voice to say, while her young heart bled,
" I'm sorry for Charlie—his rabbit's dead ! "

Two little children, quaintly wise,
Angels both in their mother's eyes,
But you having followed my tale can see
That they were as human as human can be !

THE HINDU'S PARADISE.

ANONYMOUS.

A HINDU died—a happy thing to do
When twenty years united to a shrew.
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries
Before the gates of Brahma's paradise.
" Hast been through purgatory ? " Brahma said.
" I have been married "—and he hung his head.
" Come in, come in, and welcome, too, my son
Marriage and purgatory are as one."
In bliss extreme he entered heaven's door,
And knew the peace he ne'er had known before.

Scarce had he entered on that garden fair,
Another Hindu asked admission there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again :
" Hast been through purgatory ? " " No—what then ? "
" Thou canst not enter ! " did the god reply.
" He who went in has been no more than I."
" All that is true, but he has married been,
And so on earth has suffered for his sin ! "
" Married ? 'Tis well ; for I've been married twice ! "
" Begone ! We'll have no fools in Paradise ! "

KITTY OF COLERAINE.*

ANONYMOUS.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was trippin'
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down tumbled,
And all the sweet butther-milk wathered the plain.
"Oh ! what shall I do now ? 'twas looking at you, now ;
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again ;
'Twas the pride of my dairy ! O Barney M'Cleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine ! "

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That so small a misfortune should give her such pain ;
A kiss then I gave her, and, ere I did lave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
'Twas hay-making sayson—I can't tell the rayson—
Misfortunes 'ill never come single, 'tis plain ;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a whole pitcher was left in Coleraine.

* This capital song has been attributed to Lysaght, one of the poets in vogue at the time of Union.

ENGLISH APPENDIX,

TROUBLE IN THE "AMEN CORNER."

ANONYMOUS.

'Twas a stylish congregation, that of Theophrastus Brown,
And its organ was the finest and biggest in the town,
And the chorus—all the papers favourably commented on it,
For 'twas said each female member had a forty-dollar bonnet.
Now in the "amen corner" of the church sat Brother Eyer,
Who persisted every Sabbath-day in singing with the choir;
He was poor, but genteel-looking, and his heart as snow was
white,
And his old face beamed with sweetness when he sang with all his
might.
His voice was cracked and broken, age had touched his vocal
chords,
And nearly every Sunday he would mispronounce the words
Of the hymns; and 'twas no wonder; he was old and nearly blind,
And the choir rattling onward always left him far behind.
The chorus stormed and blustered, Brother Eyer sang too slow,
And then he used the tunes in vogue a hundred years ago;
At last the storm-cloud burst, and the church was told in fine,
That the brother must stop singing, or the choir would resign.

Then the pastor called together in the lecture-room one day,
Seven influential members who subscribe more than they pray,
And having asked God's guidance in a printed prayer or two,
They put their heads together to determine what to do.
They debated, thought, suggested, till at last "dear Brother York,"
Who last winter made a million on a sudden rise in pork,
Rose and moved that a committee wait at once on Brother Eyer,
And proceed to rake him lively "for disturbin' of the choir."
Said he: "In that 'ere organ I've invested quite a pile,
And we'll sell it if we cannot worship in the latest style.

Our Philadelphia tenor tells me 'tis the hardest thing
Fer to make God understand him when the brother tries to sing.
We've got the biggest organ, the best dressed choir in town
(We pay the steepest sal'ry to our pastor, Brother Brown);
But if we must humour ignorance because it's blind and old—
If the choir's to be pestered, I will seek another fold."

Of course, the motion carried, and one day a coach and four,
With the latest style of driver, rattled up to Eyer's door;
And the sleek, well-dressed committee, Brothers Sharkey, York,
and Lamb,
As they crossed the humble portal took good care to miss the
jamb.
They found the choir's great trouble sitting in his old arm-chair,
And the summer's golden sunbeams lay upon his thin white
hair;
He was singing "Rock of Ages" in a voice both cracked and low,
But the angels understood him, 'twas all he cared to know.

Said York: "We're here, dear brother, with the vestry's approbation,
To discuss a little matter that affects the congregation."

"And the choir, too," said Sharkey, giving Brother York a
nudge.

"And the choir, too!" he echoed, with the graveness of a
judge.

"It was the understanding when we bargained for the chorus,
That *it* was to relieve us—that is, do the singing for us;
If we rupture the agreement, it is very plain, dear brother,
It will leave our congregation and be gobbled by another.
We don't want any singing except that what we've bought!
The latest tunes are all the rage; the old ones stand for naught;
And so we have decided—are you listening, Brother Eyer?—
That you'll have to stop your singin', for it flurriyates the choir."

The old man slowly raised his head, a sign that he *did* hear,
And on his cheek the trio caught the glitter of a tear;
His feeble hands pushed back the locks white as the silky snow,
As he answered the committee in a voice both sweet and low.
"I've sung the psalms of David for nearly eighty years;
They've been my staff and comfort, and calmed life's many
fears.

I'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I'm doing wrong;
But when my heart is filled with praise I can't keep back a
song.

I wonder if beyond the tide that's breaking at my feet,
In the far-off heavenly temple, where the Master I shall greet—
Yes, I wonder, when I try to sing the songs of God up higher,
If the angel band will church me for disturbing *heaven's* choir."

A silence filled the little room ; the old man bowed his head ;
The carriage rattled on again, but Brother Eyer was dead !
Yes, dead ! his hand had raised the veil the future hangs before us,
And the Master dear had called him to the everlasting chorus.

THE LAY OF THE LADY LOBSTER.

BY HENRY B. CULVER.

WHILE roaming o'er the glinting sands,
Beside the tumbling sea,
I met an ancient fiddler-crab,
Who made a face at me :
I hadn't stared at him a bit :
'Twas rude as rude could be.

He saw my pained expression, and
Apologised straightway ;
Then, with a most effective style,
He scraped a roundelay,
And asked, "Could he relate his woe ?"
Of course I said : "You may."

He took a bite of jelly-fish
Before he could commence,
Next played a brilliant overture
(His bowing was immense),
And then rehearsed this mournful lay,
With moving eloquence :

"Some fifty feet or so from shore,
Yet, oh ! so far from me,
There lives a lady lobster, who
Is wondrous fair to see ;
Her back is most divinely green ;
Her age is only three.

"Her claws are tipped with nippers, which
She manicures each day;
The flipper of her tail is pink;
Her feelers green and gray,
She wears them curled in papers, in
A most bewitching way.

"She dwells beside the outer bar,
Within a broken weir.
I haven't seen her since the storm
That washed her up last year.
She smiled but once, then scuttled back—
Excuse this scalding tear.

"That smile set my crustacean heart
With burning love aglow,
I long to seek her in the waves,
And yet I dare not go—
Because"—he heaved a weary sigh—
"The blue-fish love me so.

"But if you waded to the bar,
And offered her your toe,
Perhaps my love would come to me."
Now this was nerve, you know,
Yet I replied politely, though
I longed to tell him so:

"Your words have been so graphic, that
I recognise your friend;
It pains me much to tell you of
Her late lamented end.
She caused me several sleepless nights—
I trust I don't offend?

"We met a week last Tuesday, in
A plate of *mayonnaise*;
Perhaps you'd see some of her now
By using cathode rays."

"Alas!" he sighed, "such foolishness!
Those were her *salad* days!"

He played a brief cadenza, which
Was most replete with woe,
Then scuttled to the brimming waves
As fast as he could go.
The blue-fish have dyspepsia now—
You see, they loved him so.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

BY EVA BEST.

THE tramp went up to the cottage door
To beg for a couple of dimes or more.

The cottage door was open wide,
So he took a cautious look inside.

Then over his features there spread a grin,
As he saw a lovely maid within.

A lovely maid within the gloom
Of the shadiest part of a shady room.

Into the door the tramper went ;
Over a dog the maiden bent.

His eyes were set and full of fire,
And he viewed the tramp with evident ire.

"Run for your life !" the maiden cried ;
"I clean forgot to have him tied !

"Run for your life through yonder door--
I cannot hold him a minute more !"

Without a word he turned his face
And leaped the fence with a careless grace.

Then lightly along the road he ran—
A very-much-put-out young man.

The maiden loosed her bull-dog's neck,
And gazed at the tramp—a vanishing speck.

And peal after peal of laughter rent
The air with the maiden's merriment.

The dog was of terra-cotta ware—
She won him that week at a lottery fair.

OVER THE HILL FROM THE POOR-HOUSE

BY WILL CARLETON.

I WHO was always counted, they say,
Rather a bad stick any way,
Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,
Known as "the worst of the Deacon's six;"
I, the truant, saucy and bold,
The one black sheep in my father's fold,
"Once on a time," as the stories say,
Went over the hill on a winter's day—
Over the hill to the poor-house.

Tom could save what twenty could earn;
But *givin'* was somethin' he ne'er would learn;
Isaac could half of the Scriptur's speak—
Committed a hundred verses a week;
Never forgot, an' never slipped;
But "Honour thy father and mother" he skipped
So over the hill to the poor-house.

As for Susan, her heart was kind
An' good—what there was of it, mind.
Nothin' too big, an' nothin' too nice,
Nothin' she wouldn't sacrifice
For one she loved; an' that 'ere one
Was herself, when all was said an' done.
An' Charley an' 'Becca meant well, no doubt,
But any one could pull 'em about;

An' all o' our folks ranked well, you see,
Save one poor fellow, and that was me;
An' when, one dark an' rainy night,
A neighbour's horse went out o' sight,
They hitched on me as the guilty chap,
That carried one end o' the halter-strap.
An' I think myself that view of the case
Wasn't altogether out o' place;
My mother denied it, as mothers do,
But I am inclined to believe 'twas true.
Though for me one thing might be said—
That I, as well as the horse, was led;
And the worst of whisky spurred me on,
Or else the deed would have never been done.

But the keenest grief I ever felt
Was when my mother beside me knelt,
An' cried an' prayed, till I melted down,
As I wouldn't for half the horses in town.
I kissed her fondly, then an' there,
An' swore henceforth to be honest and square.

I served my sentence—a bitter pill
Some fellows should take who never will ;
And then I decided to go "out West,"
Concludin' 'twould suit my health the best ;
Where, how I prospered I never could tell,
But Fortune seemed to like me well,
An' somehow every vein I struck
Was always bubblin' over with luck.
An', better than that, I was steady an' true,
An' put my good resolutions through.
But I wrote to a trusty old neighbour, an' said,
"You tell 'em, old fellow, that I am dead,
An' died a Christian ; 'twill please 'em more
Than if I had lived the same as before."

But when this neighbour he wrote to me,
"Your mother's in the poor-house," says he,
I had a resurrection straightway,
An' started for her that very day.
And when I arrived where I was grown,
I took good care that I shouldn't be known ;
But I bought the old cottage, through and through,
Of someone Charley had sold it to,
And held back neither work nor gold,
To fix it up as it was of old.
The same big fireplace wide an' high,
Flung up its cinders towards the sky ;
The old clock ticked on the corner-shelf—
I wound it an' set it agoin' myself ;
An' if everything wasn't just the same,
Neither I nor money was to blame ;
Then—over the hill to the poor-house !

One blowin', blusterin' winter's day,
With a team an' cutter I started away ;
My fiery nags was as black as coal
(They some'at resembled the horse I stole) ;
I hitched, an' entered the poor-house door—
A poor old woman was scrubbin' the floor ;

She rose to her feet in great surprise,
And looked, quite startled, into my eyes ;
I saw the whole of her trouble's trace
In the lines that marred her dear old face ;
"Mother !" I shouted, "your sorrows is done
You're adopted along o' your horse-thief son,
Come over the hill from the poor-house !"

She didn't faint ; she knelt by my side,
An' thanked the Lord, till I fairly cried.
An' maybe our ride wasn't pleasant and gay,
An' maybe she wasn't wrapped up that day ;
An' maybe our cottage wasn't warm an' bright,
An' maybe it wasn't a pleasant sight
To see her a-gettin' the evenin's tea,
An' frequently stoppin' and kissin' me ;
An' maybe we didn't live happy for years,
In spite of my brothers' and sisters' sneers,
Who often said, as I have heard,
That they wouldn't own a prison bird
(Though they're gettin' over that, I guess,
For all of 'em owe me more or less) ;

But I've learned one thing ; an' it cheers a man
In always a-doin' the best he can :
That whether, on the big book, a blot
Gets over a fellow's name or not,
Whenever he does a deed that's white,
It's credited to him fair and right.
An' when you hear the great bugle's notes,
An' the Lord divides His sheep an' goats ;
However they may settle my case,
Wherever they may fix my place,
My good old Christian mother, you'll see,
Will be sure to stand right up for me,
With over the hill from the poor-house.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

BY WILL CARLETON.

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout ;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well!
I have no other woman, she has no other man—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'd the thing at breakfast, we arg'd the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'd the question, the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only—
How?

I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-creature was always a-comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'd no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of something a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say;
And down on us came the neighbours, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and sulky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter
and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree ;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine ;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half ;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam ;
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home ;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey should never want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'erable pay :
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day ;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at ;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much ;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such !
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young ;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps ;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon ;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight—
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was as tidy as any I ever seen ;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Excepting when we've quarrelled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right ;
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur;
 That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her;
 And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
 When she and I was happy before we quarrelled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
 And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
 And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
 If we loved each other the better because we quarrelled here.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

BY WILL CARLETON.

THEY'VE got a brand-new organ, Sue,
 For all their fuss and search;
 They've done just as they said they'd do,
 And fetched it into church.
 They're bound the critter shall be seen,
 And on the preacher's right
 They've hoisted up their new machine,
 In everybody's sight.
 They've got a chorister and choir,
 Ag'in' *my* voice and vote;
 For it was never *my* desire,
 To praise the Lord by note!

I've been a sister good an' true
 For five-an'-thirty year;
 I've done what seemed my part to do,
 An' prayed my duty clear;
 I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
 Just as the preacher read,
 And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
 I took the fork an' led!
 And now, their bold, new-fangled ways
 Is comin' all about;
 And I, right in my latter days,
 Am fairly crowded out!

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
 With tears all in his eyes,
 Read, "I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies."
 I al'ays liked that blessed hymn—
 I s'pose I al'ays will;

It somehow gratifies *my* whim,
In good old Ortonville ;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word ;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard !

Some worldly chaps was standin' near ;
An' when I see them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might ;
But though my voice is good an' strong,
I couldn't steer it right ;
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contrawise ;
An' I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,
They play a little tune ;
I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas ! I found that I
Was singin' there alone !
They laughed a little, I am told ;
But I had done my best ;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me ;
She never was no singin'-book,
An' never went to be ;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said ;
She understood the time right through,
An' kep' it with her head ;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh, or cough !
It kep' her head a-bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off !

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
 As one might well suppose ;
 He took one look at Sister Brown,
 And meekly scratched his nose.
 He looked his hymn-book through and through,
 And laid it on the seat,
 And then a pensive sigh he drew,
 And looked completely beat.
 An' when they took another bout,
 He didn't even rise ;
 But drew his red bandanner out,
 An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
 For five-an'-thirty year ;
 I've done what seemed my part to do,
 An' prayed my duty clear ;
 But Death will stop my voice, I know,
 For he is on my track ;
 And some day I to church will go,
 And never more come back ;
 And when the folks gets up to sing—
 Whene'er that time shall be—
 I do not want no *patent* thing
 A-squealin' over me !

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.

BY WILL CARLETON.

JOHN.

I'VE worked in the field all day, a-ploughin' the "stony streak" ;
 I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse ; I've tramped till my legs
 are weak ;
 I've choked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane fibs)
 When the plough-p'int struck a stone and the handles punched
 my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats ;
 I've fed 'em on a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats ;
 And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,
 And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said ! the door is locked ! but here she's left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me ;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell :
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God ! my wife is gone ! my wife is gone astray !
The letter it says, " Good-bye, for I'm a-going away ;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me ! Why, that ain't much to say ;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind ;
But a *lovin'er* man than I was I guess she'll never find.

Curse her ! curse her ! I say, and give my curses wings !
May the words of love I've spoke be changed to scorpion stings !
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt,
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's-blood out !

Curse her ! curse her ! say I ; she'll some time rue this day ;
She'll some time learn that hate is a game that two can play ;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was born ;
And I'll plough her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn !

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man than me ;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,
That she who is false to one can be the same with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost ;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind ;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—but no !
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad ;
And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't last ;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried 'em in the past

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse ;
 She'll have trouble enough ; she shall not have my curse ;
 But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I can—
 That she always will sorry be that she went with that han'somer
 man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress ! it make my poor eyes blur ;
 It seems, when I look at that, as if 'twas holding her.
 And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat,
 And yonder's her weddin' gown : I wonder she didn't take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her "dearest
 dear,"
 And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here ;
 O God ! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
 Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell !

Good-bye ! I wish that death had severed us two apart.
 You've lost a worshipper here—you've crushed a loving heart.
 I'll worship no woman again ; but I guess I'll learn to pray
 And kneel as *you* used to kneel before you run away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on heaven to bear,
 And if I thought I had some little influence there,
 I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
 As happy and gay as I was a half an hour ago.

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what a litter here ! you've thrown things all around !
 Come, what's the matter now ? and what've you lost or found ?
 And here's my father here, a-waitin' for supper, too ;
 I've been a-riding with him—he's that "handsomer man than
 you."

Ha ! ha ! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
 And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John.
 Why, John, you look so strange ! Come, what has crossed
 your track ?

I was only a-joking, you know ; I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter cream !
 It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream ;
 And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer ;
 I hope she don't ; good Lord ! I hope that they didn't hear !

'Twas one of her practical drives—she thought I'd understand,
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.

“THE SONG OF THE WHEEL.”

BY EDNA PROCTER CLARKE.

1798.

SPIN ! spin !

Where glimmers the fire-fly's errant torch,
In the twilight hush of the rose-hung porch,
Spin ! spin !

And the carven spokes of her whirring wheel,
Answer the thrill her pulses feel,
The fear that is joy, the joy that is fear,
As he leans beside her, near ; more near ;
Spin ! spin !

To keep back the joy, so old, so new,
Fast through the twilight, fast through the dew,
Spin ! spin !

(So doth the song of Love begin.)

Paint you the picture ? Shall I try ?
The down-droop'd glance, so warm, so shy,
And the lifting heart 'neath the kerchief's fold,
And the little white hands that the white wool hold,
The satiny hair, with the high comb's crown,
The clasping bodice—the big-flowered gown,
The petticoat's lace, and the buckled shoe,
Ah ! what is a poor young man to do ?
(For the little blind god on the distaff sits),
What—but gather his scattered wits,
And lean to her nearer, and plead until
The treadle stops, and the wheel is still.

1898.

Spin ! spin !

O'er the dusty roads till the small lamps see
A fire-fly flash thro' the twilight gleam,
Spin ! spin !

And the glittering spokes of her flying wheel,
Answer the thrill her pulses feel—

The fear that is joy, the joy that is fear,
 As he speeds beside her, near ; more near ;
 Spin ! spin !
 To keep back the joy, so old, so new,
 Fast through the twilight, fast through the dew,
 Spin ! spin !
 (So doth the song of Love begin.)

Paint you the picture ? If I can ?
 The face with its sun-kissed rose and tan ;
 With the joy of life, and the outdoor glee,
 And the wayward curl that the wind blows free ;
 The little cocked hat, and the stiffened shirt,
 The saucy jacket, and shortened skirt,
 The roguish gaiter, the russet shoe,
 Ah ! what is a poor young man to do ?
 (For the little blind god on the handle sits),
 What—but gather his scattered wits,
 And follow her faster, and plead, until
 The pedals stop, and the wheel is still.

L'ENVOI.

'Neath filmy kerchief, 'neath bristling starch,
 Lies the heart of the Woman, sweet and arch ;
 And whatever her foibles, old or new,
 Still will she beckon, and Man pursue !

OUR TWO OPINIONS.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Us two wuz boys when we fell out,—
 Nigh to the age uv my youngest now ;
 Don't rec'lect what 'twuz about,
 Some small deeff'rence, I'll allow.
 Lived next neighbors twenty years,
 A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim,—
 He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
 'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

Grew up together 'nd wouldn't speak,
 Courtin' sisters, 'nd marr'd 'em, too ;
 'Tended same meetin'-house oncet a week,
 A-hatin' each other through 'nd through !

But when Abe Linkern asked the West
 F'r soldiers, we answered,—me 'nd Jim,—
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.

But down in Tennessee one night
 Ther' wuz sound uv firin' fur away,
 'Nd the sergeant allowed ther'd be a fight
 With the Johnnie Rebs some time nex' day;
 'Nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home
 Jim stood afore me long 'nd slim,—
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
 Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him;
 Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
 But never a word from me or Jim!
 He went *his* way 'nd I went *mine*,
 'Nd into the battle's roar went we,—
I havin' my opinyin uv Jim,
'Nd he havin' his opinyin uv me.

Jim never come back from the war again
 But I hain't forgot that last, last night
 When, waitin' f'r orders, us two men
 Made up 'nd shuck hands, afore the fight.
 'Nd, after it all, it's soothin' to know
 That here *I* be 'nd yonder's Jim,—
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.

THE DUEL.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

I.

THE gingham dog and the calico cat
 Side by side on the table sat.
 'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think)
 Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
 The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
 Appeared to know as sure as fate
 There was going to be a terrible spate.
 (I wasn't there; I simply state
 What was told to me by the Chinese plate.)

II.

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
 And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"
 The air was littered, an hour or so,
 With bits of gingham and calico.
 While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
 Up with its hands before its face,
 For it always dreaded a family row!
 (Now mind: I'm only telling you
 What the old Dutch clock declares is true.)

III.

The Chinese plate looked very blue
 And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do?"
 But the gingham dog and the calico cat
 Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
 Employing every tooth and claw
 In the awfulest way you ever saw—
 And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
 (Don't fancy I exaggerate—
 I got my news from the Chinese plate.)

IV.

Next morning where the two had sat
 They found no trace of dog or cat;
 And some folks think unto this day
 That burglars stole that pair away.
 But the truth about the cat and pup
 Is this: they ate each other up.
 Now what do you really think of that?
 (The old Dutch clock it told me so,
 And that is how I came to know.)
[By Special Permission of the Author.]

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
 Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
 Sailed on river of misty light
 Into a sea of dew;
 "Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
 The old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea ;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe—
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew ;

The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in that beautiful sea ;

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
But never afeared are we,"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three—
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea ;
But I shall name you the fishermen three—
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed ;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

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LITTLE BOY BLUE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands ;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new
 And the soldier was passing fair,
 And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
 Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
 "And don't you make any noise!"
 So toddling off to his trundle-bed
 He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming an angel song
 Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
 Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
 But the little toy friends are true.

Aye faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
 Each in the same old place,
 Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
 The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
 In the dust of that little chair,
 What has become of our Little Boy Blue
 Since he kissed them and put them there.

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THE LIMITATIONS OF YOUTH.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

I'd like to be a cowboy an' ride a fiery hoss
 Way out into the big and boundless West;
 I'd kill the bears an' catamounts an' wolves I come across,
 An' I'd pluck the bal'head eagle from his nest!
 With my pistols at my side
 I would roam the prarers wide,
 An' to scalp the savage Injun in his wigwam would I ride—
 If I darst; but I darsen't!

I'd like to go to Afriky an' hunt the lions there,
 An' the biggest ollyfunts you ever saw!
 I would track the fierce gorilla to his equatorial lair,
 An' beard the cannybull that eats folks raw!
 I'd chase the pizen snakes
 And the 'pottimus that makes
 His nest down at the bottom of unfathomable lakes—
 If I darst; but I darsen't!

I would I were a pirut to sail the ocean blue,
 With a big black flag a-flyin' overhead ;
 I would scour the billowy main with my gallant pirut crew,
 An' dye the sea a gouty, gory red !
 With my cutlass in my hand
 On the quarterdeck I'd stand
 And to deeds of heroism I'd incite my pirut band—
 If I darst ; but I darsen't !

And, if I darst, I'd lick my pà for the times that he's licked me,
 I'd lick my brother an' my teacher, too ;
 I'd lick the fellers that call round on sister after tea,
 An' I'd keep on lickin' folks till I got through !
 You bet ! I'd run away
 From my lessons to my play,
 An' I'd shoo the hens, an' tease the cat, an' kiss the girls all
 day—
 If I darst ; but I darsen't !

[By Special Permission of the Author.]

K R E E.

By ARMSTEAD CHURCHILL GORDON.

My boy Kree ?
 He played wid you when you was a chile ?
 You an' he
 Growed up tergether ? Wait ! Lemme see !
 Closer ! so I can look in yer face !—
 Mars' George's smile !
 Lord love you, Marster !
 Dar 'neaf dat cypress is whar Kree lays.
 Sunburnt an' grown !
 Mars' George, I shudden ha' knowed you, son,
 'Count o' de beard dat yer face has on,
 But for dat ole-time smile o' your'n—
 "An' Kree ?" you say.
 Hadn't you heerd, Marster,
 He 'ceaseded de year dat you went away ?
 Kree an' you !
 How de ole times comes back onst mo'—
 Moonlight fishin's, an' hyars in de sno' ;
 Squirrels an' jaybirds up overhead,
 In de oak-trees dat de sun shined through !—
 Look at me, Marster !
 Here is me livin' ; an' Kree, he's dead.

'Pears ter me strange
Now, when I thinks on 'em, dose ole years :
Mars' George, sometimes de b'ilin' tears
 Fills up my eyes,
'Count o' de mizery now, an' de change—
 De sun dims, Marster,
Ter an ole man, when his one boy dies.

Did you say "How?"
Out in de dug-out, one moonshine night,
 Fishin' wid your baby brother—he
Wid de curls o' yaller, like streaks o' light,
An' de dancin' big blue eyes. Dead now—
 Kree died for him ;
 An' yearnin' for Kree,
 De Lord tuk him, Marster :
De green grass kivers 'em bofe f'om sight.

Heerd o' de tale ?
Didn' know Kree was de one dat drowned
 Sav'n' Mars' Charley ? Well, 'twere he.
 De boy waxed weaker, his face mo' pale,
Arter the corpse o' poor Kree were found.
 Two months later he went, you see :
 God bless you, Marster !
Nine years has rolled over bofe onder ground.

Worn out an' gray,
Here I sets waitin', Mars' George, alone.
 All on 'em's gone—
Marster an' Mistis, an' Charley an' he.
 You an' me only is lef'. Some day,
When you's gone back ter yer ship on de sea,
 I'll hear him say,
Jes' as he used ter, a-fishin', ter me :
"Daddy, come over !" An' passin' away,
Dat side de river, again I'll be
 Wid my boy Kree.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

BY A. G. GREEN.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where in his last strong agony a dying warrior lay,
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say my days of life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no more ;
They come, and to my beard they dare to tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born,—that I, that I—must
die.

"And what is death? I've dared him oft before the Paynim
spear,—
Think ye he's entered at my gate, has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was raging
hot,—
I'll try his might—I'll brave his power ; defy, and fear him not.

"Ho ! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin,—
Bid each retainer arm with speed,—call every vassal in,
Up with my banner on the wall,—the banquet board prepare ;
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armour there !"

A hundred hands were busy then—the banquet forth was
spread—
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread,
While from the rich, dark tracery along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud old
Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate the mailed retainers poured,
On through the portals frowning arch, and thronged around the
board.

While at its head, within his dark, carved oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-à-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men, pour forth the cheering wine ;
There's life and strength in every drop,—thanksgiving to the
vine !

Are ye all there, my vassals true?—mine eyes are waxing dim ;
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim.

"You're there, but yet I see ye not. Draw forth each trusty sword

And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board ;
I hear it faintly :—Louder yet !—What clogs my heavy breath ?
Up all, and shout for Rudiger, ' Defiance unto Death ! ' "

Bowl rang to bowl—steel clang to steel—and rose a deafening cry

That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high :—

"Ho ! cravens, do ye fear him ?—Slaves, traitors ! have ye flown ?

Ho ! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone !

"But I defy him :—let him come !" Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-way up ;
And with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,

There in his dark, carved oaken chair Old Rudiger sat,—dead.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

BY HOMER GREENE.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,

In the orchard path he met me ;

In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room,

Oh, I tried, but he would not let me.

So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,

With my face bent down above it,

While he took my hand as he whispering said

(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head

To listen to all that my lover said,—

Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it !)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,

And the low, wet leaves hung over ;

But I could not pass upon either side,

For I found myself, when I vainly tried,

In the arms of my steadfast lover.

And he held me there and he raised my head,

While he closed the path before me,

And he looked down into my eyes and said—

(How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead,

To listen to all that my lover said,—

Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me !)

Had he moved aside but a little way,
 I could surely then have passed him ;
 And he knew I never could wish to stay,
 And would not have heard what he had to say,
 Could I only aside have cast him.

It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
 And the searching night wind found us,
 But he drew me nearer and softly said—
*(How the pure sweet wind grew still, instead,
 To listen to all that my lover said,—
 Oh, the whispering wind around us !)*

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
 That I must be all unwilling ;
 For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
 As the night was come with its dew, at last,
 And the sky with its stars was filling.
 But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
 And he made me hear his story,
 And his soul came out from his lips and said—
*(How the stars crept out where the white moon led,
 To listen to all that my lover said,
 Oh, the moon and the stars in glory !)*

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
 And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
 Will carry my secret so safely and well
 That no being shall ever discover
 One word of the many that rapidly fell
 From the soul-speaking lips of my lover ;
 And the moon and the stars that looked over
 Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
 They wove round about us that night in the dell,
 In the path through the dew-laden clover,
 Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
 As they fell from the lips of my lover.

A NEWPORT ROMANCE.

BY BRET HARTE.

THEY say that she died of a broken heart
 (I tell the tale as 'twas told to me) ;
 But her spirit lives, and her soul is part
 Of this sad old house by the sea.

Her lover was fickle and fine and French :
It was nearly a hundred years ago
When he sailed away from her arms—poor wench !
With the Admiral Rochambeau.

I marvel much what periwigged phrase
Won the heart of this sentimental Quaker,
At what golden-laced speech of those modish days
She listened—the mischief take her !

But she kept the posies of mignonette
That he gave ; and ever as their bloom failed
And faded (though with her tears still wet)
Her youth with their own exhaled.

Till one night, when the sea-fog wrapped a shroud
Round spar and spire and tarn and tree,
Her soul went up on that lifted cloud
From this sad old house by the sea.

And ever since then, when the clock strikes two,
She walks unbidden from room to room,
And the air is filled that she passes through,
With a subtile, sad perfume.

The delicate odour of mignonette,
The ghost of a dead-and-gone bouquet,
Is all that tells of her story ; yet
Could she think of a sweeter way ?

I sit in the sad old house to-night—
Myself a ghost from a farther sea ;
And I trust that this Quaker woman might,
In courtesy, visit me.

For the laugh is fled from porch and lawn,
And the bugle died from the fort on the hill,
And the twitter of girls on the stairs is gone,
And the grand piano is still.

Somewhere in the darkness a clock strikes two :
And there is no sound in the sad old house,
But the long verandah dripping with dew,
And in the wainscot a mouse.

The light of my study-lamp streams out
From the library door, but has gone astray
In the depths of the darkened hall. Small doubt
But the Quakeress knows the way.

Was it the trick of a sense o'erwrought
With outward watching and inward fret?
But I swear that the air just now was fraught
With the odour of mignonette !

I open the window, and seem almost—
So still lies the ocean—to hear the beat
Of its Great Gulf artery off the coast,
And to bask in its tropic heat.

In my neighbour's windows the gas-lights flare,
As the dancers swing in a waltz of Strauss ;
And I wonder now could I fit that air
To the song of this sad old house.

And no odour of mignonette there is,
But the breath of morn on the dewy lawn ;
And mayhap from causes as slight as this
The quaint old legend is born.

But the soul of that subtle, sad perfume,
As the spiced embalmings, they say, outlast
The mummy laid in his rocky tomb,
Awakens my buried past.

And I think of the passion that shook my youth,
Of its aimless loves and its idle pains,
And am thankful now for the certain truth
That only the sweet remains.

And I hear no rustle of stiff brocade,
And I see no face at my library door ;
For now that the ghosts of my heart are laid,
She is viewless for evermore.

But whether she came as a faint perfume,
Or whether a spirit in stole of white,
I feel, as I pass from the darkened room,
She has been with my soul to-night !

CHIQUITA.

BY BRET HARTE.

BEAUTIFUL ! sir, you may say so. Thar isn't her match in the county.

Is thar, old gal—Chiquita, my darling, my beauty?

Feel of that neck, sir—thar's velvet ! Whoa ! Steady—ah, will you, you vixen !

Whoa ! I say. Jack, trot her out ; let the gentleman look at her paces.

Morgan !—She ain't nothin' else, and I've got the papers to prove it.

Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars won't buy her.

Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know Briggs of Tuolumne?—

Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains down in 'Frisco !

Hedn't no savey—hed Briggs. Thar, Jack ! that'll do—quit that foolin' !

Nothin' to what she kin do when she's got her work cut out before her.

Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys ; And 'tain't ev'ry man as can ride as knows what a hoss 'as got in him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got Planigan's leaders ?

Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough ford in low water. Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Jedge and his nevey Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the water all round us ;

'Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek just a bilin',

Not a plant left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.

I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and his nevey Chiquita ;

And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the cañon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford ; and Chiquita
Buckled right down to her work, and, afore I could yell to her
rider,
Took water jest at the ford ; and there was the Jedge and me
standing,
And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat, and a driftin' to
thunder !

Would ye b'lieve it ? that night that hoss, that 'ar filly, Chiquita,
Walked herself into her stall, and stood there, all quiet and
dripping :
Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of harness,
Just as she swam the Fork—that hoss, that ar' filly, Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss ! and— What did you say?—Oh !
the nevey ?
Drownded, I reckon—leastways, he never kem back to deny it.
Ye see, the derved fool had no seat—ye couldn't have made him
a rider ;
And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses—well, hosses
is hosses !

GRANDMOTHER TENTERDEN.

BY BRET HARTE.

(MASSACHUSETTS SHORE, 1800.)

I MIND it was but yesterday—
The sun was dim, the air was chill ;
Below the town, below the hill,
The sails of my son's ship did fill —
My Jacob, who was cast away.

He said, "God keep you, mother, dear,"
But did not turn to kiss his wife ;
They had some foolish, idle strife ;
Her tongue was like a two-edged knife,
And he was proud as any peer.

Howbeit that night I took no note
Of sea nor sky, for all was drear ;
I marked not that the hills looked near,
Nor that the moon, though curved and clear,
Through curd-like scud did drive and float.

For with my darling went the joy
Of autumn woods and meadows brown :
I came to hate the little town ;
It seemed as if the sun went down
With him, my only darling boy.

It was the middle of the night,
The wind it shifted west-by-south ;
It piled high up the harbour mouth ;
The marshes, black with summer drouth
Were all abroad with sea-foam white.

It was the middle of the night—
The sea upon the garden leapt,
And my son's wife in quiet slept,
And I, his mother, waked and wept,
When lo ! there came a sudden light.

And there he stood ! his seaman's dress
All wet and dripping seemed to be ;
The pale blue fires of the sea
Dripped from his garments constantly—
I could not speak through cowardness.

"I come through night and storm," he said ;
"Through storm and night and death," said he,
"To kiss my wife, if it so be
That strife still holds 'twixt her and me,
For all beyond is Peace," he said.

"The sea is His, and He who sent
The wind and wave can soothe their strife ;
And brief and foolish is our life."
He stooped and kissed his sleeping wife,
Then sighed, and, like a dream, he went.

Now, when my darling kissed not me,
But her—his wife—who did not wake,
My heart within me seemed to break ;
I swore a vow ! nor henceforth spake
Of what my clearer eyes did see.

And when the slow weeks brought him not,
Somehow we spake of aught beside ;
For she—her hope upheld her pride ;
And I—in me all hope had died,
And my son passed as if forgot.

It was about the next spring-tide,
 She pined and faded where she stood ;
 Yet spake no word of ill or good ;
 She had the hard, cold Edwards' blood
 In all her veins—and so she died.

One time I thought, before she passed,
 To give her peace, but ere I spake
 Methought, "*He* will be first to break
 The news in Heaven," and for his sake
 I held mine back until the last.

And here I sit, nor care to roam ;
 I only wait to hear his call ;
 I doubt not that this day, next fall,
 Shall see me safe in port, where all
 And every ship at last comes home.

And you have sailed the Spanish main,
 And knew my Jacob ? . . . Eh ! Mercy !
 Ah, God of wisdom ! hath the sea
 Yielded its dead to humble me !
 My boy ! . . . my Jacob . . . Turn again

HER LETTER.

BY BRET HARTE.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
 Dressed just as I came from the dance,
 In a robe even *you* would admire—
 It cost a cool thousand in France ;
 I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
 My hair is done up in a cue :
 In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
 Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken ;
 I left in the midst of a set ;
 Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
 That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
 They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
 And then he adores me indeed.
 And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
 Three thousand miles off as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And aren't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest *soirée* of the year,"—
In the mists of a *gaze de Chambéry*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork":

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis*;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill when the time came to go,
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate:
Ah, Joe! then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past ; yet it's funny
 To think, as I stood in the glare
 Of fashion and beauty and money,
 That I should be thinking, right there,
 Of some one who breasted high water,
 And swam the North Fork, and all that,
 Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter
 The Lily of Poverty Flat ?

But goodness ! what nonsense I'm writing !
 (Mamma says my taste still is low,)
 Instead of my triumphs reciting,
 I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho !
 And I'm to be "finished" by travel—
 Whatever's the meaning of that—
 Oh ! why did papa strike pay gravel
 In drifting on Poverty Flat ?

Good-night—here's the end of my paper ;
 Good-night—if the longitude please—
 For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
 But know, if you haven't got riches,
 And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
 That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
 And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

THE IDYL OF BATTLE HOLLOW.

(WAR OF THE REBELLION, 1864.)

BY BRET HARTE.

No, I won't—thar, now, so ! And it ain't nothin'—no !
 And thar's nary to tell that you folks yer don't know ;
 And it's "Belle, tell us, do !" and it's "Belle, is it true ?"
 And "Wot's this yer yarn of the Major and you ?"
 Till I'm sick of it all—so I am, but I s'pose
 Thet is nothin' to you. . . . Well then, listen ! yer goes :

It was after the fight, and around us all night
 Thar was poppin' and shootin' a powerful sight ;
 And the niggers had fled, and Aunt Chlo' was abed,
 And Pinky and Milly were hid in the shed ;
 And I ran out at daybreak and nothin' was nigh
 But the growlin' of cannon low down in the sky.

And I saw not a thing as I ran to the spring,
But a splintered fence rail and a broken-down swing,
And a bird said "Kerchee!" as it sat on a tree,
As if it was lonesome and glad to see me;
And I filled up my pail and was risin' to go,
When up comes the Major a-canterin' slow.

When he saw me he drew in his reins, and then threw
On the gate-post his bridle, and—what does he do
But come down where I sat; and he lifted his hat,
And he says—well, thar ain't any need to tell *that*—
'Twas some foolishness, sure, but it 'mounted to this,
Thet he asked for a drink, and he wanted—a kiss.

Then I said (I was mad), "For the water, my lad,
You're too big and must stoop; for a kiss, it's as bad—
You ain't near big enough." And I turned in a huff,
When that Major he laid his white hand on my cuff,
And he says, "You're a trump! Take my pistol, don't fear,
But shoot the next man that insults you, my dear."

Then he stooped to the pool, very quiet and cool,
Leavin' me with that pistol stuck there like a fool,
When thar flashed on my sight, a quick glimmer of light
From the top of the little stone-fence on the right,
And I knew 'twas a rifle, and back of it all
Rose the face of that bushwhacker, Cherokee Hall!

Then I felt in my dread that the moment the head
Of the Major was lifted, the Major was dead;
And I stood still and white, but Lord! gals, in spite
Of my care, that derved pistol went off in my fright!
Went off—true as Gospil!—and strangest of all
It actooally injured that Cherokee Hall.

Thet's all—now, go 'long. Yes, some folks thinks it's wrong.
And thar's some wants to know to what side I belong;
But I says, "Served him right!" and I go, all my night,
In love or in war, for a fair, stand-up fight;
And as for the Major—sho! gals, don't you know
Thet—Lord—thar's his step in the garden below.

MISS EDITH MAKES IT PLEASANT FOR
BROTHER JACK.

BY BRET HARTE.

“‘CRYING!’ of course I am crying, and I guess you’d be crying too,

If people were telling such stories as they tell about me about *you*, Oh, yes, you can laugh, if you want to, and smoke as you didn’t care how,

And get your brains softened like uncle’s—Dr. Jones says you’re getting it now.

“Why don’t you say ‘stop’ to Miss Ilsey? She cries twice as much as I do;

And she’s older and cries just from meanness—for a ribbon or anything new.

Ma says it’s her ‘sensitive nature.’ Oh, my! No, I shan’t stop my talk!

And I don’t want no apples or candy, and I don’t want to go for a walk.

“I know why you’re mad! Yes, I do, now! You think that Miss Ilsey likes *you*,

And I’ve heard her repeatedly call you the bold-facest boy that she knew;

And she’d like to know where you learnt manners. Oh, yes, kick the table—that’s right.

Spill the ink on my dress, and then go round telling ma that I look like a fright.

“What stories? Pretend you don’t know that they’re saying I broke off the match

’Twixt old Money Grubber and Mary by saying she called him ‘Crosspatch,’

When the only allusion I made him about Sister Mary was, she Cared more for his cash than his temper, and you know, Jack, *you* said that to me.

“And it’s true; but it’s *me*, and I’m scolded, and pa says if I keep on, I might

By-and-bye see my name in the papers. Who cares? Why, ’twas only last night

I was reading how pa and the sheriff were selling some lots, and it’s plain

If it’s awful to be in the papers, why, papa would go and complain.

"You think it ain't true about Ilsey! Well, I guess I know girls' and I say

There's nothing I see about Ilsey to show she likes you, anyway! I know what it means when a girl who calls her cat after one boy, Goes and changes its name to another's. And she's done it— and I wish you joy!"

[*By Special Permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.*]

THE HANDSEL RING.

By G. HOUGHTON.

"HERE, O lily-white lady mine,
Here by thy warrior sire's own shrine,
Handsel I thee by this golden sign,
This sunshiny thing."

Weeping she reached her hand so slim,
Smiled, though her eyes were wet and dim,
Saying: "I swear, by Heaven, by him,
And by this handsel ring!"

But as she bended her eyes abashed,
Out of his fingers the jewel flashed,
On the gray flags of the kirk it clashed,
That treacherous thing;
Clashed, and bounded, and circled, and sped,
Till through a crevice it flamed and fled,—
Down in the tomb of the knightly dead
Darted the handsel ring!

"Matters not, darling! Ere day be o'er,
Goldsmiths shall forge for thy hands a score;
Let not thy heart be harried and sore
For a little thing!"

"Nay! but behold what broodeth there!
See the cold sheen of his silvery hair!
Look how his eyeballs roll and stare,
Seeking thy handsel ring!"

"I see nothing, my precious, my own!
'Tis a black vision that sorrow hath sown;
Haste, let us hence, for dark it hath grown,
And moths are on wing."

"Nay, but his shrunken fist behold,
Looses his lance-hilt and scatters the mould!
What is that his long fingers hold?
Christ! 'tis our handsel ring!"

And when the bridegroom bends over her,
 Neither the lips nor the eyelids stir ;
 Naught to her, now, but music and myrrh,
 Needless his handsel ring.

LITTLE WILD BABY.

BY MARGARET T. JANVIER.

THROUGH the fierce fever I nursed him, and then he said
 I was the woman—I !—that he would wed ;
 He sent a boat with men for his own white priest,
 And he gave my father horses, and made a feast.
 I am his wife : if he has forgotten me,
 I will not live for scorning eyes to see.
*(Little wild baby, that knowest not where thou art going,
 Lie still ! lie still ! Thy mother will do the rowing.)*

Three moons ago—it was but three moons ago—
 He took his gun, and started across the snow ;
 For the river was frozen, the river that still goes down
 Every day, as I watch it, to find the town ;
 The town whose name I caught from his sleeping lips,
 A place of many people and many ships.
*(Little wild baby, that knowest not where thou art going,
 Lie still ! lie still ! Thy mother will do the rowing.)*

I to that town am going, to search the place,
 With his little white son in my arms, till I see his face.
 Only once shall I need to look in his eyes,
 To see if his soul, as I knew it, lives or dies.
 If it lives, we live, and if it is dead, we die,
 And the soul of my baby will never ask me why.
*(Little wild baby, that knowest not where thou art going,
 Lie still ! lie still ! Thy mother will do the rowing.)*

I have asked about the river : one answered me,
 That after the town it goes to find the sea ;
 That great waves, able to break the stoutest bark,
 Are there, and the sea is very deep and dark.
 If he is happy without me, so best, so best ;
 I will take his baby, and go away to my rest.
*(Little wild baby, that knowest not where thou art going,
 Lie still ! lie still. Thy mother will do the rowing.
 The river flows swiftly, the sea is dark and deep ;
 Little wild baby, lie still ! Lie still and sleep.)*

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"HADST thou stayed, I must have fled !"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial ;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone ;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about Him,
Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see ;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed,
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
"Lord," he thought, "in Heaven thou reignest
Who am I that thus thou deignest
To reveal Thyself to me ?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of Thy glory Thou shouldst enter
This poor cell my guest to be ?"

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent-bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood ;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Wrapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration ;
Should he go or should he stay ?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate
Till the Vision passed away ?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate ?
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audibly and clear,
As if to the outward ear :
" Do thy duty ; that is best ;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest ! "

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close
And of feet that pass them by ;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die !

But to-day, they know not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure ;
What we see not, what we see ;
And the inward voice was saying -
" Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of Mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto Me."

Unto Me ! But had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision
And have turned away with loathing ?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Toward his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awestruck feeling
At the threshold of his door ;
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,

Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said :
" Hadst thou stayed I must have fled ! "

[*By Special Permission of Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.*]

KILLED AT THE FORD.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HE is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honour, the tongue of truth,
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song :
" Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of the sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still ;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill ;
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead ;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed ;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart, blood-red !

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry ;
And a bell was tolled, in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to crown,
And the neighbours wondered that she should die.

[By Special Permission of Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.]

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

By H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ROBERT OF SICILY, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the *Magnificat*.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles ;*"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer
meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue ;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne !"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night ;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.

He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roofs and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls !
At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, " Who is there ? "
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
" Open : 'tis I, the King ! Art thou afraid ? "
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
" This is some drunken vagabond, or worse ! "
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide :
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke.
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ;
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light !
It was an angel ; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognise.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;
Then said, " Who art thou ? and why com'st thou here ? "
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
" I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne ! "
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
" Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester ; thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall ! "

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of " Long live the King ! "

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, " It was a dream ! "
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed.
Around him rose the bare discoloured walls.
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream : the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

Days came and went ; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign ;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate,

Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven about the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
“Art thou the King?” the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, “I am, I am the King!”

Almost three years were ended ; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o’er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.
The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter’s Square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,

"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a King's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
 A holy light illumined all the place,
 And through the open window, loud and clear,
 They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
 Above the stir and tumult of the street :
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree!"
 And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string :
 "I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
 But all apparelled as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
 And when his courtiers came, they found him there
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

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D'ARTAGNAN'S RIDE.

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

FIFTY leagues, fifty leagues—and I ride, and I ride—
 Fifty leagues as the black crow flies.
 None of the three are by my side . . .
 The bay horse reels, and the bay horse dies—
 But I ride, and I ride
 To Callice.

We were four, we were four—and I ride, and I ride—
 We were four, but Porthos lies
 God knows where by the highway side . . .
 The roan horse reels, and the roan horse dies—
 But I ride, and I ride
 To Callice.

We were three, we were three—and I ride, and I ride—
 We were three, but Aramis lies
 Bludgeoned and bound and thrown aside . . .
 The dun horse reels, and the dun horse dies—
 But I ride, and I ride
 To Callice.

We were two, we were two—and I ride, and I ride—
We were two, but Athos lies
With a lead-crushed rib and a steel-torn side . . .
The black horse reels, and the black horse dies—
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

All alone, all alone—and I ride, and I ride—
All alone, and an ambush lies
God knows where by the highway side . . .
The gray horse reels, and the gray horse dies—
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice,
Yes—I ride and I ride and I ride and I ride
And I ride and I ride
To Callice.

HELIOTROPE.

BY H. THURSTON PECK.

AMID the chapel's chequered gloom
She laughed with Dora and with Flora,
And chattered in the lecture-room,—
That saucy little sophomora !
Yet while, as in her other schools,
She was a privileged transgressor,
She never broke the simple rules
Of one particular professor.

But when he spoke of varied lore,
Paroxytones and modes potential,
She listened with a face that wore
A look half fond, half reverential.
To her that earnest voice was sweet,
And though her love had no confessor,
Her girlish heart lay at the feet
Of that particular professor.

And he had learned, among his books
That held the lore of ages olden,
To watch those ever changing looks,
The wistful eyes, the tresses golden,
That stirred his pulse with passion's pain
And thrilled his soul with soft desire,
And bade fond youth return again
Crowned with his coronet of fire.

Her sunny smile, her winsome ways,
 Were more to him than all his knowledge,
 And she preferred his words of praise
 To all the honours of the college.
 Yet "What am foolish I to him?"
 She whispered to her heart's confessor.
 "She thinks me old and grey and grim,"
 In silence pondered the professor.

Yet once when Christmas bells were rung
 Above ten thousand solemn churches,
 And swelling anthems grandly sung
 Pealed through the dim cathedral arches,—
 Ere home returning, filled with hope,
 Softly she stole by gate and gable,
 And a sweet spray of heliotrope
 Left on his littered study-table.

Nor came she more from day to day
 Like sunshine through the shadows rifting :
 Above her grave, far, far away,
 The ever silent snows were drifting ;
 And those who mourned her winsome face
 Found in its stead a swift successor
 And loved another in her place—
 All, save the silent old professor.

But, in the tender twilight grey,
 Shut from the sight of carping critic,
 His lonely thoughts would often stray
 From Vedic verse and tongues Semitic,
 Bidding the ghost of vanished hope
 Mock with its past the sad possessor
 Of the dead spray of heliotrope
 That once she gave the old professor.

THE HERO OF THE COMMUNE.

BY M. J. PRESTON.

"GARÇON ! You—*you*
 Snared along with this cursèd crew ?
 (Only a child, and yet so bold,
 Scarcely as much as ten years old !)
 Do you hear ? do you know
 Why the gendarmes put you there, in the row,
You, with those Commune wretches tall,
 With your face to the wall ? "

"*Know?* To be sure I know! why not?
 We're here to be shot;
 And there, by the pillar's the very spot,
 Fighting for France, my father fell:
 Ah, well!
 That's just the way *I* would choose to fall,
 With my back to the wall!"

"(Sacré! Fair, open fight, I say,
 Is something right gallant in its way,
 And fine for warming the blood; but who
 Wants wolfish work like this to do?
 Bah! 'tis a butcher's business!) *How?*
 (The boy is beckoning to me now:
 I knew that his poor child's heart would fail,
 . . . Yet his cheek's not pale:)
 Quick! say your say, for don't you see,
 When the church-clock yonder tolls out *Three*,
 You're all to be shot?
 . . . *What?*
 '*Excuse you one moment?*' O, ho, ho!
 Do you think to fool a gendarme so?"

"But, sir, here's a watch that a friend, one day
 (My father's friend), just over the way,
 Lent me; and if you'll let me free
 —It still lacks seven minutes of *Three*,—
 I'll come, on the word of a soldier's son,
 Straight back into line, when my errand's done."

"Ha, ha! No doubt of it! Off! Begone!
 (Now, good Saint Denis, speed him on!
 The work will be easier since *he's* saved;
 For I hardly see how I could have braved
 The ardour of that innocent eye,
 As he stood and heard,
 While I gave the word,
 Dooming him like a dog to die.)"

"In time! Well, thanks, that my desire
 Was granted; and now, I am ready:—Fire!
 One word!—that's all!
 —You'll let me turn my *back* to the wall?"
 "Parbleu! Come out of the line, I say,
 Come out! (who said that his name was *Nay?*)
 Ha! France will hear of him yet one day!"

THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS.

By J. J. ROONEY.

A CHEER and salute for the Admiral, and here's to the Captain
bold,
And never forget the Commodore's debt when the deeds of
might are told !
They stand to the deck through the battle's wreck when the
great shells roar and screech—
And never they fear when the foe is near to practise what they
preach :
But off with your hat and three times three for Columbia's true-
blue sons,
The men below who batter the foe—the men behind the guns !

Oh, light and merry of heart are they when they swing into port
once more,
When, with more than enough of the "green-backed stuff," they
start for their leave-o'-shore ;
And you'd think, perhaps, that the blue-bloused chaps who loll
along the street
Are a tender bit, with salt on it, for some fierce "mustache" to
eat—
Some warrior bold, with straps of gold, who dazzles and fairly
stuns
The modest worth of the sailor boys—the lads who serve the
guns.

But say not a word till the shot is heard that tells the fight is on,
Till the long, deep roar grows more and more from the ships of
"Yank" and "Don,"
Till over the deep the tempests sweep of fire and bursting shell,
And the very air is a mad Despair in the throes of a living hell ;
Then down, deep down, in the mighty ship, unseen by the
mid-day suns,
You'll find the chaps who are giving the raps—the men behind
the guns !

Oh, well they know how the cyclones blow that they loose from
their cloud of death,
And they know is heard the thunder-word their fierce ten-incher
saith !

The steel decks rock with the lightning shock, and shake with
the great recoil,
And the sea grows red with the blood of the dead and reaches for
his spoil—
But not till the foe has gone below or turns his prow and runs,
Shall the voice of peace bring sweet release to the men behind
the guns !

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

BY F. LEBBY STANTON.

HE didn't know much music
When first he come along ;
An' all the birds went wonderin'
Why he didn't sing a song.

They primped their feathers in the sun,
An' sung their sweetest notes ;
An' music jest come on the run
From all their purty throats !

But still that bird was silent
In summer-time an' fall ;
He jest set still an' listened,
An' he wouldn't sing at all !

But one night when them songsters
Was tired out an' still,
An' the wind sighed down the valley
An' went creepin' up the hill ;

When the stars was all a-tremble
In the dreamin' fields o' blue,
An' the daisy in the darkness
Felt the fallin' o' the dew,—

There came a sound o' melody
No mortal ever heard,
An' all the birds seemed singin'
From the throat o' one sweet bird !

Then the other birds went mayin'
In a land too fur to call ;
Fer there warn't no use in stayin'
When one bird could sing fer all !

THE WITCH'S WHELP.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

ALONG the shore the slimy brine-pits yawn,
Covered with thick green scum ; the billows rise,
And fill them to the brim with clouded foam,
And then subside, and leave the scum again.
The ribbed sand is full of hollow gulfs,
Where monsters from the waters come and lie,
Great serpents bask at noon along the rocks,
To me no terror ; coil on coil they roll
Back to their holes before my flying feet.
The Dragon of the Sea, my mother's god,
Enormous Setebos, comes here to sleep ;
Him I molest not ; when he flaps his wing
A whirlwind rises, when he swims the deep
It threatens to engulf the trembling isle.

Sometimes when winds do blow, and clouds are dark.
I seek the blasted wood whose barkless trunks
Are bleached with summer suns ; the creaking trees
Stoop down to me, and swing me right and left
Through crashing limbs, but not a jot care I.
The thunder breaks above, and in their lairs
The panthers roar ; from out the stormy clouds
Whose hearts are fire, sharp lightnings rain around
And split the oaks ; not faster lizards run
Before the snake up the slant trunks than I,
Not faster down, sliding with hands and feet.
I stamp upon the ground, and adders rouse,
Sharp-eyed, with poisonous fangs ; beneath the leaves
They couch, or under rocks, and roots of trees
Felled by the winds ; through briery undergrowth
They slide with hissing tongues, beneath my feet
To writhe, or in my fingers squeezed to death.

There is a wild and solitary pine,
Deep in the meadows ; all the island birds
From far and near fly there, and learn new songs.
Something imprisoned in its wrinkled bark
Wails for its freedom ; when the bigger light
Burns in mid-heaven, and dew elsewhere is dried,
There it still falls ; the quivering leaves are tongues,
And load the air with syllables of woe.
One day I thrust my spear within a cleft
No wider than its point, and something shrieked,

And falling cones did pelt me sharp as hail :
 I picked the seeds that grew between their plates,
 And strung them round my neck with seamew eggs.

Hard by are swamps and marshes, reedy fens
 Knee-deep in water ; monsters wade therein
 Thick-set with plated scales ; sometimes in troops
 They crawl on slippery banks ; sometimes they lash
 The sluggish waves among themselves at war.
 Often I heave great rocks from off the crags,
 And crush their bones ; often I push my spear
 Deep in their drowsy eyes, at which they howl
 And chase me inland ; then I mount their humps
 And prick them back again, unwieldy, slow.
 At night the wolves are howling round the place,
 And bats sail there athwart the silver light,
 Flapping their wings ; by day in hollow trees
 They hide, and slink into the gloom of dens.

We live, my mother Sycorax and I,
 In caves with bloated toads and crested snakes.
 She can make charms, and philters, and brew storms.
 And call the great Sea Dragon from his deeps.
 Nothing of this know I, nor care to know.
 Give me the milk of goats in gourds or shells,
 The flesh of birds and fish, berries and fruit,
 Nor want I more, save all day long to lie,
 And hear, as now, the voices of the sea.

A LETTER FROM CAMP.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

I.

"COME up from the fields, father, here's a letter from our Pete ;
 And come to the front door, mother—here's a letter from thy
 dear son."

II.

Lo, 'tis autumn ;
 Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
 Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages, with leaves fluttering in the
 moderate wind ;
 Where apples ripe in the orchards hang, and grapes on the
 trellised vines ;
 Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines ?
 Smell you the buckwheat, where the bees were lately buzzing ?

Above all, lo, the sky, so calm, so transparent after the rain, and
 with wondrous clouds ;
 Below, too, all calm, all vital and beautiful—and the farm
 prospers well.

III.

Down in the fields all prospers well ;
 But now from the fields come, father—come at the daughter's
 call ;
 And come to the entry, mother—to the front door come, right
 away.

Fast as she can, she hurries—something ominous—her steps
 trembling ;
 She does not tarry to smooth her white hair, nor adjust her cap.

IV.

Open the envelope quickly ;
 O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is signed ;
 O a strange hand writes for our dear son—O stricken mother's
 soul !
 All swims before her eyes—flashes with black—she catches the
 main words only ;
 Sentences broken—*“gun-shot wound in the breast, cavalry
 skirmish, taken to hospital,
 At present low, but will soon be better.”*

V.

Ah, now the single figure to me,
 Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio, with all its cities and farms,
 Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint,
 By the jamb of a door leans.

VI.

“Grieve not so, dear mother,” (the just-grown daughter speaks
 through her sobs) ;
 The little sisters huddle around, speechless and dismayed ;
 “See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.”

VII.

Alas ! poor boy, he will never be better (nor maybe needs to be
 better, that brave and simple soul) ;
 While they stand at home at the door, he is dead already ;
 The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better ;
 She, with thin form, presently dressed in black ;
 By day her meals untouched—then at night fitfully sleeping,
 often waking,
 In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,
 O that she might withdraw unnoticed—silent from life escape
 and withdraw,
 To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son !

THE SINGER IN THE PRISON.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

*O sight of pity, shame and dole !
 O fearful thought—a convict soul !*

RANG the refrain along the hall, the prison,
 Rose to the roof, the vaults of heaven above,
 Pouring in floods of melody in tones so pensive sweet and strong
 the like whereof was never heard,
 Reaching the far-off sentry and the armed guards, who ceas'd
 their pacing,
 Making the hearers' pulses stop for ecstasy and awe.

The sun was low in the west one winter day,
 When down a narrow aisle amid the thieves and outlaws of the
 land,
 (There by the hundreds seated, sear-faced murderers, wily
 counterfeiters,
 Gather'd to Sunday church in prison walls, the keepers round,
 Plenteous, well-armed, watching with vigilant eyes,)
 Calmly a lady walk'd holding a little innocent child by either
 hand,
 Whom seating on their stools beside her on the platform,
 She, first preluding with the instrument a low and musical
 prelude,
 In voice surpassing all, sang forth a quaint old hymn.

A soul confined by bars and bands
 Cries, help ! O help ! and wrings her hands,
 Blinded her eyes, bleeding her breast,
 Nor pardon finds, nor balm of rest.

Ceaseless she paces to and fro,
 O heart-sick days ! O nights of woe !
 Nor hand of friend, nor loving face,
 Nor favour comes, nor word of grace.

It was not I that sinn'd the sin,
 The ruthless body dragg'd me in ;
 Though long I strove courageously,
 The body was too much for me.

Dear prison'd soul, bear up a space,
 For soon or late the certain grace,
 To set thee free and bear thee home,
 The heavenly pardoner, death, shall come.

*Convict no more, nor shame, nor dole !
 Depart—a God-enfranchis'd soul !*

The singer ceas'd ;
 One glance swept from her clear calm eyes o'er all those upturn'd
 faces,
 Strange sea of prison faces, a thousand varied, crafty, brutal,
 seam'd and beauteous faces,
 Then rising, passing back along the narrow aisle between them
 While her gown touch'd them rustling in the silence,
 She vanish'd with her children in the dusk.

While upon all, convicts and armed keepers ere they stirr'd,
 (Convict forgetting prison, keeper his loaded pistol,)
 A hush and pause fell down a wondrous minute,
 With deep half-stifled sobs and sound of bad men bow'd and
 moved to weeping,
 And youth's convulsive breathings, memories of home,
 The mother's voice in lullaby, the sister's care, the happy
 childhood,
 The long-pent spirit rous'd to reminiscence ;
 A wondrous minute then—but after in the solitary night, to many,
 many there,
 Years after, even in the hour of death, the sad refrain, the tune,
 the voice, the words,
 Resumed, the large calm lady walks the narrow aisle,
 The wailing melody again, the singer in the prison sings,

*O sight of pity, shame and dole !
 O fearful thought—a convict soul !*

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

BY WALT WHITMAN.

I.

BEAT! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a force of
ruthless men,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation;
Into the school where the scholar is studying:
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have
now with his bride;
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering
his grain;
So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so shrill you bugles
blow.

II.

Beat! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the
streets:
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? No
sleepers must sleep in those beds;
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—
Would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the
judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier, drums—you bugles wilder blow.

III.

Beat! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation;
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer;
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man;
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties;
Make even the trestles to shake the dead, where they lie awaiting
the hearses,
So strong you thump, O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

THE TWO ANGELS.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

GOD called the nearest angels who dwell with Him above :
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love:

"Arise," He said, "my angels! a wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within.

"My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost world
swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights the
asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like rain!"

Two faces bowed before the Throne, veiled in their golden
hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last the angels
came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-wrapped in rayless
flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with faith too strong
for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness and smiled a smile of
cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy to heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven!"

MARGUERITE.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY, 1760.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE robins sang in the orchard, the buds into blossoms grew ;
Little of human sorrow the buds and the robins knew !

Sick, in an alien household, the poor French neutral lay ;
Into her lonesome garret fell the light of the April day,

Through the dusty window, curtained by the spider's warp and
woof,
On the loose-laid floor of hemlock, on oaken ribs of roof.

The bedquilt's faded patchwork, the tea-cups on the stand,
The wheel with flaxen tangle, as it dropped from her sick hand !

What to her was the song of the robin, or warm morning light,
As she lay in the trance of the dying, heedless of sound or sight ?

Done was the work of her hands, she had eaten her bitter bread ;
The world of the alien people lay behind her dim and dead.

But her soul went back to its child-time ; she saw the sun o'erflow
With gold the basin of Minas, and set over Gasperau ;

The low, bare flats at ebb-tide, the rush of the sea at flood,
Through inlet and creek and river, from dike to upland wood ;

The gulls in the red of morning, the fish-hawk's rise and fall,
The drift of the fog in moonshine, over the dark coast-wall.

She saw the face of her mother, she heard the song she sang ;
And far off, faintly, slowly, the bell for vespers rang !

By her bed the hard-faced mistress sat, smoothing the wrinkled
sheet,
Peering into the face, so helpless, and feeling the ice-cold feet.

With a vague remorse atoning for her greed and long abuse,
By care no longer heeded and pity too late for use.

Up the stairs of the garret softly the son of the mistress stepped,
Leaned over the head-board, covering his face with his hands,
and wept.

Outspake the mother, who watched him sharply, with brow
a-frown :

"What ! love you the Papist, the beggar, the charge of the town ? "

"Be she Papist or beggar who lies here, I know and God knows
I love her, and fain would go with her wherever she goes !

"O mother ! that sweet face came pleading, for love so athirst.
You saw but the town-charge ; I knew her God's angel at first."

Shaking her grey head, the mistress hushed down a bitter cry ;
And awed by the silence and shadow of death drawing nigh,

She murmured a psalm of the Bible ; but closer the young girl
pressed,

With the last of her life in her fingers, the cross to her breast.

"My son, come away," cried the mother, her voice cruel grown.

"She is joined to her idols, like Ephraim ; let her alone ! "

But he knelt with his hand on her forehead, his lips to her ear,
And he called back the soul that was passing : "Marguerite, do
you hear ? "

She paused on the threshold of Heaven ; love, pity, surprise,
Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant the cloud of her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her, but never her cheek grew
red,

And the words the living long for he spake in the ear of the dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard, where buds to blossoms grew
Of the folded hands and the still face never the robins knew !

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

TRITEMIUS OF HERBIPOLIS, one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from without a miserable voice,
A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell,
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused ; the chain whereby
His thoughts went upward broken by that cry ;
And, looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman, with grey hair a-flow,
And withered hands held up to him, who cried
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, " For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save—
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis !"—" What I can
I give," Tritemius said : " my prayers."—" O man
Of God !" she cried, for grief had made her bold,
" Mock me not thus ; I ask not prayers, but gold.
Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice ;
Even while I speak perchance my first-born dies."

" Woman !" Tritemius answered, " from our door
None go unfed ; hence are we always poor,
A single soldo is our only store.
Thou hast our prayers ;—what can we give thee more ?"

" Give me," she said, " the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix.
God well may spare them on His errands sped,
Or He can give you golden ones instead."

Then spake Tritemius, " Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it ! (Our most gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon His altar piled !)
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He placed within the beggar's eager palms ;
And as she vanished down the linden shade
He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.
So the day passed, and when the twilight came
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold !

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep.

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall —

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind : the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

"Halt !" — the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire !" — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word :

"Who touches a hair on yon grey head
Dies like a dog ! March on !" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town !

A PIN.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

OH, I know a certain lady who is reckoned with the good,
Yet she fills me with more terror than a raging lion would.
The little chills run up and down my spine whene'er we meet,
Though she seems a gentle creature, and she's very trim and neat.

And she has a thousand virtues and not one acknowledged sin,
But she is the sort of person you could liken to a pin.
And she pricks you and she sticks you in a way that can't be said.

If you seek for what has hurt you—why, you cannot find the head!

But she fills you with discomfort and exasperating pain.
If anybody asks you why, you really can't explain!
A pin is such a tiny thing, of that there is no doubt,
Yet when it's sticking in your flesh you're wretched till it's out.

She is wonderfully observing—when she meets a pretty girl,
She is always sure to tell her if her hair is out of curl;
And she is so sympathetic to her friend who's much admired,
She is often heard remarking, "Dear, you look so worn and tired."

And she is an honest critic, for on yesterday she eyed
The new dress I was airing with a woman's natural pride,
And she said, "Oh, how becoming!" and then gently added, "it
Is really a misfortune that the basque is such a fit."

Then she said, "If you had heard me yester eve, I'm sure, my friend,
You would say I was a champion who knows how to defend."
And she left me with the feeling—most unpleasant, I aver—
That the whole world would despise me if it hadn't been for her.

Whenever I encounter her, in such a nameless way
She gives me the impression I am at my worst that day.
And the hat that was imported (and which cost me half a sonnet),
With just one glance from her round eyes becomes a Bowery bonnet.

She is always bright and smiling, sharp and pointed for a thrust ;
Use does not seem to blunt her point, nor does she gather rust.
Oh ! I wish some hapless specimen of mankind would begin
To tidy up the world for me, by picking up this pin !

MY SHIPS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well ! the harbour could not hold
So many sails as there would be
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea,
And brought their precious freight to me,
Ah, well ! I should have wealth as great
As any king who sits in state—
So rich the treasures that would be
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well ! the storm-clouds then might frown ;
For if the others all went down
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be
If that one ship came back to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,
And all the others came to me
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
With glory, honours, riches, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies be calm ! O winds blow free !
Blow all my ships safe home to me,
But if thou sendest some a-wrack,
To never more come sailing back,
Send any—all that skim the sea
But bring my love-ship home to me.

ONE OF US TWO.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE day will dawn, when one of us shall hearken
In vain to hear a voice that has grown dumb.
And morns will fade, noons pale, and shadows darken,
While sad eyes watch for feet that never come.

One of us two must sometime face existence
Alone with memories that but sharpen pain.
And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance,
Like dreams of summer dawns, in nights of rain.

One of us two, with tortured heart half broken,
Shall read long-treasured letters through salt tears,
Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished token,
That speaks of these love-crowned, delicious years.

One of us two shall find all light, all beauty,
All joy on earth, a tale forever done ;
Shall know henceforth that life means only duty.
O God ! O God ! have pity on that one.

THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE Sunbeam loved the Moonbeam,
And followed her low and high,
But the Moonbeam fled and hid her head,
She was so shy—so shy.

The Sunbeam wooed with passion ;
Ah, he was a lover bold !
And his heart was afire with mad desire
For the Moonbeam pale and cold.

She fled like a dream before him,
Her hair was a shining sheen,
And oh, that Fate would annihilate
The space that lay between !

Just as the day lay panting
 In the arms of the twilight dim,
 The Sunbeam caught the one he sought
 And drew her close to him.

But out of his warm arms, startled
 And stirred by Love's first shock,
 She sprang afraid, like a trembling maid,
 And hid in the niche of a rock.

And the Sunbeam followed and found her,
 And led her to Love's own feast ;
 And they were wed on that rocky bed,
 And the dying Day was their priest.

And lo ! the beautiful Opal—
 That rare and wondrous gem—
 Where the moon and sun blend into one,
 Is the child that was born to them.

THE OLD STAGE QUEEN.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

BACK in the box by the curtains shaded,
 She sits alone by the house unseen ;
 Her eye is dim, her cheek is faded,
 She who was once the people's queen.

The curtain rolls up, and she sees before her,
 A vision of beauty and youth and grace.
 Ah ! no wonder all hearts adore her,
 Silver-throated and fair of face.

Out of her box she leans and listens ;
 Oh, is it with pleasure or with despair
 That her thin cheek pales and her dim eye glistens,
 While that fresh young voice sings the grand old air

She is back again in the Past's bright splendour—
 When life seemed worth living, and love a truth,
 Ere Time had told her she must surrender
 Her double dower of fame and youth.

It is she herself who stands there singing
To that sea of faces that shines and stirs ;
And the cheers on cheers that go up ringing
And rousing the echoes—are hers—all hers.

Just for one moment the sweet delusion
Quickens her pulses and blurs her sight,
And wakes within her that wild confusion
Of joy that is anguish and fierce delight.

Then the curtain goes down and the lights are gleaming
Brightly o'er circle and box and stall.
She starts like a sleeper who wakes from dreaming—
Her past lies under a funeral pall.

Her day is dead and her star descended,
Never to rise or shine again ;
Her reign is over—her Queenship ended—
A new name is sounded and sung by men.

All the glitter and glow and splendour,
All the glory of that lost day,
With the friends that seemed true, and the love that seemed
tender,
Why, what is it all but a dead bouquet ?

She rises to go. Has the night turned colder ?
The new Queen answers to call and shout ;
And the old Queen looks back over her shoulder,
Then all unnoticed she passes out.

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2	1776	September 26th	Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts
3	1776	October 4th	First Battle of the Clouds
4	1776	November 22nd	First Battle of Red Bank
5	1776	December 19th	Evacuation of Philadelphia
6	1777	September 26th	Second Battle of the Clouds
7	1777	October 4th	Second Battle of Red Bank
8	1777	November 22nd	Evacuation of Lancaster
9	1777	December 19th	Evacuation of York
10	1777	January 3rd	Arrival at Lancaster
11	1777	January 10th	Arrival at York
12	1777	January 17th	Arrival at Lancaster
13	1777	January 24th	Arrival at York
14	1777	February 1st	Arrival at Lancaster
15	1777	February 8th	Arrival at York
16	1777	February 15th	Arrival at Lancaster
17	1777	February 22nd	Arrival at York
18	1777	February 29th	Arrival at Lancaster
19	1777	March 7th	Arrival at York
20	1777	March 14th	Arrival at Lancaster
21	1777	March 21st	Arrival at York
22	1777	March 28th	Arrival at Lancaster
23	1777	April 4th	Arrival at York
24	1777	April 11th	Arrival at Lancaster
25	1777	April 18th	Arrival at York
26	1777	April 25th	Arrival at Lancaster
27	1777	May 2nd	Arrival at York
28	1777	May 9th	Arrival at Lancaster
29	1777	May 16th	Arrival at York
30	1777	May 23rd	Arrival at Lancaster
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32	1777	June 6th	Arrival at Lancaster
33	1777	June 13th	Arrival at York
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35	1777	June 27th	Arrival at York
36	1777	July 4th	Arrival at Lancaster
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47	1777	September 19th	Arrival at York
48	1777	September 26th	Arrival at Lancaster
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95	1777	August 21st	Arrival at York
96	1777	August 28th	Arrival at Lancaster
97	1777	September 4th	Arrival at York
98	1777	September 11th	Arrival at Lancaster
99	1777	September 18th	Arrival at York
100	1777	September 25th	Arrival at Lancaster

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